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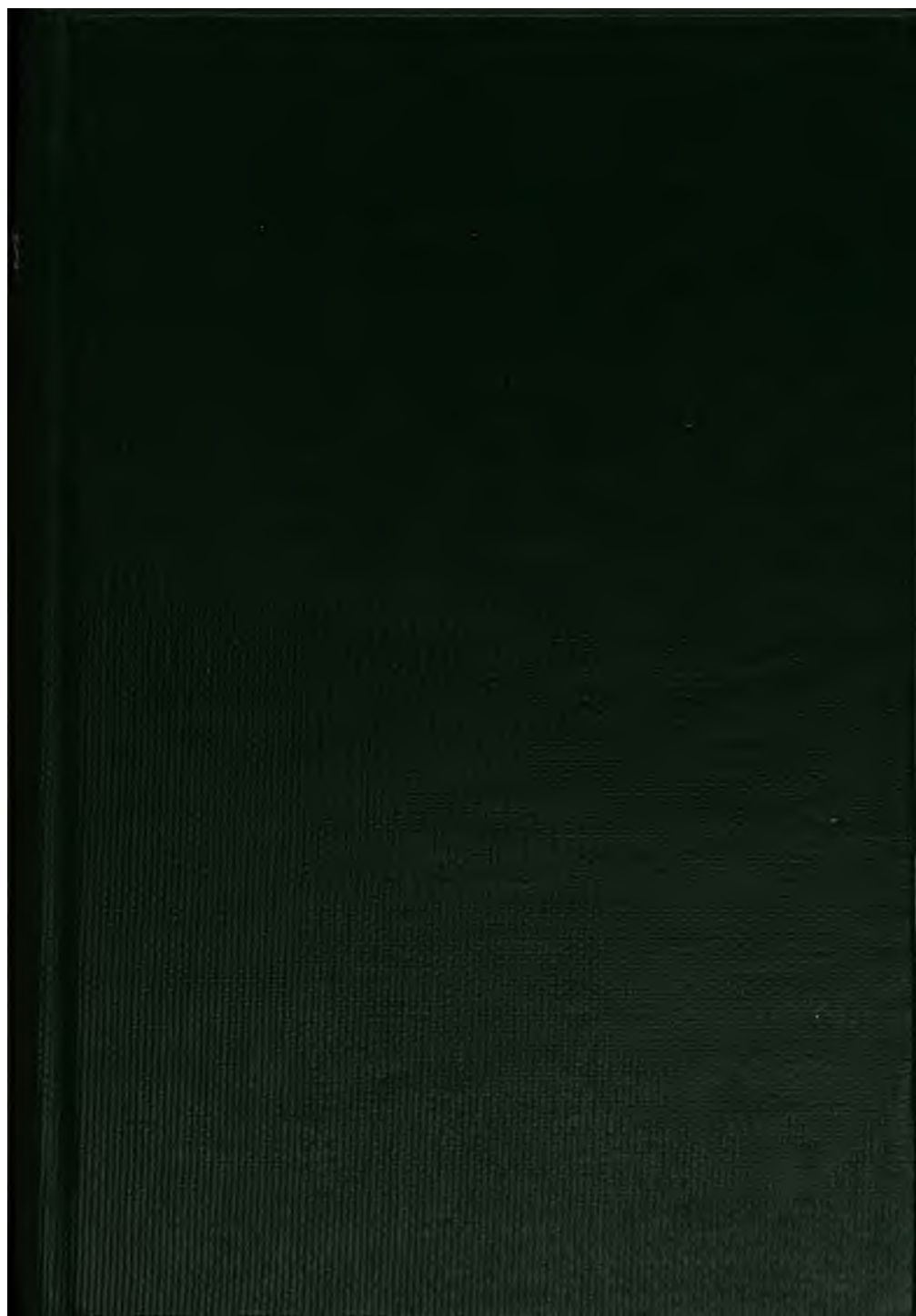
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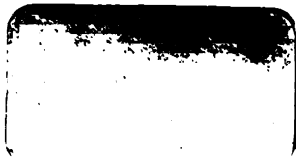
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GOETHE'S FAUST

FIRST PART.

A COMMENTARY

—ON THE—

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—BY—

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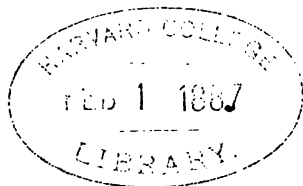
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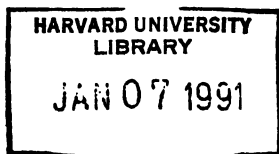
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PRELIMINARY TOPICS.

I. HISTORY OF THE FAUST LEGEND.

A history of the Faust legend, as it has transformed itself through time, is, to a degree, the history of human culture. We shall find this legend, in its earliest germ, quite at the beginning, and its changing shapes will image the changing ages, in their flight down to the present. Such a history will show, above all things, the eternal nature of the poet's theme, and may reasonably be prefixed to the special consideration of his work.

The central fact of the Faust legend is the bargain with the Devil. From this source flow two streams : unlimited control over the world through knowledge, and unlimited indulgence of self through the senses. A dark connection between Intellect and Satan lies in the very beginning of things ; it also lurks in this legend, as in a germ which is to unfold with Time. Faust becomes a magician, the irresponsible monarch who is able to rule Nature immediately through his mind, and needs not to humor her by following her laws. He will perform miracles, like a God ; he will indulge

his appetites, like a Devil.

But he has to pay the price both for his knowledge and his enjoyment; he obtains possession of this world by renouncing the next. Satan is at home in a commercial transaction; the life beyond is what he bargains for and gets in return for the soul ministering to the senses in this life. Indeed the shrewd trader, could we but look into the twinkle of his eye, deems that he possesses such a soul from the start without any contract, or other special document.

A legend of this kind pre-supposes a living faith in three matters: 1st. A future state of bliss attainable by man through a divinely prescribed course of conduct in the present life; 2nd, a personal Devil, who puts this blissful state in jeopardy; 3rd, a man who defies the divine prescription, scorns the future state of bliss, and allies himself with the Devil.

The interest of the human race in all ages has centered in such a man, most daring of mortals. A Promethean lightning flashes out of his eyes, as he turns to smite the walls of the fortress in which the Gods have imprisoned mankind; he will batter them down, rush through the breach, leading forth his people. A mighty Titan in struggle he is heaving the burden to get free, with a world on his shoulders; defiance he has, possibly blasphemy, still he represents the other side of the Universe opposed to the Gods. Under the limits of his age he has become sad and mad to desperation, till in his frenzy he strikes and shivers them, and

generally himself too.

The old German legend represents Faust as a "speculirer," one who is seeking to know the grand mystery, and thus dashes his head against the grand boundary; he is determined to experience all things, even the Bad, in spite of the divine "thou shalt not" with all its thunders, and for that purpose he makes the pact with Satan. The limits of knowledge, fettered upon his own time, he will break through; even the sacred enclosure of the Church he will spring over, though he leap directly into the burning lake. Ignorance is for him the worst torment; he will rather go into the flames, and make the acquaintance of Satan in person, than endure the prohibition, though it be of heaven, in his soul; not to know is the real Hell-fire.

If we delve to the bottom of the Faust legend, we shall find that it strikes its deepest root into the ultimate great dualism of the world, usually known as good and evil. The struggle between these two powers is as old as man, as it is really his life; and the presentation of it is the last theme of all religions and mythologies. Into us, peoples of the Occident, are woven two strands, each containing an ancient presentation of this theme: the Aryan and the Semitic. The Aryan strand leads us back to the primal dualism of Nature, Light and Darkness, most fully unfolded in the old Persian religion. The Semitic strand conducts us to an idea of a Fall, first a Fall of Man, and further back, a Fall of Angels, with the consequent

spiritual dualism into Jehovah and Satan, or God and his fallen Angel.

It will be seen that the Aryan is our natural strand, containing our physical derivation, and seizing a natural phenomenon, Light and Darkness, to express the great struggle. This strand is in us still, imaging in nature the conflicts of spirit, and thus producing Art and Literature; these are distinctively our Aryan heritage. But the Semitic strand is in us too, not physically but spiritually, through the Hebrew writ, employing often the same natural image of Light and Darkness, but deepening it at last into a wholly spiritual conception, which is not that of Light and Darkness, but of God and Satan, into whom the natural element has been sublimated and purified. The life of the race is a continuous self-cleansing process, and religion is the expression of it, revealing the transformation of Nature into Spirit; in religion, therefore, the Hebrew has supplanted the Aryan formulation, even in us Aryan peoples, since it is the profounder and more spiritual.

In such universal sense the periphery of the Faust legend broadens out into the twilight of History, reaching far back into Asia and taking in the very origin of the long human discipline. Goethe has not omitted this far-reaching suggestion; in the "Prologue in Heaven" we shall see him calling up the grand dualism in its two persons, the Lord and Mephisto, who exist, as it were, before the human beginning, and talk together about the terrestrial being, Man, and his destiny.

Indeed, the very form and conception of this dialogue carries us back to the book of Job, one of the oldest of Asiatic books. Thus at the start of the poem, and underlying it, we find the spiritual or Hebraic strand; in the same "Prologue" we shall have a hint of the natural or Aryan strand, in that cosmical song of the Archangels, singing of Sun and Earth, of Light and Darkness, of the conflicts of the elements, as their image of the grand struggle, which struggle, however, has not yet deepened in them to the spiritual denial of Mephisto. Perhaps this thought did not lie in the conscious intention of the Poet; but he is a seer, beholding realities; and if we would comprehend him, we must follow up his vision with our thought and knowledge.

With the advent of Christianity, in the same Hebraic line, comes a new and deeper interpretation of the Fall, very needful for the new and deeper spiritual struggle of the Roman time. Therewith is coupled the advent of a new and deeper Devil, the special enemy of Christianity, yet only the last phase of the old Evil Worker. The Faust legend now begins to grow more definite, and though it wander still under other names and fluctuating shapes, may be traced back to the conflict of Christianity with Heathendom, which, as hostile to Christ, is the Devil's realm. The fiend, the enemy of the Gospel, is embodied in one grand, horrible person, a veritable reality for every Christian soul: with this fiend the mighty struggle for the control of man and his destiny is taking

place. The Devil has then, a Christian origin, being born of hostility to Christ. The poet of Faust will not neglect this phase in his great, time-embracing portraiture; we shall see him, in a passage which we may call the very heart of his poem, generate Mephisto out of Faust's denial of the Christian faith, and rejection of the Christian symbols. Still the Devil will have his symbols too, and work his miracles in his dark, occult realm, which is henceforth to bear the name of magic. The poem, therefore, unfolding the spirit and deeds of Satan, lives in an atmosphere of magic, from which its strange, weird form is derived, in deepest accord with the reality.

In the New Testament already we find the germ of the name and the thing in the story of Simon Magus, to whom the earliest Faust-book makes reference. From the two appellations of this mighty sinner were derived two mighty sins in the old Church: simony, which we are fortunately not called upon to deal with in this place, and magic, in which a Faust interpreter should, to a degree, be an expert, though at some risk; still he will be pardoned by his readers, if he will turn all his magical skill to the benefit of his narration. Originally the name seems to have penetrated our Hebrew heritage from our Aryan, being a Persian word, of good repute in Persia, but transformed to a diabolic thing in later Jewish and Christian speech. . Magus, priest of Light to the Orient, a wise man of the East, adoring the infant Savior to Christ's disciples, became a magician, priest of

Darkness to the Occident. Magic designated the arts of the Devil, which sought to counterfeit the Christian miracles. In Simon Magus, too, we may find the root of that later Teutonic conception of the Devil as God's ape, imitating by his magic, by his monkeying, as Luther called it, the divine mysteries. Alongside of Christ's miracles in later legend strangely run the Devil's; we must never lose sight of the distinction between mysticism which is Christian, and magic, which is diabolic; the ceremonial of the mass is sacred, that of sorcery is blasphemous.

The great conflict between Christianity and Heathendom, already in the first century of the Christian era, began to image itself in miraculous legend, in which we may trace the early phase of the magician Faust. At that time the story of Cyprianus seems to have arisen, who was both heathen and magician, thus uniting in one person the double hostility to the new faith. In a passage cited by Duentzer from an ancient life of Cyprianus, the latter affirms that he has "seen and hugged the Devil," whose first servant he has been declared to be, and who promised to "help him to everything in this life, and to make him a prince in the next." In this mutual service and promise, we may see the germ of the later contract between Faust and Mephisto. But Cyprianus finds that his Satan has no power over a fair Christian, with whom he has fallen in love, and whom he wishes to possess; he will no longer have anything to do with such a weak Devil, is converted by the

stronger power, received into the Church, and dies the death of a martyr. In him, magic and heathendom, blended into one character, become Christian, an image of their destiny reflected in legend. He may be called the Faust of early Christianity, in its struggle and its victory. Calderon, the great Spanish poet, has elevated the story of Cyprianus to a place in European literature by his famous drama, called the "Wonder-working Magician," (*Magico prodigioso*), in which, as Loeper well says, the triumph of Christian mysticism over heathen magic is celebrated. In this poem we catch a glimpse of many traits of the later Faust: the denial, the contract with Satan, the signature in blood, the sensual passion of the man transfigured through the woman into celestial love, reflecting afar off the career of Faust and Margaret. But Calderon's great work breathes from every line the incense of a close Spanish Church, and rests rigidly upon the dogma and ritual of the Catholic Hierarchy with its view of Christianity, while Goethe's poem draws its life from the universal view of man and world, a living spring deeper than all formalisms. Still Goethe cannot do without the poetic structure built by Time; hence he has kept the grand frame-work of the legend, even in its Catholic aspect, while deepening its thought to the very bottom. Faust begins in the first scene as a magician, continues his career, with many old Teutonic and Greek heathen rills pouring through him, particularly in the two *Walpurgis Nights*, but the last scene of the poem

culminates in the divine appearance of the Virgin, and ends in the mystic transfiguration of Faust and Margaret. Thus Goethe, not in a Catholic, not even in a Protestant, but in a universal sense, has also celebrated the triumph of Christian mystery over Heathen magic, in true accord with early religious form of the legend of Cyprianus.

In the sixth century another legend makes its appearance, and grows to a vigorous tree of many branches, which we may consider the best prototype, if not the very ancestor of the Faust legend. This new legend is known under the name of Theophilus, and weaves through the entire mediæval period a many colored thread on which is suspended a long line of biographies, stories, poems. The contract with the evil Power now looms up the vital point in the form of the legend, and gathers an enormous material around itself as center. This idea of a contract is also derived from the New Testament, which meant to the early Christian and still means in the original Greek, the New Contract. The ancient Hebrew Bible, too, calls itself a covenant, not a Testament in the modern sense of that term. The very name and idea of the Bible, then, is God's covenant or contract with his people. In imitation thereof the Devil is going to have his contract with his people, being the unholy counterfeiter of all things divine, playing in the Universe the part of God's ape.

The legend of Theophilus has, accordingly, assumed the distinctive form which characterizes the legend of Faust. But it still has a long his-

toric growth to pass through before it reaches the purified embodiment that we see in the work of Goethe. This historic growth we shall now trace, as it moves through three great periods corresponding to three epochs of the World's History, whereby we may behold reflected in the legend the face of the spirit of Time. These three stages in the development of the legend we may name as follows: 1st, The Faust of Catholicism, belonging to the Middle Ages; 2nd, The Faust of Protestantism, belonging to the Reformation; 3rd, The Faust of Secularism, belonging to this nineteenth century and portrayed by Goethe.

1. The Faust of Catholicism, called Theophilus, originates in the Orient, the first home of Christianity, before the final schism of the one Church into Eastern and Western, or Græek and Latin Churches, moves to the Occident, and spans with his legend the entire chasm of the Middle Ages from the sixth to the sixteenth century. This Faust is saved, must be saved, by returning to the Church; though he violates most deeply her behests by his compact with Satan, still he is rescued, on repentance, through her instrumentalities, else were the Church indeed powerless with God. Other mediæval legends tell of men who refuse these instrumentalities after making the diabolic bond, and are carried off by the Devil in person.

If in Simon Magus we caught a gleam of Faust already in the New Testament, if in Cyprianus we saw the early Christian Faust, in Theophilus now it is the ecclesiastical Faust whom we behold

dwelling in a vast hierarchy, which possesses the keys of Heaven and Hell. The grand conflict between the old and new religion is substantially over, the new religion has triumphed, and has transformed the old Gods into devils, their influences into dark and damnable arts, into magic. The prevalence of Christianity has turned the Gods of Greece and Rome out of their clear Olympian world, and has banished them into a Tartarean realm of sorcery, as Zeus himself once flung Cronus and the older Gods into dark Tartarus. The Jehovah of the Jews still holds his throne in the bright upper skies of men's faith, but Judaistic hate of Christ is demonic, and Jews are the worst sorcerers. All opposing influences, be they Heathenism or Judaism, must come of Satan; any power but that of the Holy Ghost is diabolic; and any rescue from the wicked snares of magic powers must be obtained through the Church, Christ's ever-living organism on earth.

The main points of the story of Theophilus are usually given as follows: He was an ecclesiastic of Adana in Asia Minor about the year 538 A.D.; thus he belongs to the Hellenic or Hellenized portion of the Orient. Being dispossessed wrongfully of his place by his Bishop, he goes forth in the night to the circus, a heathen spot, near the city, where, with the aid of a sorcerer, who is a Jew, he subscribes himself to the Devil, who in return promises him supremacy over the Bishop; which agreement is witnessed by an instrument written and sealed. But Theophilus repents, and after

forty days and forty nights of prayer in the Church to the Virgin for her intercession, he is forgiven, gets back his document from Satan, and in three days dies the death of the blessed.

The story of Theophilus seems to have become well known among Oriental Christians, when it was translated from the original Greek into Latin by Paulus Diaconus, in the ninth century, and thenceforward became one of the treasures of saintly legend in the Western Church. But the first person to transfer the myth from Classic to German soil, its future home, was a woman of the tenth century, Hroswitha, a nun of Gandersheim, whose works have been repeatedly edited in Fatherland, and whose period has been vividly impressed upon the imagination and feeling of modern readers by Scheffel's famous novel "Ekkehard."

Hroswitha seems also to have been the first to clothe the legend in verse, to give to it a poetic form, the form vindicated for it to this day. Nor was her work a mere translation, though still in Latin; she used the legend like an artist, she put into it what was evidently the conflict of her life and time. For Theophilus in her work no longer appears as the spiteful ecclesiastic who defies his bishop, but is portrayed as a monk who collides with the discipline and authority of the cloister, is expelled, and devotes himself to magic in a bond with the Devil. But he too is brought to repent of his sin, and by the aid of the Panaghia, or Holy Mother, returns to the bosom of the Church. Almost a Protestant accent we catch in this first lisp of

the Faust legend on Teutonic soil; it is but a faint note humming out of the skies far back in the tenth century, but in it we may hear the first roll of the thunders of the sixteenth century.

In Hroswitha one may well behold a prophetic character, dimly imaging mighty things that are to be as she rises up out of that far Teutonic twilight. O thou sweet nun, with pale tranquil face and subdued eyes peering out behind thy wimple in thy convent home, what struggles of thine own soul, what sympathy with the struggles of other souls dictated that theme to thee! Meditating in thy lonely cell-life, wandering up and down under low dark Gothic arches, thou tellest the weary hours, but what fires are burning in thy bosom! In thee we read still the impulse for freedom, however smothered beneath the heavy, rock-built edifice; in thee is still the heart of oak, transplanted from the ancient Teutonic forest and now imprisoned in the pillared cloister; after long training it will one day break its shell of stone and shoot up into the free air of Heaven again. Couldst thou but look into the seeds of Time, which thou, too, hast helped to plant, and behold their growth, thou wouldst see thy monk again, thy Theophilus, but called by a German name, Luther! Once more he is engaged in thy monk's conflict, but it is now not merely with monastic authority, but with the whole ecclesiastical world—rising up out of thy soil, the one real man then on God's earth. In that revolt he will not subscribe himself to the Devil, but will throw at him the inkstand when

asked to sign any such document. Listen! the adamantine voice of Luther, using the hoarsest, ruggedest, sincerest of human speech is silent for nearly three centuries; but listen! thou wilt hear another voice, sweetest, deepest, grandest of all Teutonic voices, intoning thy poetic song in new forms and in a new world, saving thy Theophilus anew, in a last prayer to the Panaghia—who is it?

The first true precursor of Goethe, then, may be said to be a woman, chanting the early prelude of the Faust legend, and bringing about in song the salvation of the fallen man. A woman's heart lies in such a work, whereby she reveals herself transfigured into an image of divine love, truly a nun, doing her mission of faith to her people. From the deepest truth of nature and of religion springs the fact that both the Faust legend and the Faust poet were born of a woman and a nun. In the case of Cyprianus also, we saw that it was a devoted Christian maiden, whose love was the means of saving that damnable magician and heathen from his evil practices, and of bringing him to the family, not of man, but of God. So the holy Hroswitha saves her poetic hero, Theophilus, from the claws of Satan, in spite of his rebellion, and draws him back with a motherly tenderness to his good Mother, the Church, through a divine maternal intercession, whereby the lovely nun herself becomes the German mother of the Faust legend, and the spiritual mother of Goethe.

Whatever may be the agreements and disagreements on this point, to Hroswitha, at least belongs

the merit of having brought the Theophilus legend to its true home on German soil, and to have given it a poetic, nay, a dramatic form, the first and last of its forms. But with her it still speaks Latin, the language of the Church; the nun must talk the speech of the mother. In the twelfth century, however, old Hartman will lay his poetic hand on it and make it speak German, and send it singing through all Teutonic dialects. Now it has begun to talk a language which it will never lose, into whose inmost fibre it is woven, so that one may say truthfully, that no other tongue can adequately utter it. Another Teutonic tinge is given to the legend by the signing of the contract in blood, a trait taken from ancient Teutonic usage. This feature was introduced in the thirteenth century, in a German poem on this subject, from which it seems to have passed into a French poem of the same century. In this final ensanguined writ the legend of Theophilus may be considered to have attained its mediæval completeness, on German soil, in German speech, with diabolic contract signed in German blood.

Still back of all this restless, advancing Teutonism, hovers the Latin Church, through whose instrumentality alone the defiant German spirit can be at last saved and sent to Heaven. From the sixth to sixteenth century, opposition to that Church meant a surrender of the soul to heathen magic, and an alliance with the Devil. And that was the truth of the early German situation: to give up the Church and Christendom was

to go over to Satan and Heathendom, to throw civilization back into savagery; it was indeed to lose the soul.

But an agonizing cry is beginning to be heard: In all this great Teutonic body is there no German heart strong enough to free itself of the vast ecclesiastical prison, and still in its freedom not turn over to Satan? Is it not possible for man to be christian and not heathen outside of the pale of the Church? Such a man has indeed arisen and is speaking, his name is Luther, through whose whole life rings one grand sentence: I shall be Christ's and not the Devil's, in spite of the Church. Therewith a new era breaks, with him marching at its head, and wielding Thor's hammer from his tongue, whose blows smite the old venerable edifice till it shivers and cracks in twain from top to foundation. The refractory monk, Theophilus, has again appeared and is in rebellion, but he will not now make any pact with Satan, nor will he go back to the Church for his soul's salvation, as sweet Hroswitha, with gentle persuasive speech, bade him do. A new era for history, for religion, for humanity—but lying outside of our present business; a new era, too, for the Faust legend, which is just our present business, and must be attended to at once.

II. This brings us to our second Faust, the Faust of Protestantism, or of the Renaissance, who now assumes his rightful German name, though with a possible echo in it of a Latin ancestry; now, too, he reaches his highest importance in legend,

though he throws out glimmers of an historic existence. This Faust is not saved, but is carried off by the new Devil generated by the spirit of the Renaissance. Into this significant fact we must glance for a moment.

Two results spring out of the rebellion from ecclesiastical authority. The first is Luther, the strong-souled, with his Protestantism, he who could break loose from the Christian Church, and still remain a Christian, having in his own mighty heart God's tabernacle. The second is that other German spirit, which also breaks loose from the Church in company with Protestantism, but which will not remain Christian; it will not make the short turn, but will go on, passing over to magic and heathendom, and forming a bond with the Devil. This is Faust, the twin-child of the Reformation, yet its greatest enemy; the new demon born of it, yet always showing the lines of his saintly kinship. Thus the Great Mother seems ever to be giving birth to the two brothers, Cain and Abel, together; the good and the bad angels are born of the same throes, from the same womb, at the same hour.

We recognize Faust to be the direct descendant of that spirit at work in Germany far back in the Middle Ages, that spirit which gentle Hroswitha portrayed in conflict with monastic authority, but which she rescued from its alienation through the instrumentalities of the Church. But now those instrumentalities have been assailed, destroyed; there is now no Panaghia or Holy Mother, whose intercession saved the ancient rebel; Protestantism

has denied her, and Faust lives in a Protestant world, is, as we have seen, its very child. No salvation for him, at least in the ancient way.

Protestantism has turned the fight over to the individual, not to the Church's dogma and ceremonial, which in the new light have become magic rites, hence of the Devil. The struggle is now a matter of conscience, not of the priest's absolution; it is a personal struggle with the Devil, whom every Protestant must see, as Luther saw him, and drive him off, not by making signs of the cross or grasping for the rosary, but by immediately flinging then and there an inkstand at him with all the might of the individual right arm. O thou German man, valiant protagonist of the world's emancipation, thy spiritual freedom indeed has arrived, but with it has arrived the Devil, now boldly intrenched inside of thee; there he sits, chattering and grinning, God's ape that he is, defiant of all the mummery of priest to exorcise him; thou, and thou alone, must do that. No swinging of aromatic censer, no flourishing of Bishop's staff, not even the subtlest manipulation of the Pope's crosier will put him to flight in these liberated years. Personal freedom indeed—but with it personal responsibility, and that to the sternest of masters, namely thy new-born self. And thou, tender soul, the pious Hroswitha of this age, the burden of thine own conscience thou art henceforth to bear; to all eternity it can no more be handed over to priest and church for safe-keeping; in thy keenest distress dare not think of

that, for just that has now for thee become the real going over to the Devil.

In the period now under consideration, the mythus of Faust will suddenly grow to enormous proportions, will indeed become all-embracing, the gigantesque image of the time. In order to understand it, we must call before ourselves the character of that century, bursting its barriers in all directions, and making the great break out of the Middle Ages. The established, the transmitted order was smitten on every side with a demoniac energy, the human mind rose in mighty protest and fought a Titanic war against the traditional limits built around it, and curbing its activity.

First, Nature could no longer keep her barriers, but had to yield at every turn her secret to the aroused human spirit. The discoveries of Galileo and Kepler extended man's domain below on earth, and above far among the stars, whereby that beloved child, Natural Science, had, if not its birth, its baptism. The discovery of America swept down the vast geographical boundary of ignorance, which had shut out both antiquity and the middle ages from their terrestrial heritage; whereby the Earth was showed as a whole, in physical completeness, an everlasting image to mind of spiritual completeness, and new spur to burst barriers. Then the invention of Printing took this knowledge from the possession of the few, and gave it to all—the mightiest, cunningest instrument yet devised for bursting barriers. Thus Nature was pushed beyond and still beyond,

towards the Infinite, her former limits were transcended with unbounded outlook into future worlds.

In like manner the spiritual limits of the time, the limits fastened upon the mind, were transcended. There was the revival of Learning, the study of Classical Antiquity in the new spirit of freedom, the rise of Universities; the Fine Arts followed, above all the new Poetry bursting its ancient barriers, and culminating in Shakespeare. The spirit was felt everywhere, the time was called the Renaissance or New Birth; the mind, too, discovered an America, and rounded a Cape of Good Hope.

But the chief of these barrier-bursting movements was the religious one, called the Reformation, in which the limits which the Church had imposed for ages, were first questioned, then protested against, and finally thrown off. It was a wrench which shook the world, the true struggle of the age, the type of all its struggles, full of the daring of the human soul, which stakes its destiny upon its freedom, and defies authority, even allies itself with the Devil.

The Faust legend is the product of this barrier-bursting spirit, the mythus thereof, which the people themselves build as an image, or colossal human semblance of the age and of their own innermost consciousness. It takes a religious form, as the direct offspring of a religious movement; the burning question of the time is not science, or art, or learning, but religion. That wonderful structure, the Papacy, which sought to include the

whole world within its walls, has been cleft by the groaning spirits inside, and they are battering it down. A destructive fiend comes forth, begotten of this destruction of ancient and venerated landmarks. For once well begun, destruction could not stop of itself; Protestantism, which at first nourished it and urged it on, at last became terrified at it, and tried to stop it. In vain; the wrathful destroying spirit has clutched the soul of the time, and begins to threaten every religious principle as limiting human intelligence; that spirit the people heard abroad, felt in their own souls, they bodied it forth into a dark portentous visage, which they endowed with magic power and called Faust.

Faust is, therefore, the man of intelligence, of profound study and boundless spiritual cravings; but he has become hostile to the Church and allies himself with its destroyer. Religion calls this spirit, so destructive to itself, by the name of Satan, a person, whom the people feel to be, then imagine, and at last actually see; to them he is and must be the solidest reality. A very real being certainly; you would have believed in him then if you do not now; probably you would have seen him, as Luther did, a greater than any of us.

We must see, then, Faust as the child of the Reformation in its extreme negative tendency, as the destructive spirit which is born of all revolutions, however great their blessings. He is that spirit which broke down the old limits, and now defies all limits of every kind, and makes the com-

pact with the Bad. To be sure, Protestantism recoiled from its own child, for it must have its limits too, and hence it had to battle with the Faust spirit which it had excited. The strongest rebuke that Faust ever received for his misdeeds is declared to have come from Melancthon, the Reformer. A Protestant legend it may be called, said to be the only Protestant legend by some writers; with Faust's deviltry it couples in strange fascinating medley the castigation of monks, priests and papacy. But destruction comes around to itself in the end: so Protestant authors represent Faust as at last torn to pieces by the Devil—his own destructive spirit destroying him.

The name of Johannes Faust has a gleam of historic reality; some of the facts told of his life seem to have a show of authenticity; but he is hardly more than the historic kernel round which the legends, full of the throes of the time, gather and grow to prodigious and grotesque proportions. Wittenberg, the spiritual home of the Reformation, is also the spiritual home of Faust's double discipline; there he studied Theology under the great Reformers, there, too, in a wood not far from the town, he made his first league with the Devil. Around Wittenberg as a center, many Faust legends are woven, with that true instinct which connects the spiritual origin of Faust with that of Protestantism.

From this center he moves through all Germany, accompanying the new doctrine as its dark shadow. Then he passes from Germany into

many countries of Europe, spreading his arts along with the great movement which is stirring the world—the never-failing counterpart of this Protestant evangel. A universal significance he has in that time of ferment; he will go to Rome, still the grand spiritual center; not only in the Protestant, but also in the Roman Church, the Renaissance with its illumination is producing demons, ecclesiastical, even papal, whereof the culmination is touched in Borgia.

After Faust's death, which probably occurred a little before the middle of the sixteenth century, his fame begins to show itself in a series of Faust books which are ostensibly descriptions of his life and adventures. These books are, however, the great storehouses of the legend, particularly the first one, printed at Frankfort in 1587, and usually known as Spiess' Faust-book. In it we see the mythopoeic character of the time imaging itself in the wildest and most grotesque forms; a mighty and earnest struggle of the spirit writhes through the weird shapes of Gothic fancy. Indeed, the Faust legend becomes a huge maelstrom which sucks up the mythical treasures of remote Teutonic, nay, of remote Aryan antiquity. Even cool-headed Loeper says that the pact between Faust and Mephisto finds its true prototype in the relation between the old German Gods, Odin and Loki, the latter of whom was also lame. Vulcan, the Greek God of fire, limped too, and probably helped to make Mephisto limp, whose proper element is likewise the flame. Even in Persian Firdusi a

Faust legend has been found in the story of the tyrant, Sohak, and the evil spirit, Iblis. These comparisons between myths are interesting and fruitful up to a certain point, but they are a perfect lure to extravagance; Comparative Mythology gets sadly out of joint when it undertakes to explain the Faust poem.

But in a general way we may well believe that the old Gods, long kept under by their Christian foes begin to appear in this new man hostile to Christendom. The secret, subterranean stream of Heathenism, having its source in the earliest beliefs of the race, and still flowing deep in the nature and instincts of the people suddenly bursts up to sunlight, and surges violently round this new Hero, who is himself essentially heathen. Faust's fall is expressly compared, in the first Faust-book of Spiess, with the fall of the Giants in Greek Mythology, "of whom the poets sing, that they carried the mountains together and made war on God."

These Faust-books bear on their face a design, they are monitory wholly, written, it would seem, by Protestant Theologians, to warn the people against the new spirit, whose representative begins as a student of Christian Theology, but, wishing "to explore all the deeps in heaven and earth," has to call in to his aid the Devil. Faust is always "the awful example," from which the text is taken and the sermon preached, embellished with grim Gothic horrors. Widman's Faust-book (Hamburg 1599) and others have long theological disquisitions

appended to the chapters, with divers practical applications and admonitions, the whole making a kind of commentary on this bible of Satan. An unconscious gigantesque humor is the chief literary flavor in these books, and sends one laughing rill through dreary boundless wastes of stupidity and superstition.

Still the people clung to their Hero, whose life was spun into every form of popular literature—tale, drama, puppet-play. Indeed these very Faust books, in spite of their warnings, could not help nourishing the admiration for such a bold, defiant spirit—the spirit let loose by Protestantism, which, however, could not put it down on Earth, but had to put it into Hell. The same daring soul which the people admired in Luther, they will admire in Faust, the double darer, who dares not merely Catholicism, but damnation. These Faust-books were written in prose, though there were attempts to rhyme them. No singing Hroswitha rises out of German soil during the Reformation, which was rather a destruction of Art; perhaps the only real poetic work growing out of the Faust legend in this period was written in Queen Elizabeth's poetic age, by an Englishman, Christopher Marlow.

The second important fact concerning these Faust-books is that they are bitterly Protestant in tone and thought; from the sorcerer they turn with vengeful asperity towards the Romanist, mingling the two strangely in the same fierce condemnation. Faust and the Church, lying at opposite poles of the spiritual world, the poles of faith and of denial,

are equally the foes of Protestantism, floating somewhere between, and protesting, even cursing in both directions, up-hill and down. To it the magic rites of the one and the mystic ritual of the other are equally the Devil's doings. The legend often brings the two sides together; Satan in league with Faust appears in the garb and manner of a Grey Friar, and of other ecclesiastics. Luther himself declares that the true Satanic livery is a monk's cowl. The mass, the cloister, the priesthood, the papacy, in fact the whole Catholic organism is savagely torn to pieces, as Faust is torn to pieces, first by the Faust-books, then by the Devil. This strange connection lurks in Luther too, as we may see from one of his utterances: "Alongside of God's sacred church the Devil has built his chapel, and there keeps up his ape's play (*Affen-spiel*) with holy water" and with other Catholic ceremonies. For Luther, too, we see that Satan was God's ape.

In such manner the new Christian religion has done to the old Christian religion what the latter did to the primitive heathen faith. We saw how the ancient Greek and Teutonic deities were transformed into evil powers by the early church, their rites into magic, which was forbidden to Christians. Now the cycle has come round again, Protestantism has turned over to magic the rites of Catholicism and united them with the diabolic works of Faust, the confederate of Satan. At this unstable point the Faust-books are content to leave their readers and their Protestant world, stopping anxi-

ously at some half-way house on the road between the eternal and the infernal cities, going, who can tell in which direction?

But what is the Protestant situation, even to the sympathetic eye? The legend casts unintentionally a true image of its distress, of its world-historical difficulty, the difficulty existing at the start and existing this very day. The dykes of the ocean are tapped, the waters are let on, but there is no master hand which can turn them off. The result is a flood, which grows to an enormous current seething angrily down Time, on which current our Protestant craft is launched—sweeping whither? Oh what doubts, more boisterous than the raving torrent outside, surge through the hearts of the crew! Shall we put back to the source, to the good mother Church, and beg her to mend the breach and stop the stream? Impossible, we might as well think of returning to Paradise and bidding our first mother Eve hand back the apple to the Serpent. But on this boiling river of Time, rushing between the two eternities, behold our scattered craft! One vessel has made a quick turn out of the current, and has succeeded in pulling to land near the fountain head, where, with one or two items left out, it still keeps up what Luther called “an ape’s play”; yet not without inner discord, for one can see several small life-boats pulling out from that larger vessel, and courageously wrestling with the Time-current, the Lord be with them! Other vessels have anchored here and there and everywhere along the stream, at whatever point

some sturdy helmsman, a John Calvin, or a John Wesley, with mighty right arm, could bring them to a stop, and have become in themselves centers of great attraction, and of even greater repulsion, to the struggling atoms. Little skiffs we may notice, dotting this entire shore for three centuries, fastened to some small fortuitous stone, as the hope of Earth's peace and Heaven's salvation; or perchance tied to an old log itself afloat, or to a rotten root ready to break of itself; or in divine providence drifting still. Thus they all lie strewn like the fragments of some vast shipwreck; yet their crews are the flower of this earth, with valor and endurance unspeakable, aye, with freedom in their hearts.

But the danger is drawing near, some have reached the very edge of the cataract which pours over into the dark fathomless abyss; there they hang caught on some chance limb reaching out over the waters, or stopped by some accidental rock beneath the current—will it hold? Then here comes the boat of Faust, just in the middle of the stream, darting down, down! Stop, audacious man, with heart of triple brass—thinkest thou to shoot the rapids, the infernal Niagara, and come out alive? One long anxious shriek runs up the whole length of the stream, answering No! These Faust-books shout in hoarse German gutturals, to the echo of the entire Protestant world, No! as the Faust boat makes a dive into the misty chasm.

It is gone, sunk out of sight, forever lost, nevermore will the man be heard of outside the pool of

damnation; so think many and will continue to think. But if thou hast a true ear for music, and a true soul attuned to the harmony of the ages, thou wilt hear a song ascending from those unseen depths, whose burden is, "the dark Niagara can be passed, the man is saved." But with this song we come to our third Faust, as he rises transfigured from his infernal journey, and takes his place in the new temple of Goethe's legend.

III. The third Faust we have called the Faust of Secularism, inasmuch as it is a secular discipline, Philosophy rather than Theology, from which he gets the pulse-beat of his denial; and inasmuch as it is the realm of secular institutions rather than ecclesiastical which environs the modern legend and the life of the time. As formerly the assault was directed against the Old Church, so now it is directed against the whole organism of social order; the negative Faust spirit has pressed beyond the religious world and has laid hands upon the foundations of society, and great is the heaving and rocking thereof. Faust has re-appeared with terrific energy in this nineteenth century, having a new idea and a new purpose, in bond with a new Devil. That new world America, discovered in a Faust century, and the greatest result of the barrier-bursting Faust energy of the Renaissance, in the spirit of its origin, makes the beginning of the new movement in the so-called American Revolution, followed by the French Revolution, the grandest conflagration in the world's history.

The social and institutional limits of feudalism

have now to be broken down, they have become too small for the new human spirit, just as the ecclesiastical limits became too small in the sixteenth century. We saw how the Devil of the Renaissance was born out of the awakened and barrier-bursting intelligence of that time, the infernal shadow which follows the Sun in Heaven; in like manner from the new-awakened, barrier-bursting modern epoch is born the spirit which both denies truth to man and threatens to subvert his entire social and political fabric. This spirit is the modern Devil, the Mephisto of our time, in us all to a degree, whom we must fight and put down, with new Lutheran energy, the Devil sprung of our very struggle to know the truth, and to make the truth a reality in the world. This Devil rising out of our deepest culture Goethe has revealed in all his turns and transformations, and has thus bodied with the vastest and completest image of the destroying angel to be found in Literature.

It was in Germany, the land of thought, that the spiritual rather than the practical side of this modern revolution found expression. To give it utterance, the new German Literature and the new German Philosophy arose, both being the most original things of this sort in Europe since the Reformation, both imaging the last Renaissance, both, too, bursting the old barriers. There must be a new Faust for this period also; the man of all others the most able to call him forth, is present, the poet who is himself a striving Faust, in the native land of striving Faust and barrier-bursters.

But this Faust has a new character in many ways; chiefly in this, that if he breaks down barriers, he builds them up again, far wider and stronger, wide enough and strong enough to take in and hold up the new world-order. The Devil does not get him, though he too makes the contract, as of old; on the contrary, he puts down the Devil, in accordance with the contract.

It may be said that this Faust, in his destructive and constructive energy, embodies more profoundly the modern man than any other character in Literature. Indeed, one thinks that Faust finds his completest possibility, if not his completest fulfilment, in the Anglo-Saxon man of to-day. The latter is wrestling with untamed continents, and is conquering Nature in ways quite unheard of hitherto; the limits of the physical world seem no boundary to him, they are rather the steps by which he rises to higher conquest. Titanic striving to subdue the Earth and Space and Time, is here, but the spiritual striving is not present in so high a degree, nor is the spiritual victory. Let the man alone, do not abuse his spiritual shortcomings, do not belittle his task; behold him in admiration rather, with gigantic thews swelling under his load, he is bearing the burden of his age with unspeakable toil and skill and courage. We who write may prod him, but we are pigmies armed with a pen-point worrying Hercules as he wields his club in the midst of his Twelve Labors; perchance, if we could lift that club, we would be carrying it too. Faust's conquest of sea and land

is going on, which is the material transfiguration of this Earth; the spiritual conquest remains in its fulness for the future. Laborious Hercules, with his terrestrial task done, will yet be transfigured and placed among the Olympian Gods.

The Faust of the sixteenth century has an enormous greatness in his heart, daring unparalleled which made him a popular hero in spite of the clergy. He, for one, will not have any limits placed upon himself, he will not join with Satan to get free of the narrow world's restraint. This colossal striving for freedom he has, though the alternative be, not freedom or death, but freedom or eternal brimstone; but even sulphurous flames are not so hot as a state of mental servitude. He goes down, fighting all limits, the religious spirit prevails, for it has no plan of salvation which embraces such a man, and Faust, according to the legend, is torn to pieces by the Devil; "his eyes, teeth, and brains with much blood spurted about" were found in the room where the final tussle is said to have taken place, while the rest of his carcass was discovered later in a dung-heap. Truly an "example," as the pious author of the old Faust-book hath said.

But the Faust of the nineteenth century will meet with no such fate, though he have at the start the same negative character; he must go on, and work himself clear of his own denial. His energy lies not now in the religious so much as in the institutional realm; the occupation of the World-spirit at present is not in the Church alone,

but in the whole cycle of institutions. He is philosophical, too, a seeker of truth; he doubts, but he has a mind and will use it, thereby he conquers his own specters, and masters his own limitations, which the Faust of the Renaissance could not do, the Devil was too strong for him. The modern Faust is the true image of human spirit, he becomes a free man in a world which is also free; but the elder Faust is tragic, is the victim of his own struggle to get free.

One deeper glance we may well cast into this legend. We shall behold in it the process of Universal History, the movement in the soul of Time; we may catch in its mirror the image of the working of the World-Spirit. If limitation could endure forever, with all complete and in place, there would be no spiritual movement, indeed no history. Barriers must be broken down, though new ones be placed instead of the old; it is the last essence of spirit that it transcends its own limit, thus we may truly call it the unlimited, undying, eternal. There would be no religion, no use of it, if man could have its forms all made to hand, to last forever. It is his glory that he outgrows them and constructs a new world of freedom for himself. This is his supreme vocation—to build a world of freedom; this is the soul of his age and of himself too. A body to his soul he must have indeed; but the body he will slough off in Time, as the mortal part.

In some such way we must throw our boldest glances into this Faust legend, and see the semb-

lance there, stamped in human speech, of the spirit of History whose mutations and transformations are revealed in the strong outlines of the people, and in the subtle strokes of the poet. It is a universal biography of man in his grand campaign against the Evil One, given in three flights of Time. The mediæval Faust made the contract with Satan but rued it in season, and was rescued from the consequences by the instrumentalities of the Church. The Protestant Faust made his contract with the same dark agent, and kept it, the daring soul! Him the Devil gets, ought to get, else the Heavens would fall. The modern Faust also makes and keeps the contract with the fiend, and yet by keeping it catches him, snares him in his own toils, conquers him, and at last burns him up in his own infernal pit. A strange, most enigmatic affair on its surface, yet the soundest fact.

In the previous religious world there is no salvation for this new Faust, the denier; the old faith being denied by him, puts him out of its world into Hell; in fact, it can do nothing else with him, wherein it is not to be blamed, for it has honestly given its best solution of his case. But he will not stay there, released by Time from his Promethean pangs, he comes forth in a new career, which let us mark strongly once more: he, in the very pursuit of Truth, has come to the denial of Truth; it is through no fault of his own, it is rather the strength and sincerity of his soul, the tireless endeavor to know what is best and highest, that has landed him in his all-consuming negation. Can

we lose such a man? Can the time do without him, sufferer and searcher through the dark night? Above all, is such a soul to be damned eternally for its honesty in being honest, and its truthfulness in seeking Truth? Impossible! that were the spiritual murder of the race.

For this man, then, it is clear that a new Faust-book, sprung of the new life, is needed; none of the old ones will suffice now, though they still throw their light; nay, a Faust bible must be written, if we were to speak out the true word. Here it is, the child of the time's necessity; a writ, which is a song, like all supreme utterance of men, set to music most varied and deep-echoing, by the latest master of the World's Harmony. Under its strains a new world seems to be emerging out of chaos and night, with a new, more charitable, more universal religion, which will not cast out but take in its own denier; a faith strong enough to reach forth its hand in supreme charity and save the enemy of faith; a faith absolutely self-centered which cannot be brought, even by denial, to deny itself. Such a faith, like a rainbow with its two ends springing out of blackest storm-clouds and over-arching the earth, hovers over this book, in which we behold the third Faust saved, after the darkest journey on record; we may call it the bible of Faust, the way of his salvation; this is its significance in our age; it is not a mere literary book, but a Literary Bible.

II. HISTORY OF THE FAUST POEM.— FIRST PART.

The connection between the composition of "Faust" and Goethe's own life has always been felt to be very intimate; the two run parallel. "Faust" ushers in the spiritual life of the poet, and closes with his bodily life; the work, quiescent for long periods, always starts afresh, gathering and preserving the bloom of many rich poetical epochs. Every true reader wishes to see the poem unfolding out of the life of the poet, and also to behold each portion developing out of the preceding portion, naturally, and in due order. A history of the Faust poem then, is the requirement, which will be not a mere record of external incidents and facts, but an inner genetic history of the work, in its double relation, to the poet and itself.

Critical opinion is divided concerning the point of time when Goethe first conceived and began to work upon his "Faust." The prevailing view has been that the beginning was made about the year 1772 or 1773, when the poet was 23 years old. Says Loeper (*Einleitung* s. 5): "The day and hour cannot be exactly fixed, when Goethe, in that most fruitful period of his life, as regards

dramatic conceptions, 1772-6, laid hold of the Faust fable." But Schroeer, in the introduction to his excellent commentary on the poem, has given good reasons for referring its beginning at least as far back as 1769. This is also the date assigned by Eckermann and Riemer, who are supposed to have had documents for making out the chronology of the poet's works, hitherto inaccessible. Two citations from Goethe's letters bearing on this point are worth translating: "It is no trifling matter to represent outside of one's self, in the eighty-second year what one has conceived in his twentieth." (Letter to Zelter, June 1st, 1831). Goethe was twenty years old in 1769. Again, in a letter to Wilhelm Humboldt, March 17th, 1832, written five days before his death, he says: "It is over sixty years since the conception of 'Faust' lay before me clear, but the succession of its parts less complete." The answer to these and similar passages is that the old Goethe was often inaccurate in his memory when he spoke of the events of his youth. In a general way, however, it may be said that the conception of Faust goes back nearly forty years before the complete edition of the First Part, in 1808, and fully sixty years before the completion of the Second Part. Such is the first grand fact of the poem, a fact unique in Literature; in one long human life the work blossoms, unfolds, matures; this life of the poet is but his outer setting in Time, yet it deeply suggests the life of the legend developing through the centuries.

In the history of the Faust legend, we have seen in the previous essay, how the fable of Faust has unfolded with the unfolding of the race, and bears in it the image of the ages. The true mythus is a growth, a never-ceasing development of an original germ in which the people have put their own idea, and in this idea the spiritual march of the world mirrors itself; the legend grows with the growth of man, out of the same seedling, to the same altitude. Now Goethe the individual has to go through the same process to be the true singer; the Faust legend in its primitive germ will sprout within him in early youth, will grow through life, and bear its last fruits in extreme old age. The poet truly lives the life of the legend which he embodies in writ; and under its form he has to pass through what his race has passed through. Before he can sing his task to completeness, he must live, in those sixty years of his, ideally sixty centuries of his people at least. In him the Faust-legend is no artificial thing, picked up from the outside to make verses about, but it is the germinal dot of his being, which blooms afresh, in one individual life, the life of the legend and the race. Such is the marvelous fact: the life of the poet blends with the legend, re-vivifies it, transforms it into the new image of the time.

It is then a matter of importance to trace back to Goethe's childhood the first faint impress of the legend stamped upon his susceptible soul. He had seen a puppet-play on the subject of Faust in

Frankfort when a boy, probably had seen it often then, we may suppose, the first vague possibility was planted in him. The puppet-play which he saw is not known, but it was probably derived from Marlow's "Doctor Faustus," which, though its original source was the old Frankfort Faust-book of Spiess, had been brought back to Germany by strolling bands of English players, and had shaped the dramatic form of the Faust-legend. Thus the great Elizabethan era of dramatic creation throws out a line of descent to the German poem of Goethe. Shakespeare, as we see from several allusions, was also aware of the Faust-legend, which, however, had not yet been ripened for him by time; hence, with true instinct he chose, as his grand embodiment of the Teutonic mythus, the story of Hamlet, the Dane, who is a first cousin to German Faust, physically and spiritually, and like Faust, was educated at the Protestant school of Wittenberg.

Perhaps we can point out the very egg that Marlow's drama laid in Goethe's poem, which will hatch it out to a bird of such wonderful plumage and pinion. In the soliloquy that begins his play, Marlow introduces Faust as disgusted with all knowledge, and giving himself up to magic. This is the primitive germ of denial, not by any means carried out to its full development by Marlow; but Goethe will pick up the same germ in the first soliloquy of Faust, the form and substance of which are given by Marlow, and let it unfold under the storm and sunshine of his whole life. The

Faust of Marlow is a Protestant Faust, tragic, the Devil gets him; through the puppet-play the germinal negation of that Protestant Faust, protesting in it against all science and truth, drops into the youthful soul of Goethe, most fertile of all spiritual soils. Goethe himself has, perhaps unconsciously, told his own tale; he has in his "Wilhelm Meister" unfolded the history of a germ laid in a child's soul by seeing a puppet-play; thence the child gets a tendency or impulse which unfolds into its life whose record is that novel.

But a far mightier element was, at work in the period, struggling, fermenting with some new change. There was a Faust spirit in the air of Germany, of all Europe, during Goethe's youth, and it was giving premonitions of the great impending Revolution, social and political. A time, kindred in many respects to the Reformation, awoke the sleeping Faust-legend out of its peaceful century's slumber, and made it spring up with fresh life in all susceptible German hearts, particularly in those of the young poets. Several of Goethe's immediate circle of friends, Mueller, Klinger, Lenz, tried their hand at writing Fausts. The great literary protagonist of new Germany, Lessing, had planned and partly written a Faust drama; moreover, he had distinctly declared that the Faust legend offered a true theme for a great national poem.

The restless spirit of the time, struggling, protesting, was loudly calling for its poet, when the young Goethe stepped forth from the nameless

ranks of men with a response forever memorable. That first response was "Goetz" and "Werther," in which productions the literary period of Germany known as "Storm and Stress" culminated in a vast tumultuous overflow of emotion, eternally self-generating, and eternally self-destroying. The poet finished them in his Titanic vein, they had of course to be tragic, indeed, self-annihilating; their end must be in the final conclusive protest against the world, called death. Other poems, like "Prometheus" and the "Wandering Jew," conceived in the same spirit, he could not finish; in them the protest refuses to protest any longer, and the half-conscious thought seems to rise out of chaos and say: "Dear Poet, the problem in this world is not to die but to live; to master fate, not to yield thereto; and it is thy function to reveal such mastery to mortal men."

In the same Titanic vein he conceived his "Faust," whose disgust at knowledge he had himself experienced, chiefly in his student-life at the University of Leipzig, whereby he had learned, as he declares, the vanity of all human science, at the early age of eighteen. He wrote much upon his "Faust" at this stormy period, almost finished it, as is supposed, yet did not. Why? He could not, he had run against a wall which barred all progress, and which rose higher with advancing years. He first felt the vague instinct, then came to the clear insight that Faust must be redeemed, must pass out of his Titanic protest into reconciliation. This is the wall which stopped him so many, many

years, but which he will at last climb over, when he will reveal the paradise within. Of "Werther," he says that he freed himself by writing it, of his own tragic sentimentality; he slaughtered the sentimental hero of his romance, and thereby saved himself; through such vicarious offering of his shadow, he escaped the ghost-world. Clearly it will be his duty next time to save his hero as well as himself.

No sooner had he looked into the depths of the Faust-legend, and had struggled to embody it, than he discovered his inability. It was the truest instinct which led him to lay it aside, and to wait for the experience of life. He must grow into the legend as the legend itself grew. This became the method of his life, to unfold into completeness; it also became the method of his poem; his own life gave the literary procedure. "Faust" unfolds step by step, not simply in the mind of its author, but also in its outer artistic form. Goethe had in his soul a vast germ which could bloom and be fruitful only with time; the poem, imaging the poet's process, starts with a vast germ laid in Faust's soul; this germ is what develops through its own law into the existent work, a self-unfolding whole.

In this sense of mirroring the poet's innermost spiritual development, the poem is a biography; hardly in any other sense. It does not give the events of Goethe's life, it does not give the rise of its own poetical parts in chronological order; "Faust" was written backwards, forwards and in between, at various times of life. It might be

called an ideal biography recording in the highest form of art the supreme moments of the supreme man of the age, which moments appear in the poem in succession, but really are the products of years of waiting and preparation. The mountain peaks, sunlit in the distance, we from the plain see in continuous line, but there are valleys deep and broad between them. Still the method of the poem is that of a growth, as Goethe's life was a growth. Here the poem and the life fall together, in this deepest fact of spiritual unfolding.

Not alone in life and art, but also in nature Goethe saw the same essential fact. Nature is a self-unfolding too, from a primitive form she develops into a variety of forms; the leaf in the vegetable kingdom is to become flower, fruit and even tree. "The Metamorphosis of Plants," a treatise by the poet on botany, is a beautiful image of the Faust method, a very Faust drama of plant life, and indeed the process of Goethe's own development. The poem grew as the flower; life with its rain and sunshine fostered it. Yet we must not think that because it is life, it is not an idea, the idea is the very essence of life.

In the history of the composition of the First Part of Faust there are two distinct periods which are marked by definite dates: these are the first period, ending with the edition of 1790, and the second period ending with the edition of 1808. These two periods are the clear landmarks, most important for understanding the growth of the book, as well as the drift of the discussion upon

it; we shall try to state what was contributed to the work by each of these periods shunning as far as possible the vast fog-world of conjecture which environs the poem to infinity.

In 1790, Goethe gathered his Faust efforts of more than twenty years, and printed what he called "Faust, a Fragment," containing a little less than one-half of the present First Part. In it, beside lesser omissions, were two great gaps, the first of which began with the Second Soliloquy of Faust, and extended to Mephisto's interview with the Student, thus constituting the intellectual kernel of the poem; altogether about 1,165 lines in the original. Doubtless some portions of this large deficit had been already sketched, as for instance the scene of the Easter festival, but the whole was too fragmentary to be published even in this Fragment. It will be observed that the omitted section is in the main the unfolding of Mephisto. This deepest transformation of time and human experience the young poet could not manage; it was the first wall that he ran against. Still he saw that the thing had to be managed; the grand difficulty was, how? Wait, patient man! till the germ blossom and ripen; wait, and the secret will be told thee in full. Hardly less significant is the second great gap containing those last scenes in which Mephisto is subjected to Faust, and is made an instrument for the attempted rescue of Margaret, who, nigh to death, is lying in the triple prison of the law, of insanity, and of her own conscience. The poet probably knew in a vague way, that all

this had to be done too; but he could not get clear about the manner of doing it. With time, however, and valiant struggle, this last dark gap will be over-arched with a perfect rainbow of poetry.

Such were the two grand omissions, highly significant of the poet and his development. But that which was announced in the Fragment of 1790, and announced for all time, was the primitive denial of Faust and the fall of Margaret. These two phases in their very statement we feel to be connected by some secret thread; to raise this secret thread into clear daylight is the great poetic problem. The First Soliloquy, which was then printed, gives the germ of the whole poem, the original dual forces, from which it springs, negation on the one hand, aspiration on the other. Then takes place that prodigious leap to the scenes in which Mephisto appears a full-fledged, active person in the world. What connection between that first denial and this sudden fiend, with final outcome of his work in the fate of Margaret? Such is the chasm over which the bridge is to be built, and the poet must live it into being. From that primal negation as the germ, Mephisto will unfold; and Faust, from the dry student and professor, will be transformed into the youthful, passionate lover.

In this Fragment we can observe two chief experiences, that of the university with its unsatisfactory knowledge, and that of a great breach in the Family; both lay in the life of the young Goethe. But to show, step by step, how the Family is destroyed by that first negation, is the work of a

far longer and deeper experience, which speaks of dire encounters with the Devil himself, whose genesis in this part is the supreme intellectual feat of the book.

In the Fragment of 1790, we also find the "Witches' Kitchen," written at Rome in 1787. This scene, in connection with "Auerbach's Cellar," introduces us to the Perverted World, the true realm of Mephisto, and furnishes the immediate motive for Margaret's fall. But this phase of the poem is not complete in the Fragment; the Perverted World is still to receive an addition in "Walpurgis Night."

The reception given by the public to the Fragment of 1790, was by no means favorable; it was not at all to be compared to the mighty outburst of enthusiasm that hailed the appearance of "Werther." Goethe himself, in a half-humorous, half-complaining way, hints the lack of appreciation in the "Prologue on the Stage," prefixed first to the edition of 1808. Olympian Goethe, then, does want some recognition from mortals, for his world-compelling work. A slight undertone of disappointment one may hear from him at this time, as he sadly strings his lyre; but cheer up, mighty heart, for no man knows better than thou, "what glitters, is born for the moment; what is genuine, endures for all time."

If the general public was cold toward the work, the criticism of the time was hardly better, and showed no appreciation of the significance of the poem. Indeed, when did it, or how can it?

Loeper has dug out for us some hints of its tendency which are interesting. It laid hold savagely of small external details; it declared the language to be "dark, unintelligible," the usual charge of the ready critic against everything which he does not take in with his newspaper glance. It declared, also, that the great master of German speech wrote bad German. Give us, O critic! some of your good German. And the style was not elegant, being written "in the tone of a street ballad singer;" many of its incidents and expressions were "such as only the lowest populace could take delight in." So it is—what of it? Imagine a Faust or a Hamlet appearing to-day; then imagine what the Press and Magazine would make of it. Such a lack of recognition is not a matter evitable in the present state of the human mind, nay, not a matter regrettable when truly looked into; it is the fiery discipline which tests the permanent value of the Great Book as well as the literary grit of the author. The diurnal writ cannot possibly measure the eternal writ, which is incommensurable; cannot have any sympathy with it or knowledge of it, hence can only light the fires of depreciation.

But under this ephemeral judgment, another judgment, that of the eternal kind, was forming slowly but surely. Not till the Great Book takes possession of great souls, and grows to be a living fibre of their spiritual being, has it reached the tribunal which is to adjudicate its rights; then it will enter upon its true inheritance, and commence receiving even its canonization. After

many years the mightiest thinkers of philosophic Germany, Schelling and Hegel, begin to utter the ultimate decision upon this Fragment. The first German critical minds, the two Schlegels, also contribute their part in the mean time; their school, the modern Romantic, gives continuous help for its appreciation.

The most sympathetic and deepest-seeing of all these early views is that of Schelling, which deserves special emphasis at this point. Schelling could have known only the first Fragment when he delivered his lectures on the "Method of Academic Study," at Jena and Wurzburg, 1802-5, yet he seems to divine not merely the completed First Part, but the completed Second Part, in the final redemption and completion of the Hero. The great philosopher turns a rapt seer in speaking of the poem, "which as yet must be grasped by anticipation rather than by knowledge," and he at once proclaims it to be "an original work in every respect, only to be compared with itself, and resting on itself." He sees far in advance that "the conflict must be solved in a higher way," and that Faust, "elevated to higher spheres, will be completed," the very vision of the end of the second part. It looks almost as if the poet had followed the prophecy of the philosopher, or that the latter somehow had gotten a peep into the workshop of the poet. Moreover, Schelling feels the great scientific value of the book, "sufficient to rejuvenate science in this age;" he seems to feel that the developement of the poem rests upon the same

foundation as science itself, and advises its study to all, "who wish to penetrate into the true sanctuary of nature." Yet this does not hinder it from being philosophic in the profoundest sense, and he declares that "if any poem can be called philosophic, this predicate must be applied to Goethe's *Faust* alone." Thus the two extreme poles of the great poem are indicated: it has the true development of Nature, and the true idea of Philosophy, in harmony; moreover, it is poetic in the best sense, yet is philosophic also, revealing "a new kind of Fate," the Fate not merely of the Deed but also of Knowledge. Thus the mighty twins, Poetry and Philosophy, eternally fighting and clawing one another in the brains of lesser critics and poets, unite in one grand symphonious strain before the mind of Schelling, as he casts his look upon Goethe's poetic creation. Such is the broad view of the German philosopher—quite the universal view, spoken in a few far-glancing prophetic words toward the close of his lectures; nothing better has been said or can be said upon the poem, and the interpreter has but to fill out in detail the vast outlines of Schelling's hints, avoiding the merely poetic, or merely philosophic, or merely scientific, or any other merely one-sided method of exposition.

After Schelling, naturally follows Hegel, whose profound appreciation of "*Faust*" is well-known to his readers; he calls it "the absolute philosophical tragedy," and thus he is in substantial accord with Schelling, in considering "*Faust*" the great philosophical poem. Hegel's judgment has to be sought

chiefly in books of his which were published after the completed "Faust" of 1808, and hence need not be cited in this connection. Still, in one of his early works, "The Phenomenology of Spirit," finished to the thunder of the cannon at the battle of Jena, he gives a subtle interpretation of the Earth-Spirit in the Hegelian manner, showing that the Fragment had already produced so strong an impression upon his thought that he assigned it a place among the so-called phenomenological phases of consciousness.

Many years have passed since the appearance of the Fragment in 1790; but clearly it is creating its world, and rearing its own readers. It has gone deep into the great spirits of the time and found lodgement there; assuredly they will take care of it, they will impart to it a share of their own immortality. That which makes the Great Book immortal is that it lives in the highest souls, those truly immortal. With them it will be preserved against the millions and the ravages of time. In this matter one feels always like speaking to the poet face to face, and addressing him out of the future centuries, not for his sake, as he hears it not, but for the sake of all toilsome unknown workers: "Take heart, O much-tried scribe of the ages, be not cast down because the phantom of the populace buzzes neglectfully past thee; it will long be dead when thou art living, nay, it will be chiefly known hereafter for not having known thee. Gird up thy loins anew; a yet greater task is before thee, nothing less than to generate out of the soul of

thy time the devil lurking therein, and to reveal him in body to the sons of men. The greatest task laid upon human scribe is thine; up and be a-doing, courageous heart, thou alone of the millions of these later centuries, canst perform it."

With this new task, however, the first period of composition, embracing the Fragment of 1790, is definitely brought to a close, and we pass to the second period, which lies between the Fragment of 1790 and the completed First Part of 1808. In this period the two capital additions are the Genesis of Mephisto as Evil Principle, out of Faust's denial, and the beginning of his subjection to Faust, who employs him for the attempted rescue of Margaret. The two great gaps which we noted in the Fragment are thus filled, and the poem in its First Part attains completeness after almost forty years of effort. These are, doubtless, the gaps of which Goethe repeatedly speaks in his correspondence with Schiller, and whose problem, though quiescent for long periods, never fully left him. The genetic hint, scarcely observable in the Fragment, has now unfolded into a conscious purpose, and the idea of final purification and restoration, vague and unclear in the Fragment, breaks forth into the full clearness of knowledge.

The Perverted World, or Mephisto's realm, also receives its completion in the two scenes of "Walpurgis Night." We saw in the Fragment the beginning and wild progress of this Perverted World in two other scenes, "Auerbach's Cellar," and the "Witches' Kitchen;" now it is unfolded into

correspondence with a total plan. To this period also belongs the two Prologues, in which the poet indicates a clear consciousness of the nature of his theme and of his work. Moreover, in the "Prologue in Heaven," the Lord definitely promises that he will lead the struggling Faust through to light, in which promise we have a glimpse beyond the First Part of "Faust" into the Second Part.

The reception of the completed First Part was far more favorable than the reception of the Fragment had been. On all sides there seems to have been a pretty general agreement as to the prodigious significance of the book. But the way had been prepared. The Fragment, during eighteen years, had been absorbed into many appreciative spirits, who were not only ready for, but had vaguely anticipated the completed work. Moreover, the scope of Goethe's other activities, scientific, poetic, literary, as well as the unity of his genius in all these activities, had begun to dawn generally upon his countrymen. Still, there seems to have been nothing like an adequate exposition of it, till ten years had passed, when Schubarth's book on "Faust" (1818) opened the long and ever-increasing list of commentaries, a list manifestly not to be closed by the present book.

The criticism of "Faust" in Germany has been a prolific plant in fruitful soil, with many local turns and variations which no foreigners care to follow. It has fluctuated with the spiritual tendencies of the German people, indicating plainly that the great poem always mirrors itself differ-

ently at different periods, and must have, with the new epoch, a new interpretation. The older phase of Faust criticism seems to occupy itself more with the thought or idea of the poem, though not neglecting philological, mythological, and other aids. This phase is properly the philosophic, receiving its light from the unparalleled sunburst of German Philosophy during the first quarter of the present century. The later phase of Faust criticism seems to concern itself more about the external unity, or rather the want of unity, in the poem; its method is the historic, and it shows the re-action against Philosophy. Both these phases have their strong and weak sides, both supplement pretty well each other's defects. Let not the true-hearted student yield to the cry that he should throw away the old and take the new criticism, which is seriously inferior to the old or philosophic in depth of insight, while both need much correction in regard to sobriety of judgment.

The recent criticism of the First Part of Faust in Germany turns chiefly upon the manner in which the two editions of 1790 and of 1808 are to be viewed. The one set of critics sees in the completed First Part a double and inconsistent plan, two contradictory ideas, held together only by the art of the book-binder, and not by that of the poet. The additions made in 1808 to the Fragment are, it is declared, really a different, nay, an antagonistic poem. Kuno Fischer, who may be taken as a representative man of this party, says that the two sections of the poem—that of 1790

and that of 1808—"proceed from tendencies fundamentally diverse,—they are in character wholly heterogeneous, and they are so to the extent of complete opposition." Thus our First Part, over whose completion we shouted such a halleluiah of rejoicing, has, by the completion, really been made incomplete, and old Goethe has been caught playing on the public another of his tricks of mystification.

Fischer goes on to state that there is a fundamental difference between the two editions, in the conception of both Mephisto and Faust. In the Fragment of 1790, Mephisto is declared not to be the Devil, such as he is in the later work, but a mischievous imp, "an elementary ghost" in the service of the Earth-Spirit. In reply to this view Oettingen ("Vorlesungen ueber Faust," vol. 1 s. 10) points out numerous passages in the Fragment which directly contravene Fischer's assumption, showing that Mephisto is regarded in them as a genuine Devil; Loeper takes the same view. Still it cannot be denied that the Devil in his lighter moods is fond of his impish joke, harmless enough; witness the scene in "Auerbach's Cellar;" but this milder phase may well consist with his deepest deviltry. Still further, Fischer states that there is a contradiction in the character of Faust; in the original conception he was a sort of Prometheus in conflict with the established rule of the Gods, a genuine world-stormer, and hence tragic; but in the later added part, the idea of purification through struggle and suffering was introduced,

with final reconciliation of the Hero purged of Titanic denial. Again, the answer has been made to this argument, that it really proves no inherent contradiction, but rather the contrary; Faust does begin as a world-storming Titan, but the whole course of the poem shows him cleansed of his Titanism, and coming into harmony with the world-order. Still it continues to be stubbornly maintained that the Fragment has the unity, and the total work has the split from top to bottom.

It is perhaps characteristic of the intellectual Germany of to-day, that this theory of "Faust," shaded, to be sure, in manifold colors, from hazy grey to jet black, is held by the most considerable German critics of the present time,—Julian Schmidt, Friedrich Vischer, Karl Biedermann, etc. It finds its first germ in C. H. Weisse's book (1837), one of the earliest interpretations of "Faust," but the theory there is not at all drawn out to its later consequences. A kind of cult of the Fragment of 1790 seems to have arisen in Germany, intimated in the words of Gutzkow: "'Faust,' as Fragment, is much dearer to all of us, than the completed 'Faust.'" Who are "all of us"? Certainly not the whole adoring the Whole, but some fragment worshipping the Fragment.

The true and final conclusion of the theory is boldly drawn by Gwinner and others, who maintain that the sole unity is in the Fragment, and that the real fragment is the completed Part, while the completed two Parts of "Faust" are but the fragment of a fragment. The course of the poem runs

thus: it begins perfect, grows to imperfection, and ends in a kind of self-annihilation, doubly discordant and dissevered. The poet, too, in the utter perversity of his nature, calls his complete work a fragment, and his fragment a complete Part, and his two fragments, doubly scattered, his complete work. Truly the saying of ancient Hesiod, that the half is more than the entire thing, has now become a reality, nay, a twofold reality, for the fragment is the whole, and the whole is the fragment.

In such manner certain sets of German critics seem to have turned the Faust-poem upside down, and are attempting to read the book that way; while father Goethe himself is placed on his head, and is asked to walk somehow with feet in the air. They call it the layer-theory, inasmuch as "Faust" is not taken as a grand architectural work, but a series of stratified scenes piled like stones one on top of the other, which the critical mattock can pry apart and scale off into pieces large and small. Of course the divisive process need not and will not stop at any given point short of infinity; if we can split the completed work into two or four portions, why not into a dozen, and so on, according to the endless divisibility of matter? Schroeer has taken hold of the Margaret episode, the most closely connected part of all "Faust," in this spirit, and has divided it into two distinct portions, with still further sub-divisions into separate pictures, moving one after the other in a sort of panoramic fashion. Upon which procedure one observation may be made: anatomy is absolutely necessary for all true

critical as well as physiological science, but the whole purpose and end of it is not to leave the scattered parts lying about at random, but to recombine them into the one complete living conception of the bodily or poetic organism.

It is curious to observe that the discussion of "Faust" seems to be running parallel to that of another great poetical book, the first Literary Bible, old Homer. The unity of both is torn to shreds, the notion of unity seems the reddest of red rags to the present infuriated critical bull wildly laying about itself in Germany. It is bent desperately on fighting the fact, on proving by a violent toss of the horns that the fact is not the fact, but some other ghost. The unity of the "Iliad" was the prime fact of it, with few slight protests, ancient and modern, up to the time of Wolf, the fact which gave it quite its chief worth, and which preserved it through so many centuries. Yet we have lived to see a German critic arrange the "Iliad" anew into a number of disparate songs, according to the principle of discord and not of unity, as if the supreme object of criticism were to turn all the harmonies of the earth back into chaos and old night. The next thing will be an edition of "Faust," not in the well-ordered unity in which the poet left it, but dislocated by the lever of the critic, and stratified anew according to his method of its origin. Tear down the grand Gothic Cathedral, pile up the stones in layers, then we have the thing as it was originally, in the womb of mother Earth, and our brilliant critical sagacity finds its

true outcome in the realm of primeval disorder.

Thus, however, has the critic furnished in himself the best commentary on the poem; by his denial he has come to exemplify in his own person the denial of Faust; he is transformed to a Faust denying "Faust," through the very excess of study and shrewdness. It is indeed strange; one asks, What can the sceptical understanding not do? The world turns to haze, without solidity; the last book of the ages is getting to be as mythically uncertain as the first; and Goethe, scarce fifty years in his grave, whom many hundreds of people now living have seen and remember, is beginning to be a fable, and to share already the fate of his eldest brother, the Chian bard.

Such is the one line of Faust criticism, much maintained in Germany; yet even there it has valiant opponents who meet the enemy at every point with huge stones and sharp javelins. This new school may be regarded as a necessary reaction against the excesses of the philosophical school, which was too often inclined to build an air-palace of its own, with little foundation in the poem. It is, however, itself committing excesses, which foretell its doom; Germany will weary of it, as she wearied of the earlier criticism, and will return to seek for the rational idea of the work, the idea which generates it, and is not foisted upon it. The facts which the great industry and microscopic acuteness of the new criticism have brought to light will not be lost, but will be united in a new and deeper synthesis, with the thought of the

poem. The only sound method is to accept the facts fully and sincerely, then to see them in their completeness, which brings them into a connected, indeed, creative whole. And the prime fact is, Goethe has left this "Faust" as a unity, arranged according to an idea, not by chance, or by some chronological sequence; this guiding idea which orders the poem must always be the main thing for the one who wishes to comprehend, and not merely enjoy the work.

Still, as Nature often reveals her secret in her monstrosities, it is worth while to see the ground of this new layer-theory. There is a difference between the part of "Faust" which appeared in 1790, and the added part, which appeared in 1808. The difference exists, but the deeper fact is the unity which locks together these different parts. In the Fragment the problem is stated, in the completed "Faust" it is solved. But many cannot see the solution; many, too, believe that there is no solution; these must prefer the Fragment. Such minds will always divide the First Part of "Faust" into two parts, and select their favorite; individual character and insight at last determine the choice. But the poet had certainly a different view, and if we wish to work in his spirit, we must follow the way he points, and grapple with the work till it yield its secret solvent thought.

If the new criticism must prove unsatisfactory, nay, in its extreme tendency, repugnant, to those who wish to see the poem as Goethe saw it and left it, that same criticism has been very beneficial in

turning a strong light upon the essential and most difficult fact in the work, namely, the genesis of Mephisto. It has compelled those of us who believe in the Faust poem rather than in the Faust Fragment, to look into the Great Book anew, under a keener light, and to find the unity in a deeper sense than it has yet been found. I believe that the poem comes out of these critical fires more fully appreciated, seen in clearer, greater, truer outlines than was possible without such discipline.

The genesis of Mephisto, which lies between the first denial and the final compact, may be well called the grand central fact of the poem; it was, however, the grand obstacle to the poet, was that which he had to wait for nearly forty years, from youth to the beginning of old age. What was his own development during that time in its cardinal points? If we can bring them together in our glance, perhaps we may be able to see the spiritual history of the genesis aforesaid, or some suggestion thereof. Out of what and into what did the poet have to pass before he could write that wonderful evolution of the modern Devil? As early as 1769, possibly earlier, he had in him the denial of Faust, seen in the First Soliloquy; then, or not long afterward, he had the full-formed Mephisto in activity with the Student and with Margaret; what connection between the Denial and the Devil? The young poet feels that the one is the source of the other, that the one must be generated out of the other; but he possessed no literary form adequate

for such a task, nor could he get it from any quarter,—with good reason, for the Literature of the world as yet contained no such literary form. Genetic hints do indeed occur in Shakespeare, even in old Homer, but they are sudden flashes, prophecies of the coming form, by no means developed into an explicit procedure. Goethe, then, had to have not merely the new thought, but to find the new form; he had to live it into being along with his life. This creation of a new literary form is what makes "Faust" an original poem, and its appearance an epoch in the world's Literature.

Such was the difficulty which rose up against the continuation of Faust; yet the same difficulty lies in the entire period of Goethe's early poetic activity, that period usually called his Titanism. He began a "Prometheus," the world's accepted type of Titanic struggle, but he never could finish it; he ran against the obstacle which stopped his "Faust." Two other works, "Mahomet" and the "Wandering Jew," conceived in the same spirit, had to remain fragments for the same reason. He began a novel, "Wilhelm Meister," but with all the external incitement of friends he could not bring it to an end, because the end lay not in him. He broke with his Titanism, saw that it would bring nothing to a close but itself; still, like the huge boulders of some mighty primitive energy, the fragments of these early efforts lie scattered through several portions of his Works. The fine poem called "Ilmenau" (1783) indicates the transition; it shows the break with the past, with the period

of Storm and Stress, and also hints the unsettled state of the future.

Still the poet was growing, growing into this very genetic method. He had begun to study science in his way, to take long deep glances into Nature, the first and last of his teachers. He discovered the intermaxillary bone in man, not by scientific induction so much as by poetic intuition, that vision which beholds, not the particular thing or fact in insolation, but the total creative process, of which this is but a link. The glance which sees in the particular thing or fact the entire cycle of Nature, sees in the single bone the whole skeleton of the one animal and of all animals, is Goethe's glance, penetrating the genetic procedure of the physical world, and hinting from afar a kindred literary procedure.

But this last stage has not yet arrived, indeed cannot yet arrive; he makes this transition into Art by a new mighty experience. This is the journey to Italy, the most important epoch of his life, falling almost midway between his birth and death, when he was old enough to understand fully the lesson of the past world, young enough still to be molded by that lesson. At once the fermentation began to settle, the soul to purify itself, and he reached a new harmonious insight into the world-order, and into the expression thereof; he became a new man, looking upon a new world, all that had been impeded and was incomplete in his life and works now began to move toward freedom and completeness. The influence was a new birth of

the whole man: Nature, Life, Art, Poetry, all felt the fresh creative breath of that Italian spring.

First, the vegetable world revealed itself to him in Italy, he says, in a garden at Palermo, where he fully saw that wonderful metamorphosis, in which the leaf generates itself, and in that genetic process purifies itself more and more into higher forms, till at last it completes itself in the total plant. That little book, called the "Metamorphosis of Plants," written after his return from Italy, showing all the stages of the genesis of the plant from the leaf, is still Nature's grand suggestion of the genesis of Mephisto, and remains to this day the best guide to a true insight into the genesis of "Faust;" the book itself being a poem, a genetic drama of the plant. In like manner he showed the metamorphosis of the vertebral into the cranial bones, and carried the genesis of forms through the animal world. A great, many-sided activity he unfolded, yet with one thought at bottom; that thought was genesis, which became his conscious principle; he saw it everywhere in Nature, looked for it in Art, and in the history of Art, and intended to apply it universally in his great work on Man and Nature, of which, however, but a few outlines remain.

Already in Italy this spiritual metamorphosis began to pass into the literary works which he took with him to that country. "Iphgenia," from a prose drama was transformed into an ideal example of classic beauty—a veritable symbol of Goethe's own transformation under Italian skies.

"Tasso" was also transformed and re-written in the same classic spirit and measure. A new world had indeed dawned upon him; or it was rather the transfiguration of the old world into a new existence.

Of necessity, he began to employ his new insight in a higher realm, that of spiritual production, of which the first great literary fruit after his return, was the completion of "Meister's Apprenticeship." We have seen how that work lay unfinished before the Italian journey; no completeness was possible in it then, as there was no completeness in the author. But now he sees the way; he will re-model the whole work and bring it to an end; "Meister," too, is to reveal the genetic hint, and carry it over into the novel, and therewith into the spiritual world out of Nature, even into education. It is, indeed, the principle of human life and character; the erring man is to be seen going through his process of self-purification, of self-correction of errors, the grand human discipline in the mastery of fate. "In every endowment lies the force to bring it to perfection," says the Abbe, who is the almost invisible Jupiter Olympius hovering over this truly modern epic. The nature of Meister unfolds through manifold errors into its true being; in him we watch the genesis of a human soul out of its primordial germ into reality.

With the completion of the "Apprenticeship of Meister," the grand obstacle which stopped Goethe so many years was broken down, he had entered the paradise of supreme poetic creation. The

great literary deed was done, yet not completely done; a literary expression had been found for one phase of the new idea applied to life; but there was still another phase, stronger, deeper, more universal. In "Meister" the function of error in the grand human discipline is told, turned over and over, and emphasized in a thousand varied forms; but now error is to deepen into denial, the unconscious mistake is to become conscious negation, in fine, is to become the Devil. Therewith rises the new task, vaster, more desperate, more soul-cleaving; a gigantic task, which the poor mortal may well shun—to call up and put into body the "Spirit that denies," the modern Destroyer. The negation of Truth, the intensified embodiment of all error, wandering, waywardness, the conscious Denial burning with a sulphurous torch, indeed the very Devil is now to unfold before our eyes into a reality, and to accompany the man through his long earthly career, till he work himself free of his diabolic counterpart, purify himself and ascend to Heaven.

The task has to be done, there is no escape of the true poet from his call. Scarcely had he finished "Meister," when the mightier problem seized hold of him, the final ground and mystery of all creation, the genesis of evil. Yet, this problem so new, was nevertheless his oldest poetic task, had indeed lurked underneath all his activity since his twentieth year, had sent him to Nature for lessons, had driven him to Italy for expression and clarification, had made him write "Meister" for training; this Faust ques-

tion is really the spiritual substrate of Goethe's entire productivity, the mother-soil out of which shoot up all his works and his life. In 1797-8, the Prologues were written; in which we see him deep in his work, and we catch, from his correspondence with Schiller, faint indications that the embryonic Mephisto was lustily struggling within him.

But it is not a matter which can be dispatched with a few rapid pen-strokes. Still a ten years' struggle, O valiant man, awaits thee; untold birth-throes will wrench thy being till thou be delivered of Satan, who will himself, "the old hell-lynx," be made to sweat roundly in the process ("Ihr habt mech weidlich schwitzen machen.") Let no lack of man's recognition put down the God who now commands the work; rouse thyself anew, the years of long preparation are past; the hair on thy temples has turned grey since the first early conception of thy task, but it lives in thee still; thou hast traveled all the realms of Nature, Life, Art, in thy toilsome apprenticeship, and written its record; but now it is done. Thy supreme effort must be made, thy genius is invoking thee to exorcise the Devil out of thy Faust, and out of thyself into the world, and by thy magic speech to ban him into writ, there to stay forever. Then thou art free, but not till more than eighty years have passed over thy head, and the last line be set down; then thou mayst dismiss thyself from thy terrestrial task, and say to thine Ariel: "Now to the elements!"

III. CRITICAL STANDARDS.

Goethe himself has declared that his *Faust* poem has in it something "incommensurable," a pivotal word for estimating it aright. By such a remark, however, he does not mean that his book is incomprehensible, but that there is no standard by which it can be judged—no standard outside of itself. Criticism has no rule or canon wherewith to measure it in any complete manner; it is an original poem, and must justify itself within itself; it must be seen by its own inner light, and must unfold according to its own law; a self-contained, self-determined work, if there ever was one, springing from and imaging the free human spirit.

It is evident, we hope, from what has been said in the preceding section, that the historic or biographic method is inadequate to measure "*Faust*"; this method breaks down just where we need it most, namely, in the explanation of the present order of the poem. It tears the work to tatters, and then tries to patch it up again, but leaves it in rags; it dislocates the whole structure, putting what is behind before, and what is before behind, turning to a critical chaos the poetical cosmos. Not the chronological succession of the scenes but their organic connection is the main thing; the former the poet has carefully hidden beyond our vision,

the latter he has placed before our eyes as his method, as the way in which he would have us regard his work. Chiefly, then, our insight must penetrate the poem as it stands, and as the poet left it; any other order is not his order. Undoubtedly for biographic purposes it is necessary and very instructive to look at these scenes as they may have sprung up in time; but that is using the poem for another end beside itself, namely, for biography. As a poem, however, it must be regarded as its own end and within itself; the true order is in the idea, and not in the accident of temporal origin.

Equally powerless is the purely literary method to get control of this poem, powerless even to give it a name which clings. What is it,—epic, lyric, dramatic, tragedy or comedy,—what is it, tell us? It has been named all, is all, and yet is distinctively none; those who use these designations in describing it, show a helplessness that becomes painful after a few struggles. It will not let itself be subsumed under any well-known rubric, for the reason that it is itself and nothing else; nor can it be fitted to any established rules of poetic composition, for the reason that it makes its own rules as it goes along, often quite in defiance of all literary precedent. Being a creative work, it creates its own law, and lives its own life in its own kingdom, according to that law. A very independent sort of a book, not only traveling its own road, but, to a great extent, making the road as it travels; too independent a book, thinks the critical surveyor who

has come out with his ancient tape-string, seeking to measure it and to locate its path somewhere along the old highways.

But it refuses to adjust itself to any such measurement; the result is, nearly all literary critics, German, English, French, have never been able to find themselves at home in the book, while the heart of the time keeps drawing more closely to it. Amid much praise, possibly, of certain details, they reject this or that vital part, whereby we see that they are lost in the grand total edifice; or that they, after wandering confusedly through the vast Gothic structure, take refuge from its overburdening greatness in some little chamber where there is a pretty oriel-window letting in a little light. Now, what is the matter? It is plain that they have not in themselves the standards by which the poem can be judged, though they think they have, of course; and so they proceed to damn the Great Book, somehow imagining that they are the grand literary Justiciary at the Last Judgement. One always feels like putting an hypothetical question to such people: Suppose that you have not the law of this work, how are you going to judge it? The answer must be: It is impossible to render any decision worth listening to, in such a case. Learn first the law; and this law can be learned only from the book itself, which must be its own legislator, that is, a self-governing whole; if it be an original thing, it cannot permit its law, ready-made, to be brought to it from the outside by mortal man.

The philosophic method, as it has the possibility of being the best, bears in itself likewise the possibility of becoming the worst, method of interpreting "Faust." In it lurks the ever-present danger of attempting to fasten upon the poem some theory not belonging to the poem, but taken from the writer's favorite system of philosophy. Thus the poem becomes a secret hieroglyphic, quite unintelligible to those not initiated into the mystery; a new kind of picture-writing, yet shaded with the old Egyptian darkness. All German philosophies have, without exception, perhaps, at one time or other, been clapped upon "Faust" in a way more or less external, by ardent admirers. The school of Hegel has shown the deepest sympathy with "Faust," has furnished a great deal of the best interpretation of it, has very truly emphasized the side of its thought; yet from the same school have sprung some of the worst vagaries. When the Hegelians attempt to show that "Faust" is an exposition of their Master in a poetic form, his abstractions turned to pictures; or, when they interpret the order and development of the poem into the order and development of the Hegelian categories, it is a violence, a distortion of the poem into a monstrosity, a wrenching of it till we feel every bone in its body must be broken. Yet the fact is unquestionable that certain scenes bear the closest resemblance to Hegel's thought and even manner, and hence, must find therein altogether the best explanation; nay, it were blindness to deny that the entire "Faust," in its play of negation, has a certain anal-

ogy to the dialectical movement of Hegel's Logic. Still the two books, though in the same world, are world-wide asunder, both in form and order of development; each is through itself and not through the other, having its own law and unfolding out of itself, according to that law.

Other analogies to philosophers old and new, may be shown in "Faust" by the burning disciple; analogies to Spinoza, to whom Goethe confesses the deepest obligation; to Schelling, who first penetrated the poem like its creator; even to ancient Plato. Still the work remains itself, and only like unto itself, fully digesting everything thrown into its capacious stomach; it is not patterned after this or that system of thought, though it sweep some or all of them into its movement. A single brick is not the edifice, and the brick-maker is not the architect. The critic who tries to unfold the poem into any system but its own, shows that he has his eye not upon the work itself, but upon some extraneous thing as its final ground—a fatal defect in an expositor.

Such a procedure is, however, not peculiar to Philosophy, for Theology, strange to say, has laid claim to "Faust," and especially to the Devil; nay different schools of Theology have fallen into no little controversy about the matter. The Protestants have long claimed the poem as theirs, as being in a sense, the last Protestant utterance in Europe, taking up again the note of the Reformation, and singing its mythus anew to the new age. But the Catholics have put in a strong counter claim,

pointing to the still older legend of Theophilus, as the source of the Faust legend, marking, too, the Catholic setting of the poem throughout, but particularly in the Margaret episode, and in the mediæval Dantean strain, with the whole paraphernalia of the Church—Fathers, Saints, Virgin—in the last scene of the Second Part. The result is quite a little row of books with these titles in substance: "Goethe as Protestant," and "Goethe as Catholic;" or with this rubric hovering darkly between and betwixt: "Goethe as crypto-Catholic," in which last delightful category Shakespeare has also been placed. But the reader will cry out with some force, in spite of his respect for cassock and white neck-tie: "In God's name, let the man be as Nature gave him to us; why be-plaster him over and over with your posters, tattooing him with every kind of printer's ink? Who cares for your labels, anyhow?"

We should have to rebuke such excess of expression if the reader who utters it, were in our presence; but as he is out of our reach, we may quietly answer that all these opinions have certain grounds; each side finds, of course, what it seeks in the book, and cites genuine documents for proof. And the fact cannot be denied that the whole of "Faust" has a religious substrate which often crops out in the course of the action, and at the beginning and end, rises up from the earth to the skies, the Prologue and the Epilogue playing in the Upper World. The entire poem is thus suspended, like earth and man, between two Heavens,

or two eternities, the before and after. Then that Mephisto, continually identified with the Devil in the course of the work, to whom does he belong, if not to Theology? Yes, these theological interpretations of "Faust" have their ground; still the poem is itself, nothing else, neither Catholic nor Protestant, yet with many Catholic and Protestant strands running through it, and interweaving it with the garment of Time.

With other special predicates men have sought to designate it as a whole, calling it, for example, allegoric or symbolic. Yet it is neither, though it has in it many an allegory and no little symbolism, which are a vital part of its organism. My friend, the poem is itself, moving by its own law, in its own world, yet taking up in its course many a little realm; it is the vast form which swallows other forms, digests and transforms them into its own tissue, and just therein is itself again, "an original book, only to be compared with itself, and resting upon itself," as Schelling hath said.

And now having raised a danger signal over Charybdis, we may pass to the other side, and beckon a warning from Scylla. Here lies the opposite, even more fatal extreme: to re-act from imperfect thought to a denial of all thought. Because we find that the poem is not an exposition of the Platonic or Hegelian, specially philosophic or specially theologic, Idea, we are not to conclude that it has no Idea at all; such were indeed the spiritual murder of the whole poem. Thus we land in the very negation of the book itself;

we become deniers, Fausts denying "Faust."

On the contrary, the poem has an Idea, this Idea is its own. Not the philosophy of any given master is here; not Spinoza's, not Schelling's, not Hegel's, assuredly not Schopenhauer's, which the last shuffle of the philosophic kaleidoscope would have behold in "Faust;" still, we must say, though it be a poem, it has like everything else under the sun, its own philosophy, its own ground of existence. Burn up the excrescences in the fires of criticism, if you wish, but let it not shrivel the heart of the work.

The first duty of the interpreter may be declared to be the unfolding of this Idea, or the genetic Thought, which moves through, and indeed creates the poem. Thereby he may give true help to his reader to unfold himself into this Thought, as it works and weaves its poetical world. Still we must never forget that the poem is its own final expression, and that every other attempt to state it or to explain it, is an aid simply, an usher to conduct the stranger before the lord of the castle, by no means himself the lord thereof. Let not that usher presume too much, relying possibly on his gilt trappings, else he will be discharged on the spot.

It has become the common habit—cousin to egotism on one side, and to indolence on the other—of many people and of many critics, when they see the thought developed out of a poem or other work of Art, to take for granted that this thought is read into the work from the outside, and is an

intrusion upon it. Now such may be the case, as we all know and have just seen in a number of instances; against such a proceeding let the thunderbolt with all its prongs of fire be hurled. But do not leap to the opposite and greater mistake of thinking that no poem has ever an Idea or Thought, and that all exposition showing the same is but an impertinence, a forcing upon the work some notion alien to it, and unwelcome. Keep the balance, the golden balance of moderation, or rather of truth; do not throw away all brains, though you find a maggot in some.

The great poem has, then, an Idea; but it has, too, a structure, or system if you please, great in proportion to its greatness. This structure or system is its own, not that of any Philosophy or Theology, is the very frame-work which holds it together inwardly and outwardly, and must be seen evolving itself with the poem, an inherent part of its economy, not some external scheme thrust upon it from a strange quarter. In "Faust" are to be found some of the mightiest sweeps, as well as some of the subtlest refinements of the architecture of human writing; the work cannot be truly understood without following carefully the grand architectonic masses on the one hand, and the intricate structural details on the other. A true criticism must first point out, then move on these lines of structure; thus the anatomy blooms into life.

Yet the double danger, which was duly signaled in the previous perilous waters, looms up

here too: first, that of foisting upon the poem some philosophic or theologic structure other than its own, and, secondly, that of denying that it has any structure at all, which can be unfolded out of itself. Go not this or that extreme way, on thy life; proceed bravely from the incomplete thing to the complete, never turn back from the incomplete thing, because it is incomplete, to nothing, which is the soul's death. Keep thy balance still, level-headed companion, again sailing with me through Scylla and Charybdis; let not thy too great credulity, or thy too great skepticism catch thee while navigating on thy Faust raft these tumultuous seas, and throw thee to the monsters of the deep, to be devoured, an untimely horrible end.

Let us, O reader, make between ourselves—I mean thee and me—a contract in this business, or rather let us form a creed for our guidance. We, both of us Faust seekers, shall have no idea, no system, not Plato's, not Hegel's, not Stephen Pearl Andrews'; we shall take only that of the poem. We shall believe in no other philosophy or theology than that of the poem. We shall not be heathen, nay, we shall not be christian in reading this book. We shall be what it is, see what it sees, sleep where it sleeps, live its life, die its death, our idea its idea, our system its system, our soul its soul. Amen.

In this pious mood, the mind naturally turns to some authority to lean upon, and so we hunt up the poet himself, and interrogate him through his writings in reference to this matter. We find him

often speaking, in his Letters and elsewhere, of the Idea of an artistic work; in fact, he speaks of the Idea of this very "Faust;" so, to his mind it must have had an Idea. Yet we find him using strong counter statements, which seem to amount at times to a denial of an Idea in his work, and we all know his aversion to having his "Faust" "strung on the string of an abstract Idea." Thus the poet appears to be at discord with himself, sending forth two diverse notes; but a little deeper attention will reveal the harmony at bottom. By this abstract Idea, so repugnant to him, he means some Idea foreign to the poem, taken from some other source than the poetic source, which is often made to flow through that alien channel by main force. Very justly he revolted at seeing his self-contained work hung up like Sigfrid, on the peg of some philosophic or theologic system; against such a method the reader, too, we hope has had his indignation heated to the point of battle. Still the Idea of the poem, the independent, self-unfolding Idea, the poet both spoke of and believed in, could not well do otherwise, though many a critic has taken for granted that he denied all Idea, because he rejected the bad or inadequate Idea. But, it is the critic, not Goethe, who leaps into the fire when he finds a bug in his bed. *Goethe*

We must repeat once more, then, the repetition of that thought, which, like the repetition of sunrise, brings daylight into this "Faust:" it is an original book, determined within itself by itself, having its own standard which is to be taken from

itself, and not from any philosophic, theologic, or even ethical system. Still, it has strands of all these methods of thinking, they all express phases of its truth. It is original, not as some desperate books are, by trying to fling themselves out of the Universe, but by resuming the Universe into its harmony.

In this grand masquerade of poetic forms which we behold in "Faust," it is not easy to keep one's head straight always; the best critic, with the most open, accessible soul, is liable to get askew sometimes, not so much from commission as from omission. He may lay too little stress on one form, as well as too great stress on another, whereby the whole begins to move awry somewhat. We must not forget that Goethe poured sixty years of his own Protean life into this poem; it is not so easy to catch him and hold him, especially without some of his experience. What a play of forms, half natural, half supernatural, a tone profoundly secular, yet deeply religious, too, with its two main threads, Faust and Mephisto, Man and Devil, weaving together into one garment the sensible and supersensible worlds! A texture of marvels is the poem; it has a strange, adventuresome, epical wanderer, like Ulysses; it strikes manifold lyric chords, and employs almost every variety of lyric forms in its hundred meters; still its fundamental form is that of the drama, yet not the drama in the old sense; it is a drama playing in the human mind, as well as in the human deed, a soul-drama as well as a world-drama. Comedy it is too; Mephistopheles,

in the complete sweep of his purpose and action, is a comic character, the Devil as the world's humorist. Yet it is a tragedy, so called by the poet, though a tragedy in a new non-Shakespearian sense. Faust, who does the guilty deed, is compelled to live, till he do the good deed, when he dies. A strange evangel is that, yet in it we may see some deeper, more harmonious order moving from present throes to future birth. Margaret perishes too, yielding herself up to punishment for the guilty deed; yet in the very act of perishing she is saved; to lose her life is to save it. A new sort of tragedy assuredly, yet with very old roots in human history, now sprouting afresh, and promising a new world, which will reach beyond life, and cancel death through death.

It will be seen that "Faust" was not derived from, and cannot be subjected to, any treatise of Poetic. A book of this kind makes a new science of criticism, or compels an entire reconstruction of the old one. The waters are out, the landmarks are gone, submerged or carried along down the stream; listen now to the critical navigator breasting the current, and crying; Alas! it ought not to have rained. Thus he knows better than the Lord. Still the deluge has been sent, and the duty of the hour calls us to set our little world in harmony with the new circumstances.

Thus, a new criticism, or a new construction thereof, must follow every appearance of the Great Book of Song. A system of Poetic, with Aristotle as the grand precursor, must be derived from the

truly original works of poetry, from the Literary Bibles of the race, and the original work of poetry in the highest sense has its own Poetic, not taken or derived, in its essential fact, from any preceeding poem or Poetic. This is just the final reason why it is original, being underived, self-originating, unfolding out of its own germinal idea. Yet, here again, we must not fall into the opposite error of thinking that the great poem stands isolated in literature, excluding other previous great poems; on the contrary it includes them, resumes them, develops them into a new poetic realm. The true original genius does not kick out of the traces of the Universe, but heroically carries it forward, not imitating the old, but transforming it into the new, wherein lies just his originality.

The great and quite universal mistake of the critics on "Faust" has been, that they assume they possess already the canons of judgment for the work, canons derived from antecedent poems and treatises on poetry. Or they take the matter more easily, and assume that Heaven has endowed them at their birth with what they call Good Taste, a complete outfit in all things that are required for a final decision in literary matters. Such prodigies may have been born, but really they are born too late. It is well known that nearly all great original works have had to make their way against the Good Taste of their time, represented chiefly by the professional critics, who take for granted that they have the rules of all composition, and need only apply them in a more or less external fashion

accepting or rejecting according to the tally.

Doubtless, there is a field—a vast field—for this kind of criticism. It will do for poems of the second class, still great, very great, even original in minor points, though in the grand essential point they are imitations, derivations, re-habilitations. The fact must, therefore, be promulgated in full sunlight, that the critic as such, deriving his professional skill from past reading and study, however acute in judging works of the second, third and lower classes, is wholly incompetent to detect a work of the first class, simply because it is original and must lie outside of his horizon. As far as good models go, he may be able to judge with happiest results; but the original book has no model, not even a good one; reading it, the critic seems to be set down in a dark wood, where the straight way is lost, and the only thing left him is to damn—damn the forest, though it be a growth of God's own planting.

Still, the great bulk of literature is open to him, being largely a repetition of what has gone before; the Literay Bible, which defies him, comes but once in centuries. Such a book is like a new era breaking in upon the established order with mighty commotion and irregularity—a revolution, which will not be peacefully subsumed under the ancient state and old law, but which goes on revolutionizing till it be subsumed under itself, and under its own law, when there may be quiet again till the next jubilee.

Loeper says that Vischer's mistake in judging

"Faust" is that the critic has in mind the "ideal of a philosophic tragedy in civil life;" thus he persists in measuring Goethe's work by some such standard, one which he brings and applies on his own authority, presuming that he knows much better how the work ought to be done than the creator. Very true, this is Vischer's mistake; he comes with his pre-conceived view derived from his aesthetic science, which is really too small to take in Goethe's poem, though done up in an aesthetic library of large octavo volumes. Such is, too, the mistake of Koestlin, who calls himself Vischer's pupil, who has taken "Faust" as a text for displaying his brilliant subjectivity, which is well enough in its way; but he goes on, meting and condemning the Great Book, in mortal terror lest he "admire too much," and in no terror at all lest his yard-stick be short, which ought to be his chief concern. In fact, the same mistake reigns in the whole aesthetic school, which deems itself possessed of the pre-established scheme for a drama or poem, a scheme fore-ordained from the beginning of the world, so that the work by necessity must be just so and not otherwise. Upon this scheme every free literary growth has to be clapped, to see whether it fit or not, the scheme, not the poem, being the divine thing: which procedure may show good results when applied to secondary work, but has a most lamentable outcome when dealing with an original production.

It is manifest that this method or manner of the aesthetic school runs parallel to that of the philo-

sophic and theologic schools; each has unconsciously its own special assumption of a standard, for which they savagely assail one another; it is a part of the time's comedy to witness each of these schools very justly censuring the others for doing the thing which it at bottom is doing itself. Indeed, Schelling, always to be mentioned with reverence, brushes along the border of the same mistake, when he says "Faust" is 'Aristophanisch-comisch,' comic in the vein of Aristophanes. Yet "Faust" is tragic in the vein of Aeschylus just as well; it is both, yet neither in any just sense, it is itself, and cannot be measured by any foreign measuring-rod. Even Loeper, clear-sighted and many-sided as he is, cannot fully win us to his designation, thrown off apparently at random in a note, in which "Faust" is baptized an "Aristophanic-fantastic tragedy," an awkward but comprehensive title, probably the best yet given.

Still, all these attempts, however partial and inadequate, have their use; they bring strongly into vision some thread in the entire texture, or some color which might have escaped the eye. But what we wish to see, O reader, is the entire canopy over-arching us with all its lights and hues; we shall not be induced to take instead of that any single thread, however brilliant and golden. Again we must say, this book of "Faust" has its ground of being in itself, its poetic form is its own, though it suggests, and to a degree, resumes all the poetic forms of the past; it has, too, its own rule, being a self-governed community of the imaginary world.

Do not think, then, that this poem is lawless because it has its own law; the very supremacy and highest worth of legality is to be self-legislative. It is amenable to law, but this law is to be found in itself, and not applied from the outside. But the judges, yes, the judges—who are they? That is a question not so easy of answer; I shall not undertake to point them out individually, they are hard to be found in the seething, boisterous, turbid rush of the daily events of the Time-stream. They seem hidden somewhere, waiting for the centuries to pass, voiceless quite in the frantic appearances of the moment. Still they exist, and are at work now, these mysterious judges; off in some quiet nook is sitting their court, the Supreme Court of the Ages, with a full bench, to which every original poem, beaten and vilified in all the Lower Courts, has to appeal at last for justice, which it cannot get from critic or public, until this decision in the last instance is rendered, when its law is received into the universal statute, and governs the world. Usually, however, the decision comes not till long after the death of the one man whom it personally concerns; only his tomb-stone can celebrate his triumph; fate takes care that the result be no personal victory, no personal gratification of vanity or ambition, or even of faithful toil; all mortal elements must be first burnt out of the man in the fire of time, then the pure eternal part remains, and finds utterance in this ultimate decision.

This High Court itself is but a voice, a voice

out of the Ages, hardly a palpable or directly demonstrable body of mortal men. Still it has its definite function, which is not simply to subsume under some law of its own, but to find the law of the poem, and to declare it decisively, and furthermore to declare that this law is final and the highest. Then the world, critic and public, accepts and obeys that judicial mandate; ever afterward the book is one of the Great Books of the race, and furnishes the standard for all other writ, becoming itself the fertile source of innumerable books, imitations, travesties, commentaries. Like all Supreme Tribunals this Court is slow, will not be hurried by eager litigants, though behind its dockets a century or two in the enormous press of business; but wait, the decision will come, some books to be burned to ashes in the tardy but sure fire of Time, others to be purified in that fire to a celestial spirit, and to be translated to Heaven to sit at the right hand of the Lord judging the world.

No individual can render such a decision, which must be the voice of centuries, in its full authority; just as little can an individual upset the decision, after it has been rendered. But he may give his help in finding the law of the poem, and putting that law into certain forms of expression, which throw a bridge from the poem over to the common consciousness of men, and thus make it a universal possession. The main points of the poetic law of "Faust" are yet to be grasped by the cultured world; the poem is new still, partly repellent, partly unintelligible to most people, it

breaks too many old forms, literary and religious, defies too many prejudices, dares the Devil too much for comfort. Many points, too, of its poetic law are yet to be unfolded adequately; we have had opinions enough upon it, philosophic, theologic, ethic, aesthetic; but there is still room, nay, a strong call for workers who will see the work objectively, as it is in itself, and not as it is fitted into some scheme alien to it. Still it has a scheme, its own scheme, to be derived from itself; let us beware of thinking that it is lawless because it has its own law.

Here, again, we behold those fabulous sea-monsters which we have seen before so often, Scylla and Charybdis, indeed they seem now to haunt specially this Faust ocean, ready to swallow up the raftsmen, leisurely floating over the surface of its waters. But do not flee into chaos because you have found a grub in the cosmos. You must expect to hear the prejudiced man charge the unprejudiced man with having that very quality which the latter has most avoided, namely prejudice. And when a true and faithful unfolding of "Faust" is given, the author must expect to hear himself accused of doing that which above all things he has not done, namely, of having foisted upon the poem some system of his own. Hard it is, even for well-meaning and intelligent people to get and preserve the happy balance in this matter; the objections to a bad method, they are often led to think, turn against all method, and the overthrow of external law forced upon a thing they take as

the overthrow of all law. But man can do nothing, still less can he write a great poem, without an order of some kind; the greater the work, the more perfect the order. Often have we heard people denying all system, yet employing system in their denial, their work refuting their word. Law must be in the thing, though some man discover it and unfold it; the law of gravitation is none the less Nature's, though it be Newton's, too.

The faithful interpreter, then, must expect to hear, in so far as he gives any positive statement of the order of the poem, the reproach of the sneering denier, saying: thou art guilty of the very act thou hast condemned. But let not the good man grow faint-hearted in his task, for he, like "Faust" itself must suffer misconception and crucifixion, just in proportion to the excellence of his effort; rather let him be encouraged by such disparagement, well knowing that it is the appointed discipline of his work and possibly the earnest of its abiding worth, for it too will have at last to take an appeal to that Supreme Tribunal whose justice settles the world-order.

The poetic law of "Faust," in its supreme sweep, remains, I think, still to be unfolded for a great part, and to be declared to men; certainly it is yet to pass into the universal literary consciousness, and become the heritage of the race. For the poem has not merely a German, not merely a European, but a world-historical significance, and the ultimate view of it can be taken only from this last standpoint. It is impossible for us outside of

Germany, to find much interest or importance in a vast deal of what is written about "Faust" in German books. The historic and antiquarian details, which we obtain from them, are indispensable; many thoughts in them are very fruitful, and have a truly German universality, particularly the thoughts of the great philosophers upon "Faust." But much is local, has reference to local disputes, to literary cliques and fashions, to many schools of many things, all having strong partizanships, begetting endless refutations followed by refutations of refutations, till the line seems to flow along with Time itself into a continuous stream of print, threatening to block up infinite space with books—portentous loads of negations, fit only to be tumbled into the sea of oblivion. Certainly a great portion of this vast lumber cannot possibly be ferried across that sea, or across the other more navigable sea, to lands beyond the Atlantic. It would be ungenerous not to express gratitude to our past and present kindred, whom we have left behind over the great waters, for what they have bestowed upon us; for have they not given us, among other presents, just this "Faust?" Still our stand-point cannot be local or factional, cannot even be national or European, it must be world-historical, or drop down to something we are not, namely, blank repetition or pale imitation of what has been. To us, looking back at our Aryan heritage of literary treasures, "Faust" is one of our Literary Bibles, rising out of a national literature into the World's Literature; from this point of view it has its chief significance

for us, and from this point of view we must study and comprehend it, and finally adjudicate it.

Yet, not merely by itself in solitary grandeur must we regard "Faust;" it has a past as well as a future; a long ancestry lies back of it, the noblest of time. We must see it as one of the great family of Literary Bibles, and put it in connection with these, which are the poetic record of Europe's destiny; it is the last one which has appeared, and as it were, resumes them anew, bringing them down to the present in a kind of spiritual descent. Its full meaning and worth can be grasped only by the vision which looks through the entire line back to Homer, and beholds the development which culminates in "Faust," and which is the heart-growth of literature. In such manner, not with national feeling, but with a world-historical judgment, must we, dwellers of the Western Continent, but heirs of Europe, regard these works, which are ours too, in their truly universal sense.

Such a survey will give the new criticism, positive, not negative, constructive, not destructive, which, born of the Great Books of the World's Literature will itself be great enough to take up and unfold the law of the Great Book, without forcing or distorting it on the one hand, or denying it on the other. A criticism we may then have, as universal as the theme of it, fully able to set forth the World's Literature. The new critic will also appear with the time, it is to be hoped, not so much critic as priest, the literary priest we may call him, interpreting the Literary Bibles to his flock for

comfort and edification. Then we may in "Faust" look at the completest image of our own era, and just in this fact of our era casting such a grand poetic image of itself, we may behold its supreme deed and culmination.

The book is truly a heaven-kissing peak, which set down in German earth, rises therefrom into the world's skies, to be seen of all men, who may care to observe it and be guided by it through many earthly wanderings. No human being has to go to Germany to see it, as people have to do in order to see other German mountains; I am not sure but that we can appreciate its true proportions, though not its details, better in the distance than near at hand; perspective in Space and Time puts all things into due relation, hides the little, discloses the great. We cannot grasp the magnitude of St. Peter's, at Rome, just in front of it, or near it anywhere; no tables of figures or comparative measurements will tell—"there is something incommensurable in it." Many a spire we shall notice from the city strutting up heavenward pretentiously, as if to say: "I am as big as thou;" but when we are off in the distant mountains, and look toward Rome, those spires and turrets have all vanished to nought, the entire city has sunk out of sight, but there above it, and marking it, mounts the dome of the world-cathedral, visible, yea, more distinct than ever before, alone with thee now and speaking its eternal word, itself the image of that blue celestial dome always over thy head, which

looks down upon thee, saying: "Wherever thou goest, there am I."

It may be regarded as highly probable, from past experience, that some reader will cry out in a little exasperation to the author of this book: "What is the use of such a writ? Why obtrude thyself between me and the poem, breaking up our sweet and tender intimacy?" Be calm, O reader; for thee there is no use of this book, it was not written for thee, as thou art already beyond it, dwelling in such intimacy with the poem. Throw it away, burn it up; it only seeks to make people acquainted, who are unacquainted with the poet's work, hoping that acquaintance may ripen into lasting friendship; for one who has already reached this last stage, it can have no mission. Read no further than this period; I would not have thee angry.

The author, too, will not fail to have his own growl at his performance, often asking himself in a rather melancholy, if not surly way, this question: "Why spend so much time and strength of thy life, worth something to thee at least, in writing this long commentary on a book in a strange tongue?" Thus the weary, pen-buffed scribe will ask his heart, which will respond firmly: Because this "Faust" is a Literary Bible, ranking among the supreme musical utterances of men, along with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare; and the Literary Bible in these days, as well as the Religious Bible must have its interpreters, those who feel called upon to unfold the supreme literary

writ to others who may not have had the opportunity to comprehend it adequately, yet wish and ought to know it for their soul's welfare. What it has for man's life, what it reveals of man's destiny here and hereafter, the interpreter is to expound according to his gift; only in this sense is the present effort, or any effort of criticism so-called, of much consequence. To feed simply on the delicacies of poetry is the act of a sensualist, however refined; it is to turn lotus-eater, forgetful of home and country and the man-honoring deed; thou must not do thus, on thy soul, if thou hast in thee any faith in the high vocation of Literature. Thy function is not to cull fine passages, or beautiful figures, not to criticise language, style, with gorgeous delight at the lollipops—that were the most pitiful of callings for thee; leave it to the mincing literary dandy, or epicure, the fine-voiced Knights of Good Taste, who abound in these days, for I declare it to be an occupation unworthy of a serious man. Thou art to be Priest, if the stuff is in thee, and to belong to the grand Hierarchy of Literature, whose soul is revealed in these Literary Bibles; otherwise it were far better for thee to belabor Mother Earth in honest sweat for thy bread.

Thus, the heart, whose sudden outpourings we may not always suppress, though a little out of time and measure, having found utterance, may sink back again in quiet to its hidden cell, and perform its voiceless duty. But there is also another duty, one which has to be voiced, now; it

is the attempt to unfold this "Faust" out of itself, by way of interpretative comment, to reveal its Idea and Structure from within; in fine, to subsume the poem under its own law. Whether or not any such work has here been done or even begun, thou, O reader, canst find out in the following print, not without some diligence on thy part, however. For the task of "Faust," I warn thee, is not easy, and thou must not undertake it with the design of mere amusement, or in the hope of getting thy fancy tickled by an external display of poetic imagery; far other is the significance of this poem. And thou must bring to it some of thy best and freshest moments; the refuse of thy day, the weary hours after business or other work it will spurn. The Great Book insists upon being treated as a serious matter, as one of the most serious matters among men; else to thy questionings it will be as silent as the Sphinx; or, if it speak, quite as riddlesome. A broad, in fact the broadest stretch of mind is demanded of thee for its just comprehension; thou art to see it as the last truly original product of that mighty spiritual movement which called forth the Occident, and which finds its expression in what we may name distinctively, the West-Aryan Literature, one of whose four Great Books it is—books so great that we have called them Bibles, literary Bibles, as furnishing a spiritual stream running parallel to that of the religious Bible, which flows out of the Semitic Orient.

IV. STRUCTURAL OUTLINE.

The reader must have already observed that we intend to lay much stress upon the poetic organism of this entire "Faust," as well as upon the structure of its various portions; this structure, however, must be the poem's own, which grew with the sixty years of its composition. Goethe's studies in animal anatomy, kept up to the last days of his life, lets in a keen light upon his poetic procedure, his scientific and artistic methods are analogous, and mutually illuminating. As the highest organisation of life pre-supposes the highest, most complicated skeleton, so it is with this "Faust," the anatomy of which also must reveal its perfection, and is therefore, to be carefully considered in any serious study. To be sure, you can enjoy the poem without such knowledge, just as you can enjoy the sight of a beautiful human body without knowing a bone in it, but thus you cannot possibly understand its structure. Science does not destroy the love of Nature, but furthers it; to comprehend a poem stands not in the way of its enjoyment.

Another mistake, not uncommon, may be touched upon in this connection. It is often said, when the scheme or plan of a work is pointed out, that there can be no inspiration in it; the assumption here seems to be that all thinking excludes spontaneity.

Not so; thought is just as spontaneous as an image, or a feeling, just as much a sudden revelation from the unfathomed depths. People take for granted that in such great head-work there can be little or no heart-work; but in the complete man, in the genius specially, the two go together, nay, condition each other. The head must think, make the great design, which inspiration must fill to overflowing; both move hand in hand, in fact, are at bottom, one; they drop asunder only when each gets inadequate and one-sided. Thought and spontaneity are a perfect marriage in the true poetic work, and in the supreme act of creation; God, himself, we must think, has the greatest head in harmony with the greatest heart, and the Universe is the work of the deepest thought and deepest inspiration together. Otherwise, how could it be the Universe?

Now, in this study, we must look directly at the thing with our own God-given eyes, and test by them everything that the guide may point out; we must behold what they behold without distortion one way or the other, not, on the one hand seeing through the spectacles of any fore-ordained system outside of the poem, nor, on the other hand, because of some strange insane terror of system, closing up our natural vision, with the brain behind it, to the structure of the work, and so groping along on our Faust journey in uncertain twilight or total darkness. Let prejudice be cast away, the prejudice of system, and the prejudice of no-system; both are equally narrow and baneful to the honest seeker. An open, unbiased spirit is the

true temper in these studies, not infallible, indeed, but when it does make a mistake, it possesses the ability to correct itself, and reveals the final definition of man, as the self-correcting animal. Such is the schoolmaster's exhortation, possibly unnecessary for some, and a little long-winded for all; but everybody knows he has had great provocation.

Let us, then, find the organism of the First Part, the points at which it turns into a new development, and let us put them together in due order. The careful reader will feel a great transition in the poem at the scene called "Auerbach's Cellar;" such a feeling hints a most important fact of structure. Let us weigh it. Faust, at this point, quits his study and goes forth into the world; he has had a long internal conflict, out of which Mephisto has been evolved. Now he passes, in company with his diabolic guide, into an external realm where conflict again awaits him. Let the reader look at the poem himself, and see if he can confirm this statement from his own examination; if he cannot, then he must break with me just here at the start. But if he can in conscience proceed with me, he will find a second grand transition where Faust, after having passed through a great experience of the world under the leadership of Mephisto, subjects him, and converts him into an instrument for the attempted rescue of Margaret. Thus, there are three grand masses in the drama, Mephisto generated, Mephisto dominant, Mephisto subservient, if we name them after the Mephistophilian thread, the whole having in it the vast

sweep of evil, from its genesis, through its domination, to its subjection, or the beginning thereof.

It is now our intention to write out a little scheme of this First Part, indicating these joints in its structure; in fact, we shall write out many little schemes at various points to keep before the mind the organism of the work. The lofty critic, we know, is on his perch, and is ready to pounce down upon these harmless diagrams, declaring that they are evolved from the writer's inner consciousness, and not from the poem, for has not he, the intellectual giant and infallible critical pope, read the poem himself and found no such thing there? So he will say, because he is always saying so, having little else to say in any matter but No. Reader, do not regard him, I beg thee, he is a denier, really his brain leaves off where this "Faust" begins, and has never entered it, cannot enter it, in his present unregenerate condition. Test the scheme by the fact; if it is wrong, make another and better; but beware of anyone who puts a zero into thy soul, lest he end by putting thy soul into a zero.

The First Part of "Faust," accordingly, falls into three main divisions, which we may indicate briefly as follows:

I. The internal movement, which shows the struggle in Faust between Intelligence which denies Truth, and Aspiration which affirms Truth. This is theoretical denial, out of which Mephisto is generated. From the "First Soliloquy" to "Auerbach's Cellar."

II. The external movement, which shows Faust's struggle with the Perverted World, into which he is conducted by Mephisto. This is practical denial, realized not only in the action of a man, but in an institution, a world. From "Auerbach's Cellar" to the scene called "Gloomy Day."

III. The struggle in which Faust subordinates Mephisto and compels him to aid in rescuing Margaret, who, however, refuses the external rescue, but obtains forgiveness, the inner reconciliation. To the end.

These three divisions will give the three chapters of the present book; but first we must see what is in the poet's Introduction.

INTRODUCTION.

We find prefixed to "Faust" what may be called a poetic Introduction, consisting of three short pieces whose artistic relation to the work is declared in the fact that they are placed outside, and not inside the poem. They all spring from some ground external to the drama, being in their nature personal or explanatory of what is to follow. The complaint has been made that they disturb the unity of the poem, to which complaint the answer is, they do not belong to that unity. Three statements casting a light forward over the poem, yet not inherently a part of it; three facts which it is well for the reader to know ere he set out on his Faust journey; they express certain attitudes of the poet toward his own work, some glances of his they are, which we are permitted to take through his eyes at his performance. The first piece, or the Dedication, hints the various times of life and the various moods in which the work was written, especially the new mood on taking it up again. The second, called the Prelude on the Stage, is a strong declaration from the lips of the author that this present drama is not built after the common pattern, is quite ill-adapted for ordinary theatrical representation, indeed, must be seen in some other

way than on the stage. The third is the Prologue in Heaven, a most daring feat of mortal writ, rising from this terrestrial theater with its cramping littleness, and ascending to Heaven, to the Infinite, whence a true vision of the theme is beheld, and the supreme outcome is forecast, not on a petty earthly stage, but in the divine order of the world. —These three introductory pieces must be further unfolded, as they hint to the expositor certain guiding lines of interpretation, from the poet's own point of view.

DEDICATION.

A beautiful poem of emotion, tuned to the Æolian harp, written by the poet casting a glance back at old friends, living and dead, and their intimate connection with his creations, particularly with this "Faust." When it was written in 1797, Goethe was not far from forty-eight years old, and thus could look back over changeful periods of life; his "Faust" had been before his mind, in part composed, but chiefly hovering through his imagination, in "floating forms" for more than a quarter of a century. On resuming the work of his youth, the human shapes rise with the poetic shapes, and intermingle; the poet himself turns to a reminiscence, and strings his lyre to his mood; he averts his face from the present, from "the unknown multitude" who now listen to his strain and he longs to vanish into "that still spirit-land," where dwell so many of his former friends. One of the few passages in which Goethe turns away from the reality, from the ever-present Now, and transforms himself to a memory and a sigh; the other world was not his realm, but this world with its task; above all men he kept before himself the Eternal in the Now. Perchance, O Poet, thou seemest old to thyself, with life well-nigh spent, and so givest thyself up to tender

retrospections, with many a heart-throb for thine own poetic forms and thy vanished friends. But thou canst not see, as we can, that thy future Faust period is to be yet longer than thy past one, more than one-third of a century is still to pass over thee ere thou wilt catch and fix the last of these "floating shapes" in thy poem. Not yet art thou so near to "that still spirit-realm," and thy friends there awaiting thee must have patience.

This stanza sings, as the poet himself hints, "like the *Æolian* harp," which gives the key-note of its music; a harp whose chords are his heart-strings, vibrating with wind-murmurs of sweet reminiscence. It is the most direct personal matter in the poem, the one sigh he had to give on looking back; of no great account and but for a moment—let it now pass. Still from these fleeting snatches of melody we clutch one fact: this Faust poem is not a sudden spontaneous outpour of genius, but a life with many periods, a cathedral with many epochs in its structure, though we grant that there be one plan running through and uniting all the diversities.

PRELUDE ON THE STAGE.

Wanted, a drama—this very drama of “Faust,” say—how shall it be made? Such is the leading question of the Prelude; three persons are introduced to answer this question. They are typical characters, the moving powers behind the dramatic product; here they are projected into our presence, incubating the new work, upon which each states his opinion in consonance with his vocation. Goethe seems to have derived the thought from the Indian drama of *Sacontala*, which he had read in the year 1791, and in which there is a similar Prelude.

Two of these persons have their look directed upon the audience solely, the great public which is to listen with favor or disfavor. To catch its ear, to humor its caprices, to please that everlasting baby is the supreme object of both manager and actor, yet in different ways. The manager, who is to put the play upon the boards, asks: How much money in the thing? The actor, who is to fling the characters, as it were, into this moment of time by representation, demands: How much applause for me? The work in itself, as a product of Art gives them no concern; their individual harvest from it is the main matter.

Strongly set off against this pair we witness the

poet, the artistic creator of the drama. First of all, his glance is turned away from the public, "that motley multitude, at whose sight our spirit flees." He more than implies that the true work cannot be at once understood: "what glitters is born for the moment, but the genuine thing is not lost for posterity." In such decisive manner does the poet take his stand, quite that of heroic defiance; popularity and hard cash are for him not the Nine Muses clearly, but two horrible devils ready to snatch all poets and fling them into the burning pit. It is manifest that his eye rests upon the thing to be done and not upon the dear public, who will have to catch up afterwards; he is going to follow whither his Art leads, in spite of the multitude; if the people do not like his work, so much the worse for the people.

One may well feel delighted to hear this mighty intonation of the Great Book, truly worthy of the author of "Faust." He declares with an emphasis which nobody can mistake: My stand-point is in my theme, not in my hearers; my call is from it, not from them; if they do not understand me, let them learn. It is, moreover, a true utterance out of the heart of Literature; healthful, we think, to all ages, and especially to the present; in order to appreciate adequately an eternal work, an eternity is required, and the true poet knows the fact and acts upon it, above all men. "Faust" was not understood at first, and is not well understood now; the poet knew its fate as we see from this passage, still he had to write it.

This manager is a very practical man, interesting too; he means business in his talk, and he can tell the poet just how to make a drama that will fill the theater. "If ye give a piece, give it in pieces," let there be none of your organic totalities—"if ye present a whole, the public will pick it asunder." The manager means that the drama must address the outer eye merely, with a panorama of scenery, actions, theatrical effects; let there be no unity, no spiritual center which thought demands. "Seek only to confuse men" is his grand dramatic prescription; lead them astray in a senseless multiplicity, then we have attained the theatrical heaven.

Listen now to the answer of the poet: "Go seek yourself another slave!" Again the true ring of defiance, which ought to stir the faint-hearted like the blast of a trumpet. He, pure poetic soul, will not commit such sacrilege against the Muses, nor such a sin against human nature. Thereupon we have a description of the true function of the poet, one of the finest and deepest-toned passages in all "Faust," which ought to be read with other passages on the same subject, in the "Apprenticeship of Meister" (II. 2.) and in "Tasso" (I. 1.). The poet will not confuse men, but unite them by his harmony inner and outer, harmony of verse and of soul. The monotony of nature, the discords of spirit he transforms into a rhythmic movement which unites and musically orders all existence.

One of these utterances is to be specially

studied as it strikes the profoundest chord in the poem:

“ Wer ruft das Einzelne zur allgemeinen Weihe,
Wo es in herrlichen Accorden schlaegt?”

The allusion of course is to the poet. The literal translation runs: “Who calls the individual to its universal consecration, where it strikes in glorious concords?” The rise of the individual to the universal, in which it becomes truly consecrated, and makes music, is then the poetic method. What a light do these words throw forward over the dark Faust ocean! By this light must all true interpretation move, according to the very statement of the poet. Mark his words—the “individual” and the “universal;” a philosophic speech, yet cunningly interwoven with a poetic image, it reveals to us the outer semblance as well as the inner thought of this poem. We shall often use these two words, sanctioned by the authority of the poet and not the philosopher; our prose may not eschew what his poetry employs. Our duty shall be, accordingly, to point out the universal significance in the individual thing, whereby this thing gets to be consecrated, a holy object, and in addition becomes musical, indeed becomes poetry.

That we may not mistake the meaning, several examples are given of this rise of the individual to the universal. Who turns the storm—an individual thing of nature—into the image of the passions of the human soul? Who makes the evening red—another thing of nature—glow in the earnest sense or in the spiritual way? The blossoms of

spring for love, the green leaves of laurel for merit are not natural objects merely, but are transfigured into poetry, elevated out of the individual to the universal. Finally, who secures Olympus itself, the abode of the Divinity, and unites the Gods into one grand controlling Divine order? It is the poet, old Homer, himself a universal, not an individual person merely. Such is that ultimate highest concord, in which all finite things become one and harmonious.

Mr. Taylor's version of this tonic line runs as follows:

"Who brings the one to join the general ordination,"
Wherein the thought turns nebulous, with a pronounced tendency to mean, if anything, just the opposite of what the original means. And now a word upon Mr. Taylor's translation, which is probably in the hands of most readers. It is, on the whole, to be recommended as the best, yet with certain emphatic warnings. And the chief warning is, that it is weak, very weak, in its grasp of the philosophic side of "Faust." A great defect, as may be inferred from the two highest authorities upon philosophy, Schelling and Hegel, both of whom have pronounced "Faust" to be the supreme philosophical poem. It is true that philosophers themselves have abused this element of the poem, and tortured the whole into fine-drawn systems external to it; still, without philosophy, it cannot be well translated or interpreted because it cannot be well understood. Mr. Taylor repeatedly manifests both his dislike of and his inaptitude for

philosophy, especially German philosophy. Yet this poem was written in the midst of its bloom, could not escape its influence, and has fundamentally the same problem that it has. Indeed, this passage may be used to characterize Mr. Taylor's translation, which shows a feeling for language, for meter, for imagery, for immediate sensuous effects, in fine, for the "individual" element in poetry; but it cannot call this individual element "to its universal consecration," which is just the supreme gift of the Faust poet, according to his own declaration. Mr. Taylor's version, therefore, remains outside of this important passage; and, generally, we shall find its grip upon the thought of the poem very infirm. Many persons, we are aware, would regard this as the chief merit, we must regard it as the chief defect, of the translation. To reject all philosophy on the one hand, and on the other to foist upon the poem some system of philosophy not its own, are equally fatal extremes. We have recommended Mr. Taylor's book, though we judge it; it is a living book, and, we hope, will continue to live; otherwise we should say nothing about it.

In such manner the poet himself has given us the cue for studying and understanding his work; he has hinted his poetic method in advance for our behoof; we are now to apply it to the whole and to the parts. In helpful spirit he has told us in this Prelude how to look at his Faust poem; but he has told us more, namely, how not to look at it. Do not view it through the eyes of a manager or comic actor, each of whom is looking at himself and not

at the thing to be done. The one cries: I wish money, confuse men through the senses, let there be no unity, no thought binding together the work. The other says quite the same thing in the end: I wish fame, seize life anywhere; in varied pictures with little clearness, much error and a spark of truth; thus is brewed the best drink. But not thus is this "Faust" made or any true poem.

In this way the two sides talk together about the work of Art, the one side representing its eternal element, the other its fleeting phenomenal phase; the grand dualism of Literature and of the Universe holds a dialogue. The essence and the appearance are here indicated; the latter further divides into two forms, manager and actor, yet both are mere appearances, and live in appearance; their vocation is to produce the appearance of the work, its outer manifestation, while the poet is to produce the soul of the work and to be its soul himself. His standpoint is in the thing to be done; what it demands he must do, not what those shadows, manager and actor, may dictate. Woe be unto him, if he allows himself for money or fame, to be swept down from his high fortress on the everlasting rock, and dashed into the ocean of appearances, in which he will soon sink, himself the most fleeting appearance in it. Now let the reader be with the poet, or throw down the book.

Goethe, himself, was all three, supremely a poet, but also a manager of the Weimar theater for many years, and no unskillful actor. Here, then, the various sides of his nature meet and have a

talk with one another, each being well represented in the total man. He has all in him, he has lived both the eternal and phenomenal phases of existence, and felt their antagonism; so he sets down their little drama here, truly preluding the great drama of "Faust," which will also show what is eternal in this transitory life of man.

The same discussion, springing from the same dualism, has been from the beginning and will continue to be till the end; the two sets of views are inherent in human nature. Our Shakespeare might well have written the same Prelude to his plays; indeed, he too, essentially embodied these three persons in himself, he was proprietor if not manager, player, and poet. We often hear this brilliant explanation of his genius: he wrote to fill the theater and make money—that is all of the Shakespeare matter. What playwright has not done the same without being a Shakespeare? No, Shakespeare above all things is the poet, his object is to unfold in the highest way the truest theme, his standpoint is in the thing to be done, and not in the cash-box. The drama is his means of expressing truth; in the dramatic form he images the conflicts and the harmonies of the universe, as other men, at other times, under different circumstances, have employed epic poetry, the symbols of worship, or the thoughts of philosophy, to bring before mankind the great reality. Shakespeare has not failed to hint some such purpose in his poetry; Goethe has expressly told us out of the mouth of the poet.

The scene moves in a humorous vein, with an

ironical tinge; the manager and the actor, the latter a comedian by profession, are comic characters beneath whose words the foible peeps out and winks in a sly leer at the reader. The poet, too, has a stripe of motley running through him with all his seriousness—an ideal soul fleeing from the real world, yet being compelled always to return again, poor fellow! First of all he must come back to earth to get his individual thing or person, wherewith to rise to the “universal consecration;” in the pure ether there is no oxygen for living man. A little complaint also lies in him, which we have to laugh at sympathetically; it is the complaint of the unappreciated genius, who, after all, does want a little recognition. Olympian Goethe’s voice we hear in an almost inaudible undertone, as he sits on his throne above the clouds, defiant, determined to carry out the divine will, yet casting a furtive glance through the clouds at his terrestrial audience. So we have to smile at him too; with all his supremacy, “the father of Gods and of men” could not help making a little complaint. Yet the compensation is full; if “Faust” had been appreciated at first, the poet would not have written this Prelude.

When the poet has unfolded his exalted view of his vocation, a comic contrast is at once set up by the actor, who seems to be a comedian for this purpose, and who puts forth the opposite view, which leaves out wholly the “universal consecration,” and sees the individual thing merely in its immediate sensuous form. Take a love adventure, for instance; all goes “by accident,” till, before you can well look

about you, it is a novel. Then let us write a play; and here follows a very crisp humorous description of one of Goethe's own periods, that of "Werther" and of the early "Faust," the novel and the play being his own. It is Goethe's look back at himself through a quarter of a century, to the time of youth and sentimentality, when the "tender emotions suck from your work their draughts of melancholy," and when people, laughing and crying, rejoice in the grand "swing" of the phrases, and cherish their "delusion." But now all this has changed, the individual thing is not taken for its own sake, but for its "universal consecration;" gone is that period of youth, "when fogs hid the world from me," and when "every blossom promised a miracle;" nothing indeed, yet enough:

"The thirst for truth and the love of the lie."

That period of youth, wonderfully represented in the Margaret episode, is henceforth (this Prelude was probably written in 1797-8) to disappear from this drama, which is now to run its course thought-burdened, every single thing being laden with meaning, and thus consecrated. Such is the poet's humorous sigh, as he looks back at his youth.

The manager, by virtue of his office, has the last word: "What helps it to talk of mood for writing? If ye be poets, command poesy." Clearly this present drama of "Faust" is not written after such a recipe. He goes on: spare not scenery, machines; use the greater and lesser light of Heaven, stars, fire, water, beasts, birds, till the little stage takes in all creation; nay, with considerate speed run through

Heaven, Earth and Hell. Such is the drama after the prescription of the manager. It is supposed that Kotzebue and Iffland were the playwrights to whom the poet alludes, as the fabricators of such pieces; but the individuals are here, too, universal and exist to-day everywhere.

This last line "from Heaven through Earth to Hell," has been supposed to indicate the course of the poem, and this view seems to be supported by an expression of Goethe's to Eckermann. But the poem really moves the other way, through an Inferno of denial, and ends in Heaven. Hence, we must conclude that the manager here is thinking of the grand effect of a play winding up in gorgeous Hell-flames. It is the manager's play which is to move thus; Goethe's play passes out of the fire of negation into harmony and Heaven, the true course of a Literary Bible.

But such will be the terrestrial reception of the poet's work, he knows the earth will reject it, the people will spurn it; the Great Book suffers a sort of crucifixion and burial, then it is resurrected to immortality and ascends to heaven. Accordingly the scene shifts now to the celestial world where the eternal thought of the poem is unfolded in its spiritual essence. Not that appearance of it upon the narrow stage below we witness, but our glance is now directed to what the poet saw when he turned from the finite to the infinite, and we are to see what he persisted in seeing, beyond the boards of the theatre.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

The poet now, in one mighty cast of imagination, brings up before us the world-order in which his hero is placed, and has to work out the task of existence. A swift clear glance through to the end of the poem, we might almost say, to the end of Time; though it be one glance, and one only, far-reaching, deep-searching, we shall try to mark certain landing-places in it, on which the toilsome follower may stop to catch breath for a moment, till he be whirled forward again after the vision of the poet through infinite spaces. The four fundamental facts of it we shall first take note of, which facts are embodied in four kinds of beings:

1st.—The primal one, the Lord, the undivided, self-existent Spirit;

2nd.—The unalienated ones, the Archangels, who are nearest to the Lord, and sing his praises in immediate and perpetual vision of him;

3rd.—The alienated one, Mephisto, the fallen angel, who, having fallen, persists in his alienation;

4th.—The man Faust, round whom the action turns, but who does not appear at present in person; who is to fall also, is to be torn from his divine fountain head, but who is to heal the breach and return from his alienation; he is the being who

has to span that primordial chasm of the Universe, which lies between God and the Devil.

The conception of the scene is biblical, being taken from the Book of Job, as Goethe himself has hinted in a conversation with Eckermann. That ancient writ tells how that once upon a time, amid a domestic gathering of God's children, Satan appeared, as if he too, somehow, belonged to the family; on that occasion the Lord and Satan, the two grand extremes of the spiritual world, fell to talking about Job, the Lord's servant, and a mortal man. Satan's view was that Job's fidelity depended upon success, always the Devil's view; but the Lord seemed to think otherwise. Then the test had to be applied, to find out whether the man be genuine or not: Put him through all the fires of adversity and see whether he come out purified, with the stream of gold flowing radiantly under the flames, or be burnt to ashes and slag in the process.—Well has this ancient piece of writing been taken up into the biblical utterances of the race; it is one of the earliest and truest attempts to hew out of human speech an image of man's lot here below. It summons up the two grand opposing principles of the Universe, the preserver and the destroyer, shows them talking about man, and unfolding his relation to themselves. Particularly the discipline of adversity is that primal human theme; the lesson is that misfortune cannot shake the true man's loyalty to the divine order. Such was that ancient man Job; but the new man, Faust, has a far deeper difficulty in his soul than adversity.

Other biblical suggestions rise out of this scene; it is a modern chapter of Genesis, pertaining to the modern Adam, and seeks to tell the origin of evil and its function in the economy of the Universe. The Thought existent before Creation, yet active to-day as ever, holds converse with itself, separating itself into two talking sides, or persons. In this interview the Lord permits Mephisto to try the new man Faust, as the ancient man, Adam, was tempted in the Garden of Eden, and gives a reason; thus only is human activity born into the world. The hint is, man would be nought without this negative side; the Devil is a necessity to man, nay, a necessity to God; Satan is a member of the divine family.

The religious mind is apt to shun such a thought as irreverent, and is satisfied to begin with the primitive dualism into God and the Devil, the beginning which does not begin. Still, Theology spends much ingenuity in trying to account for the Devil from the outside, and to find some good excuse for his important place in the world. In the Book of Genesis he appears already existent before man, and even in paradise; whence did he come, and why just there? Later Jewish writers, feeling that Satan must have had a previous record, from biblical hints projected beyond the Fall of Man, the Fall of the Angels, of whom Satan was chief. Certainly an important fact in his biography; but the Fall still remains, with its mystery.

Goethe, too, in thought goes back of biblical Genesis, and makes Mephisto first appear, not in

Paradise, but in Heaven, antecedent to the grand terrestrial trial of man. But in coloring this Heaven in a medieval court, with the Lord as King and the Angels as courtiers, among whom Mephisto also steps forward, as Schalk or court-fool, offering his knavish bet to the Lord. Whereat the religious liberty of the old miracle-play is strongly suggested, rather shocking to the weaker religious nerves of these times; not the deep-toned, Semitic earnestness of the biblical Books in their Oceanic pulsations do we feel now, but a grotesque, though sincere Teutonic humor which flashes out of the eyes of the very Devil. That Northern conception of Satan, as God's ape, so common in the Middle Ages, again peeps out its poetic mask, with a strange diabolic leer, altogether disturbing to our modern Anglo-Saxon piety. Witness Coleridge, who shouted blasphemy at this and other points; from him the shriek has been running down the line to this day. But bear ye stiffly up, O ye faint-hearted; true reverence for the Divine—a reverence based on intelligence and not on superstition—will not feel smitten by this delineation of Mephisto, but will be comforted and strengthened rather. In Heaven's drama, of which this scene is but a small far-reflecting fragment, what part can Mephisto play but that of the fool? In the total movement of all things is he not over-ruled, and ever to be over-ruled? Truly to the eternal glance he is a comic character, whose purpose is ridiculous and abortive, breaking to pieces in its very realization. Thus he is portrayed here, and in this entire poem.

A thinking reverence, then, we may cultivate from this scene, a reverence which is so sure of itself that it is not afraid of Humor, may even take a humorous glance at the divine order. Such a reverence will see, with Goethe, the Devil at God's court, will see him there as the clown, the clown of the Universe. To the individual, who is snared by his knavish tricks, he may be a very serious appearance for a time; but the individual, too, will be rescued at last, if he be in earnest about himself. Such is the promise of the Lord now and man's chief hope; the Devil's destructive work comes around to himself, is self-annulling in the complete cycle of events. The new Adam is to be saved, though the old Adam be tragic, driven out of his Paradise. Goethe has taken the oriental conception, clothed it in a medieval form, and put into it a modern content. How this latest individual, Faust, with his latest ideas, is to adjust himself in the great world-order, is the scheme of the poem, now unfolded in this Prologue.

There are two parts to its structure, sharply marked by a very significant change in style, meter and thought. The first part is the song of the Angels, the second is the appearance of Mephisto, both in the presence of the Lord.

I. THE SONG.—It employs the loftiest imagery conceivable by man, taken from the sun, earth and mighty elements; it is the song of the harmonious physical universe, of the cosmos; cosmical imagery it may be called, shadowing forth in vastest outlines the divine spiritual process. The Archangels are

the singers, artistic beings, who are called upon by the Lord to enjoy the ever-living beauty of the world; each of the three seizes on a different cosmical image, has therein a different character, and expresses a different stage of the divine order.

Raphael is the most primitive and innocent, he gazes upon the sun as his image of the eternal harmony, raying forth in pure unbroken light; it is for him the undarkened visage of Godhood, as well as of his own spiritual essence. Gabriel sings of the earth as his reflection, and introduces darkness into the sunlight of his brother angel, revealing the first physical negation; in him, then, the grand dualism begins; he beholds also, the eternal struggle between sea and land; his is a deeper nature which has begun to feel the first strife of the world, though with him, too, all ends in one harmonious sphere-race. But Michael takes the storms of the elements for his picture; the simple quiescent opposition of light and darkness, noticed in Gabriel, has deepened in him into the keen flash of lightning that smites and slays; in him the negation of nature has become active, and he sees a destructive chain of cause and effect running through the whole physical world; still he too will end his strain in "the peaceful movement of the Lord's day." Thus we behold in the three Archangels a gradation of characters, and a corresponding gradation of insights into the world-order. The contradiction of nature is always growing intenser in them, but does not become consciously spiritual; there is a deeper and deeper approach to Mephisto, the spiritual denier, who

must soon appear. Which is the highest of the three? there they are, take your choice.

The Archangels, with their differences, finally unite in a chorus whose burden is the glory and incomprehensibility of the Lord. That is, they cannot know him, they have never eaten of the tree of Knowledge, and gone the way of sin; they rest in the primitive paradisaical innocence and bliss, in immediate harmony with the Creator, keeping his commandment not to taste the forbidden fruit. They are the unalienated ones, yet going toward alienation, toward that spiritual estrangement embodied in Mephisto. Their song, taken together, is the process of the world toward the Devil.

The legend of the Archangels, here introduced, with a new significance, sprang from the Hebrew or Oriental conception of the divine system; Dante, too, has employed these beings, but in a sense quite opposite to that of Goethe; he puts them in Heaven, in an ascending order of celestial intelligences, in the process toward God and not toward the Devil. We may, in this scene, observe how the Poet from the start takes an old, old mythus, and makes it give back the newest thought. These Archangels are sunk into an unconscious contemplation of the Lord in his works; yet Michael approaches the verge, he beholds destruction in its physical aspect as a part of the Lord's universe; he has this element, too, in his own character. But he turns just on the edge of spiritual denial, glancing, as it were, over into that chasm, and chants the common angelic chorus about the lofty works of the Lord: "whose view

gives to the Angels their strength," though incomprehensible by them.

Such is the mighty reach of the thought, but we must not forget to listen to the music it makes in its march through the Heavens. These chants of the Archangels are pitched in a movement of grandeur which seems to be caught from the harmony of the spheres, whereof Raphael chants, as if to sound the key-note. One hears strains of that early song when the sun and stars sang together, a celestial wave as of far-off musical voices hymning out of the solar spaces. A colossal imagery floats by, outlining things of an infinite greatness, images inwoven with a grand harmony, like that of Bach, into which diverse strains enter and are transfused into one vast organ-swell. It is a song, the soul's melodious outpouring, unconscious and proceeding from unconscious beings, who do not know but feel the Creator in his grandeur; three varied fugues we hear, each emptying its music into that final angelic unison.

A true cosmical song it may be called, singing the veritable melody of the solar system. But hear that sudden change; the Devil has appeared, he who cannot sing, and is talking with the Lord, who does not sing; they are, too, speaking about a matter, which, of itself, cannot make much music. The theme now takes more the form of a discussion, demanding a reflective procedure, and not the lofty-souled chant of adoration like that of the Archangels. The verse, in true accord, drops down to doggerel, irregular, yet very elastic, reveal-

ing truly the feature of Mephisto lit up by the hell-flames of his diabolical sarcasm, revealing just as truly, the serene face of the Lord with its calm certainty and sweet benevolence; a measure well adapted for such an argument, not at all for a song. We must now turn to the being who has called forth this swift change of meaning and melody.

II. THE APPEARANCE OF MEPHISTO.—He is the alienated one, seems to stand somehow on the other side of Heaven; still he is a member, strange to say, of this heavenly host, and takes his place in the presence of the Lord, though he be fallen and the image of all alienation. He, too, belongs to the Whole, he cannot be put out of the universe. We saw how the Archangels deepened, step by step, into physical strife and negation, but never quite went over into the abyss; in Mephisto the transition is made to spiritual negation, which is the Devil.

But in what consists this spiritual negation? The poet has not failed to indicate the point; it lies in the denial of Reason, uttered before the Lord by Mephisto, with a demoniac scoff. It is true that men also have denied Reason, and therein identified themselves with Mephisto. Even philosophers have done so; has not a certain school sought to show that Reason is a pure delusion? And has it not been expressly called the Faculty of Confusion? The denial of Reason in this scene and everywhere is the supreme denial, and makes the Devil.

The distinction between Reason and Under-

standing—"Vernunft" and "Verstand"—so important in German philosophy, is sharply drawn by Goethe in a number of passages of his writings, and is the underlying thought in many of his sayings. "Vernunft ist auf das Werdende, Verstand auf das Gewordene angewiesen." (*Sprueche*, 896, also 940, 855, etc.) Reason, in its highest potency, is that which comprehends Wholes, grasps the Universe, knows God. It is distinguished, on the one hand from the simple intuition of the Archangels, who do not comprehend but contemplate the Lord, and on the other hand, from the Understanding, which seeks not the truth of a thing, but the use of it, and would even ask of God, what then art thou good for?

Mephisto, therefore, will give the innocent angelic praise a mild passing sneer; but Reason he hates with the Devil's hate, and turns upon it the full stream of his mockery. He would preach the Understanding rather, the realm of finitude and death, that activity of man which grasps only the utilities, not the realities, sees only the means to end, not the self-end or the total circle of the process. On this account Mephisto has been sometimes held to be the Understanding figured as a person; but he is more, for he knows better, must know better, to be Devil; if he does wrong, through mere ignorance, he is no Devil. Turn forward to the famous soliloquy in the Contract Scene, beginning "Despise but Reason and Science," and there Mephisto will state very candidly, since he is talking with himself and not trying to bedevil anybody, the consequen-

ces of a denial of Reason. He knows better, and just therein is Devil.

A dialogue now takes place between the Lord and the Devil, a free talk between the two opposite poles of the spiritual universe, concerning the new man Faust, the question being: Will this Faust go to the bad, or return to the good out of error? Mephisto is the pessimist, seeing only ill on earth and in man: "I find it altogether bad there as always;" particularly does he deride Reason, and scorn the boundless aspiration of Faust. On the contrary, the Lord is the optimist; in just this aspiration he sees error indeed, but declares that through it is the way to light. The world-order voiced by the Lord, proclaims that the bad is self-destructive; man, too, if he put himself in harmony with that world-order, must overcome the bad in himself; he thus makes himself an image of the supreme reality, and attains the peace of the Highest. Man is to arch the abyss of alienation, he will rise from Mephisto to the Lord, comprehending both sides; he, "created a little lower than the Angels," is destined to take his flight beyond the Archangels, and come to the knowledge of the Lord. Such is clearly the promise.

Two opposite utterances concerning this man Faust must be brought together and made to supplement each other, into one complete thought. The Lord first says, "as long as man strives, he will err." The very nature of aspiration, indeed, presupposes some defect, and implies error, incompleteness, finitude. Again the Lord says: "a good

man, in his dark aspiration, is conscious of the right way." The good is in him, that wonderful power of overcoming evil, if he will continue to strive; like a stream of living water, he will purify himself in the flow toward the goal. If he strive, he is sure to err, yet he is sure to cleanse himself of error, if he continue to strive. Such is the double character of that mighty aspiration of Faust, which is the driving wheel of the poem, set a-going in the first scene, and running till the last scene. The Lord himself has revealed its twofold nature: it will drive the man astray in the wilderness, it will lead him by the hand out to light. Not whole, he strives to be whole, and thus is whole in his very striving. To cease striving—that is damnation.

The bet offered by Mephisto does not amount to anything, it is not taken by the Lord, nothing further is heard of it in the poem, it is a mere piece of clownish bluster on the part of Mephisto. In substance, however, it is the same as the later compact between Faust and Mephisto; both the bet and the compact are a double look into Faust's final outcome. This Prologue gives fairest promise of the happy end of the hero's struggles. It was written probably in 1797, when the conclusion of the entire poem hovered clear before the mind of the poet, and was printed with the completed First Part in 1808, as if to assure the reader of the positive outcome of the work long before the Second Part was written, and probably long before the poet thought it would be written. Beside the bib-

lical hints already mentioned, this Prologue has many a suggestion of the medieval miracle play, in which the Lord and the Devil are introduced as characters. Yet those little dramas were prattling babes compared to this world-embracing giant. Loeper has said that the whole poem of "Faust" is a mystery play, starting with this scene in Heaven, and ending with last scene of the Second Part, which is also located in Heaven. The action thus moves between the two Heavens: a rich, significant thought, though strictly this Prologue is not the first scene, nor indeed an integral part of the poem, which begins on earth and rises to Heaven.

Faust, then, is handed over by the Lord to Mephisto, who is to turn him off from "his primitive fountain head," and lead him in the way of error and evil. It is the Lord's own deed, which, however, calls for the activity of Faust, by which he will return to the fountain head a new man. He would never build himself up to true manhood, if he did not win strength by conquering the Devil. His conflict is primarily internal, with himself; his victory also is internal, the constructing of the complete man. He masters, step by step, his own weakness and wickedness, and rises out of his own limitations into a liberated being in the highest sense, erecting a world of freedom for his own habitation.

The Lord gives also to Mephisto full liberty of action: "thou mayst appear free in that too," namely in the matter of Faust's temptation. Such

an untrammelled diabolic companion is declared to be necessary for inciting man to activity; thus the Devil has his allotted place in the Lord's Universe, is an indispensable part of the scheme. Nay, the Lord seems to take a certain delight in this manifestation of the Devil as Heaven's clown: "of all the spirits that deny, the clown is least hateful to me." The Lord likes humor; the dark-brooding, malicious demons are repugnant, but this court buffoon, with his keen diabolic wit, has an interest for the Supreme King, might sometimes bring him to laughter, "if he had not quit the habit of laughing."

In this scene we already mark the double character of Mephisto, which has led some writers to see in him two irreconcilable conceptions of the poet: Mephisto as clown, the mischievous imp and fun-maker, and Mephisto as Devil, brimming over with malice and destruction. Both phases do exist in him, and are to be noted and harmonized. They are to be seen as lighter and deeper shades of the same character; Mephisto in his gayer moods can be a genial humorist, full of sportfulness and even of suavity; but in his intensest devilishness he is the same person, still a fool, a comic character whose purpose is futile and ridiculous to the all-seeing glance of Heaven. With this glance the truth of his delineation and of the scene becomes manifest.

Most profound, therefore, and far-hinting is the literary form of this Prologue. The negative, scoffing Mephisto must be the court-fool in

presence of the King of the Universe, in the sight of God. Are not all his plans, in the last view, self-annulling and vain, that is a comedy? The truest instinct is this treatment of the theme, the farthest-reaching poetic vision, which beholds the reality in its complete image. It cannot be irreverent; truth must always command genuine reverence, but we must not confound reverence with superstition, nor even with respect. I respect, indeed, often love what is old, but imperfect; I must not revere it, else I am false to my conviction. Dare to follow conviction—that is our Faust; it will lead to light. See well, the Devil in Heaven can play only a comedy, but on earth it may be serious enough, indeed a tragedy; wherein this tragedy of "Faust" has both the comic and tragic sides.

From this point of view, we can dismiss forever the charge of blasphemy. The poet sees the truth of Mephisto, sees him as he must be seen from Heaven, sees him as he is in the presence of the Lord. There he is the fool, the fool of the Universe, a comic character in the drama of eternity; Goethe had to portray him just in this manner, since it is the true vision of him, from Heaven. Nay, the poet, if he had not portrayed the Devil thus, would have committed the blasphemy.

The double nature of all aspiration indicated in this scene, is the root of the poem: honest striving will lead to error, but just as surely lead to light. Man, in his sincere endeavor is self-purifying. Is not this the deepest lesson, the supreme consolation

which this poem or any poem can offer? This is what makes it a new book of the world's Bible. The ancient book of Genesis leaves man outside of Paradise, the return is dubious, but Christ mediates it. Faust, however, is to return through himself, through his very error, self-remedial; the mediation has become internal, more deeply Christian; the conflict too is internal, not an elemental one, or archangelic; thus we have the Inner World or Spiritual Cosmos of man to be sung, which gives the poem. Therein, too, we hear an inner harmony, like that of the spheres, cosmical too, this is the music of the poem, the subtlest and most varied strain yet sung. This Prologue, then, is a chapter of the new cosmology, not antagonistic to the old well-known one, but completing it, bringing it down to the last spiritual date of man's development. There is here, doubtless, the modern chaos, dark enough; but above it, and dispelling it is heard again the fiat: Let there be light.

The Lord, having thus settled the destiny of man, that being with the dualism in him, turns to the innocent Archangels, "true sons of Heaven," and assigns to them their destiny. They, free of the devil, are to delight in "the rich living beauty" of Nature, to be lovingly embraced in her creative processes, with an unreflective enjoyment thereof; but, lastly, they are to "fix in eternal thought the fleeting appearance," which injunction is clearly for them an ideal aim, not yet attained by them, as we see from their song, previously sung, which has

not yet risen out of the limits of Nature. The Archangels too, then, are to rise to the "eternal thought" of the universe, out of a mere contemplative enjoyment; which task they at once set about, we suppose, for suddenly they all disappear, and "Heaven shuts," leaving the Devil quite alone. The clown cannot keep down his diabolic humor, professing to be "glad to see the Old Man once in a while," delighted, apparently, to be recognized still as a member of the divine household. Moreover, he will be "careful not to break with the Old Man;" well, he had better not.

GOETHE'S FAUST.

CHAPTER FIRST.

It is well known that Goethe had the habit of making an outlined form or scheme of the work which he intended to compose. This scheme was often written out beforehand with its divisions and sub-divisions in due arrangement; often it was carried about in his mind, and there grew to its organic fullness and perfection. His books, and indeed, all great literary books, are schematic; that is, they have a scheme which they follow, and upon which they are built to that completeness which at last hides the scheme. But study will reveal it, must reveal it; one of the first duties of the critic is to set it forth, as it lurks in the scene, in the act, in the whole drama. For upon its lines moves the structural soul of the work; the thought putting on its architectonic proportions in vastest sweep or minutest detail we may then see. What the poet did to create, we may do to comprehend; accordingly, we shall not fail to mark all the aisles, naves, and little chapels of this great structure, as they pre-existed in the mind of the architect, and we shall seek to build our criticism upon the same

measurements that he uses in building his temple of song. All thought is organic, all poetry is too, having structure, which is the order and method of its life.

But mark the distinction! the scheme must be that of the poem, not some pre-formed philosophic, theologic, ethic or aesthetic scheme, into which the poem is fitted from the outside. We are trying to find the poem, not to subsume it under any canon except its own. Ours is no criticism of the work, in the ordinary sense; we have no rules of our own by which to test it, for such rules can be found only in it, not in us primarily. A great poem is like the Universe, it is primordial; the first fact of it is itself, which we must understand, not judge. Perhaps we may discover that we are inside of it, not it inside of us, till we have learned its law. There is a scheme to "Faust," but this scheme is its own, and can be found only in itself.

All schemes, laid down in advance, must be assumptions which can be proved only at the end of the book. Still, such schemes are useful at the start, to give a condensed survey of the subject-matter. Hence, the following little structural outline, which, however, the reader must test from the work itself. The first grand division of the First Part extends to the scene called "Auerbach's Cellar," this division we shall embrace in our first chapter. It portrays the internal struggle of Faust, which lies between Intellect denying Truth and Aspiration affirming Truth. Out of this struggle Mephisto is developed, of which develop-

ment we may classify the various phases as follows:

I. Faust's struggles to reach Truth in other ways than by Intelligence, which has denied Truth in the four Faculties, or Sciences.

1. The attempt through Magic, by invocation of the Nature-Spirit and of the Earth-Spirit. Failure of both ways.—First Soliloquy.

2. The attempt through Death. But he is stopped by the Easter chime and song, which call up to him youthful memories, and the promise of Faith, wherewith aspiration and hope revive, and hold him back on earth.—Second Soliloquy.

II. A turn in Faust's tendency; the Easter festival lures him out of his study, and he beholds the sensuous world. It suggests to him a sensuous life; that intelligence which seeks Truth to no purpose, may be employed with effect to gratify the appetites. Wherewith Mephisto begins to appear—intellect in service of the animal.

1. The Genesis of the Poodle, the animal, whose intelligence is employed for gratifying the appetites.

2. The Genesis of Mephisto in person, through various transformations—colossal beasts, scholastic devil, purveyor of sensual pleasures.

3. Completion of Mephisto, who now makes the contract with Faust: I shall satisfy your intellectual craving for Truth, by gratification of the senses. Having destroyed Faust's thought and vocation, Mephisto goes forth with him into the world, that is, into Mephisto's world. Here the purely sub-

jective conflict of Faust passes into a new realm, and this chapter comes to an end.

I.

The starting-point of the poem shows at once that it is the poem of culture, indeed of our civilization, revealing the destructive element in all knowledge, and in enlightenment itself. Faust is introduced as the man of supreme learning, upon whom education in her chosen places has showered her choicest gifts; but the effect of all his study has been to blast his soul. Such a destructive element, we well know, lies in our modern discipline, and manifests itself in many ways; there is a devil, born of our very knowledge and progress, who threatens civilization and every institution of man's reason. Culture may blight the intellect; then it will fling the man into sensuality, in one form or other. The history of such a soul, clearly imaging the deep spiritual tendency of the time, we are now to follow in its negative career. Yet this soul is at last to be corrected, indeed, is to correct itself, through its own wanderings.

FIRST SOLILOQUY OF FAUST.

The first lines of the first scene indicate the grand theme of this poem of Faust; long pursuit of knowledge has brought forth a fierce inner struggle, a mighty battle with himself. Of this battle the two opposing forces are, the Intellect which denies all possibility of knowing Truth, and the Aspiration in his heart for that Truth.

Faust is introduced as a man no longer young, who has spent his ardent years in studying the accumulated knowledge of the past, as it is stored away in the four faculties, so-called, of the German University—Philosophy, Jurisprudence, Medicine and Theology. The outcome of his long and sincere endeavor is, "that we can know nothing," nothing of these four great departments of learning, which are supposed to embrace all knowledge; or, as it is usually formulated, Man cannot know Truth. Through much study Faust not only does not know, but knows that he cannot know; yet the very thought "will simply burn up his heart," so full of longing is it to attain that Truth which his intellect denies. Equally painful is the practical side of his life; in this fruitless pursuit of knowledge he has given up everything, so that he has "neither money nor goods, neither honor nor worldly glory;" poverty and insignificance are his lot. His voca-

tion, too, is most wretched; he is a teacher who has to teach others what he does not know himself. Profoundly does the heart respond to his bitter outcry: "thus no dog would care to live longer."

It is manifest that we see here placed before us the problem of knowledge, in the glowing intensity of its difficulty. Faust has reached that point at which his knowledge denies knowledge, thus denies itself; man's intellect, like a crazy mother, disowns and even destroys her own offspring. This question of knowledge is a theme of philosophy, yet of poetry also; their matter is one, but their method is different. We may just here make a little study of that fundamental maxim of all good criticism, that philosophy and poetry have the same content but each has its own form. The philosophic treatise would unfold the subject in a series of propositions couched in abstract terms; but the dramatic work of Art takes a man in action, shows him filled with an idea, in this case the idea that man cannot know Truth, and portrays him following out his conviction to its last consequences. The poem of Faust, therefore, has a philosophic theme, nay, the primal theme of all philosophy, which is just this problem of knowledge. Still, it is not a philosophy, but a thought clothing itself musically in the active life of a man, and thereby becoming an image which moves before us into the true outcome of the thought. Thus it is a dramatic poem.

In such manner we see brought up in living presence the grand denial of Faust, the denial in-

cluding all denials. The mighty Cronus rises to view again, a deity devouring his own children; such is this knowledge destroying knowledge of what is true. If man cannot know Truth, he cannot recognize what holds eternally, what is valid and substantial in the world; for him there can be no law, moral or statutory; no binding rule of right, no institutions, no science, no God. The entire spiritual world, by that one negation, is whirled out of existence, as far as his vision can reach, and sinks with lights going out into chaos. Indeed, the sweep of his denial must in the end turn back and include itself; he must deny his denial at last, if he follows it out to the bitter consequence; but this is a chapter far ahead, which need not be dwelt upon now.

This universal No here uttered by Faust is the Mephisto already in him, and is the germ from which Mephisto will be generated out of him into a diabolic reality. It will be our duty to watch this germinal No, and behold it turn into the actual Devil outside of Faust, as it is now the demiurge working darkly within him. In fact the whole poem unfolds out of this primal No, and the struggle to convert it into a Yes.

Herewith, too, is derived the present form of the poem; it springs from the innermost nature and essence of the theme. This form is that of a soliloquy, of one man talking to himself and unfolding in himself. Still it is a drama, though it be a drama of the soul holding its dialogue and acting its parts all within itself. To Faust, another

man, with whom he might talk, can have no veritable reality, if there be, as he thinks, no veritable reality; indeed, the entire world outside of him is a high-walled, smooth-stoned fortress, which no knowledge can scale. For the present, therefore, he has only himself to talk with, hence the monologue. ✓

But out of himself he will generate certain shapes, with which he may hold converse hereafter; his thought, in its various tendencies will develop into distinct characters, which themselves become the acting individuals of the drama, and move each in its own orbit. Herewith dawns upon us a new and strange literary method, to which we have first to get used; this is the genetic movement of the poem at the start; it is a spiritual genesis, consonant with that natural genesis of forms which lay at the foundation of Goethe's view of Nature.

Thus the two poles of Faust's character are laid open to view; while his intellect tells him defiantly that he cannot know, the longing to know is fired the more intensely, and must have some satisfaction. This longing or aspiration is the unconscious power which is driving him in every pulse of his heart to overcome the negation which springs from intellect. He feels that he must know, yet knows that he cannot know; such are the violent spasms of the contradiction, rolling him first this way, then that way, in tireless struggle. Yet, both sides, the negation and the aspiration, grow out of the same root, namely, knowledge. For it is through knowledge that he denies all knowledge;

thus, in the very act of the denial of knowing, he must know, ever begetting knowledge anew by its destruction. He knows that he cannot know, it is said; but just in this expression, knowledge is affirmed in its negation, and this knowledge, consciously denied on the one hand by intellect, is, on the other hand, unconsciously affirmed beneath the denial. Whenever, therefore, we hear in any passage of the poem the strong negation, we may soon expect the equally strong aspiration, which is its necessary counterpart; they are twins, the black twin and the white twin, both of the same mother. Faust, poor mortal, is to be pulled asunder between them, now exalted to the highest heaven of aspiration, now jerked into the deepest hell of denial, till he unite the fierce dualism into the harmony of existence.

Of this Faust tree, then, we have explored the two forks down to the common tap-root, which it sends deep into the dark earth, far away from the light of Heaven, and which, gathering there in darkness the primitive nourishment, and sending up the same through many a little duct, enables the tree to live and bloom in the sunshine of the upper world, with glorious expansion of leaf and limb, of flower and fruit. Shun it not, my much tried reader, this dark descent into the depths, to the very "Mothers" of the poem; such an exploration is necessary, if we shall account for the whole tree with all its wonders. It is true that we have to burrow underground for our result; we always must if we wish to find the tap-root of any-

thing; for it does not stay in the sunlight, being accessible, however, by another light, that shining from the lamp of Thought. Let us, then, look at this primordial fact again: the denial of Truth has underneath it the aspiration for Truth, the two exist together, the one in the conscious intellect, the other in the unconscious emotion. Each presupposes the other, like the positive and negative poles of the one magnet; each, in fact, calls up and passes over into the other; the oscillations between the two poles will rise and fall through the whole poem. They are the two sides of the one great fact of the human soul; hence, it can be saved if it strive honestly and manfully; the human soul is, in its very nature, the greatest of all optimists. Denial, in its very intensity we shall see begetting aspiration, which, in its turn, will be struck down by denial, being but an emotion, a subjective impulse, unbuttressed by intellect. But if we hold out to the end of the battle, we shall witness aspiration triumphant; it will storm the world, even the fortress of intellect, and cast out denial, now entrenched there. Pure Denial, without Aspiration, is not Faust, but Mephisto, not Man, the optimist, but the Devil, the old pessimist, who will be burnt up at last in his own Hell-fire. Yes, we must see that the very strength and intensity of Faust's denial, springs from the strength and intensity of his aspiration for Truth; if he did not care for it, he would not take the trouble to deny it so often and so bitterly; in fact, why should he bother himself about it at all? Possession gives re-

pose; but absence, death wakes the longing.

Such are the two sides of this inner battle, of which the poem, as of a long, wandering, fluctuating life-combat, gives the account. The desire for Truth burns inextinguishably in his breast in spite of the denial; Faust will try a new means of attaining his great object, this means is Magic, which is now to be the fifth Faculty or Discipline for him, as the other four have broken down before the beginning of the drama. Spirits may whisper that Truth to him immediately, which Intelligence cannot give through thinking. To control the world of Spirits, and bring them to reveal the grand secret, is Magic, through which a new endeavor is to be made. The moon, that magical lamp of Nature hanging from the skies, first lights him out of his study prison, out of his charnel house of books and erudition, through which "the sweet sheen of Heaven breaks darkly," as through old painted windows; he rises into a realm where he has a vision of the true way. He will leave this dead world of learning behind, the Wagner element of himself; he will go forth into Nature, and listen to her teaching, "as one Spirit speaketh to another Spirit." Still, in this matter, he must be guided by a book, now it is a book of magic, written by Nostradamus, who was famous for his occult science and lived in France, 1503-66. Thus Faust must have a book to get rid of books; verily, Wagner is sticking deep in him, and must soon come out.

This fifth Faculty—even taught during the Middle Ages in some European Universities—called

Magic, has been employed from time immemorial in one form or other by striving man to probe into the depths of being, not by way of intelligence, but through some dark hidden agency, which is excited and controlled by an outer ceremonial. **Magic**, then, belongs to all ages and peoples, is born of the very struggle of human spirit to reach the grand mystery; but the special form of it in "**Faust**" is the medieval one, with an alchemistic tinge. That mysterious transmutation of forms, as the change of base metals into gold, is transferred from the material to the spiritual realm, in which a rite, a word evokes Spirits, is transformed, as it were, into an appearance from the world beyond. The other four Faculties, leading by the open way of science, having failed, the fifth or the occult one must be tried by the desperate seeker.

We have now come to that part of the soliloquy in which **Faust** mysteriously addresses himself to the Spirits, through his book, and not through a flight into free Nature. These Spirits are two, the Nature-Spirit and the Earth-Spirit, in gradation, what moves in Nature and what moves on the Earth in human action. Twice he will rise into seeming communion with them; twice he will drop out of that communion, smitten by his denial, which comes, and drives the Spirits away. We are to witness two rises and two falls, products of that double energy, aspiration and negation, with which **Faust** starts and by which he is propelled.

1. **THE NATURE-SPIRIT.** **Faust** opens the book and beholds the sign of the Macrocosm, which

seems from his description, to have been a raying out of the divine light through all lower realms of Nature, down to the elemental, like a sun. It is an Oriental conception, found in the Cabbala, and in many mystical works. The idea of all existence being connected by a magic net of reciprocal influences, that move from above below, and from below above, fascinated Goethe in his youth already, and clung to him in one form or other through life. His science and his poetry have some such connecting thought underlying them; and it is characteristic of him that he early loved a magic book called "*Aurea Catena Homeri*," in which all Nature, though perhaps in a fantastic manner, was linked together in a beautiful golden chain. This golden chain, linking Nature together, seen as a dreamy image in youth, Goethe, through his whole life, will strive to elevate into the reality of science.

The sign of the Macrocosm, suggesting these harmonies of Nature, takes possession of Faust, and calls up his strong aspiration; for a moment his conflict is healed, the hidden powers unfold, he quite feels himself a God in his new vision, "the spirit-world is not closed." He describes his insight into the Macrocosm in subtle, yet beautiful and exalted phrase; he sees each thing take its place in the whole, receiving and sending forth its energy; celestial forces ascend and descend, each reaching to each golden vessels, pressing from heaven through the earth, sounding their harmony through the universe. It has been observed by

Duentzer that this image was probably suggested by a conception of the Manicheans, that the souls of the deceased were brought back to the source of light in dipping vessels.

Thus he rises, looking on that magic sign, by sheer force of his aspiration into an apparent vision of Truth, but this aspiration will beget its opposite, he strives to know, then knows it is only a striving. Behold now the grand disillusion in his words: "What a show! but alas! only a show." There is no reality in it, it is but a thought, but my thought. The denial rises up like a demon: I cannot know that this is Truth; what seems Truth, is a mere subjective phantasm. Still, Faust struggles, while seeking to hold fast to "the breasts of nature," which flow with the milk of life. No, not for him, not for a man with that negation in him. Thus the Nature-Spirit vanishes out of his hopes, and he descends to the extreme where, indeed, the return must begin, where the denial starts to eat up itself—to deny you know, you must know you deny.

2. THE EARTH-SPIRIT.—To know Truth, then, Faust has still the longing, unbounded, unquenchable; he will not give up so easily; the very strength of his descent begets the mightiness of his aspiration to rise. Again he opens the mystic book of knowledge, he sees the sign of a new Spirit, that of the Earth, to which he, being a man, feels himself nearer than to the Nature-Spirit, since the former embraces humanity. Aspiration stirs him afresh to know this new Spirit, he will venture into the world, go through in deed all that is here below, experience

every terrestrial joy and pain, for only thus can he come into communion with the Spirit that moves in and controls this earthly whirl of events. He rises to the purest exaltation; his whole heart is surrendered, and he is caught up into a spiritual vision: "thou must, thou must, though it cost my life." Whereat the Earth-Spirit appears in form and voice, which the Nature-Spirit did not have, but remained a mere thought or internal image. This new Spirit has, too, a "shape of flame," the destroying fire which consumes all finite things, and now threatens the puny individuality of Faust; he, the limited, the mortal, is overwhelmed by "the awful face," terrified for his little human existence by this colossal appearance of the all-devouring Infinite, who now addresses the "cowering worm" in a vein of world-destroying irony. Still, Faust valiantly asserts his spiritual birthright too: "I am Faust, I am thy peer."

What, who is this Earth-Spirit? Already in one passage a glimmering hint has been given of its meaning, as the soul of all terrestrial activity grasped together. Now it sings its song of itself in weird occult strain, like old mystic runes, through whose darkness flashes its character. Not too definite a notion we must expect, none such is given, and it would ill comport with the vague striving of Faust, who sees the phantom. Still, we must have some conception, for we may rest assured that the appearance is not a mere hocus-pocus for stage effect, or to frighten children. Look well into the first line of the song: "In the floods of life,

in the storm of deeds roll I up and down." Again the soul of terrestrial activity is hinted, even the spirit of History, of human deeds. The grand end and purpose of all this rolling and tossing of the millions of individuals upon our earth-ball, each having his own scheme, yet fitting into the scheme of the mighty whole—here it is called up and endowed with a voice and semblance. This "I" which rolls up and down, weaves hither and thither, is a spirit, yea, is a personality, dwelling at the center of this universal earthly hubbub; do not let your translator remove this "I" from his text, as Mr. Taylor has done; thus the soul drops out. The abiding spirit in all change, it weaves "on the roaring loom of Time" the outer vesture which divinity puts on; all events, wars, revolutions, even individual deeds and motives, are transformed through its hand into "the living garment of God." That is the spirit whose song Faust has for a moment heard.

A grand appearance assuredly; but has Faust now attained in it that Truth which he has been seeking? He thinks so, and dares to say: "How near I feel to thee, busy Spirit, who takest in the wide world at a sweep." It is an exalted thought, that of fellowship with the Spirit of the world, still it is sure to call up the other Spirit, the hostile demon who denies. But the mighty semblance is still present, and is preparing to speak, listen to its answer: "Thou art like the Spirit thou comprehendest, not like me." Then see! it has vanished, vanished, at a word, indeed at its own word. But

this strange speech, what does it mean? Like what thou comprehendest, not like me; like thine own conception, not like the reality; like thy Thought, not like the Thing—such art thou. The answer, then, is Faust's own answer to himself, the answer of denial to aspiration: "Thou are like the Spirit thou comprehendest, not like me." Into the colossal figure of the Earth-Spirit, which was the creature of aspiration, denial has crept and gives its crushing response. It is the old skeptical doubt appearing here too: man cannot know Truth; this shape is again a mere subjective phantasm of thine own. No wonder that the Earth-Spirit dissolves into thinnest air, being recognized by Faust as his own fiction, and smitten with its own denial; whereat another sudden whirl into the dismal depths.

Still, Faust is left yearning with the question: "if not thee, whom am I like?" At once a knock is heard, his question is answered, he is like that man now entering—his Famulus. Indeed he answers it himself: "O Death! I recognize it—that is my Famulus." The empty reality of himself steps forth, as it were, to his own sight; it is Wagner, the Famulus, or schoolmaster's pedant, simply the dry husk of erudition.

Thus has Faust risen twice through his aspiration into some vision of Truth; twice has he fallen out of that vision through his negation. First, the Nature-Spirit, the soul of the physical universe, came and went; then the Earth-Spirit, the soul of human activity, in the ecstasy of Faust's imagina-

tion rose forth into a veritable shape gifted with speech, but vanished at a "thunder-word," and left him Wagner.

This scene is variously considered to have been written somewhere between 1769-75, a suggestion of the puppet-play, which had first come to the poet when about twenty or twenty-one years old. It will be seen to contain the grand germ of the Faust problem, a germ which has yet to unfold more than sixty years into this poem. All life, experience, history are to be gathered into this unfolding, till it become the movement of the race imaged in the one man. Thus, is the "individual called to his universal consecration" by the poet. One glance into the future from this point: Faust had, in the Earth-Spirit, a momentary vision of what he is to become; he is to be the active principle of the Earth, and help "weave the garment of God;" he will yet rise out of denial, and realize aspiration; he will yet comprehend the Earth-Spirit, will be it, we may say; but now he is the Famulus, pedagogue of pedagogues, in so far as he has any reality at all. At present, the Earth-Spirit as the projection of his aspiration, has his denial in itself from birth, being the mere object of his longing, in contradiction to his intellect, but hereafter when realized by his intellect, it will have come to stay. Aspiration alone, though it call up, cannot hold the Earth-Spirit.

3. WAGNER. We have seen Wagner appearing to Faust, as it were, generated out of him, when the Earth-Spirit exploded with its own denial and

vanished out of sight. The "fullness of the faces" has departed, and the "dry sneak" slips upon Faust to disturb his grand vision. Wagner must have a connection with both the Earth-Spirit and with Faust; he is the former with the spirit dropped out of it, hence, a mass of soulless knowledge of the Past; he is the latter as a mere student of dead erudition, without the fervent aspiration or denial. Thus, Wagner shows a third phase of Faust's nature, that of formal barren learning, the lifeless residuum of much study.

Still, Wagner is himself, though he be also a phase of Faust; the two notions are not inconsistent, but at bottom are one. Shakespeare is all his characters, yet none the less Shakespeare; nay, just for this reason he is supremely Shakespeare, because he is all his characters, and can spin them out of himself at will into independent beings. It takes them all to make up that one man Shakespeare, who just herein has his individuality. So Wagner is an element of Faust, and yet is himself too; indeed, he is what he is, because an element of Faust. We must not lose the genetic thread which connects the two, nor, on the other hand, surrender the reality of the character. The lesson of this transformation is bitter, but Faust must take it to heart: if thou canst not know Truth, and thereby attain the Earth-Spirit, there is nothing left in this world for thee but to be a Wagner.

The first utterance of Wagner strikes his keynote; the anxious outcries of Faust in struggle to reach and keep the Earth-Spirit he takes for the

declamation of a Greek tragedy, that is, an ancient, learned, theatrical affair, out of which he too "wishes to profit somewhat." This is just his realm, that of erudition; moreover, he wishes to improve his elocution, and he lays stress upon the need of a good external delivery for the orator. This gives a fine chance to Faust to emphasize feeling, heart, spontaneous utterance, the internal requirements; his aspiration here asserts its validity, absolutely, against the world's formalities. He burns up Wagner in a fire of sarcasm, but the latter seems hardly to feel it; he will still go on gathering his dry straws of learning, sigh that he cannot gather them all. "I am still far behind therein;" his chief sorrow is, ere he can become half-way learned, "a poor devil must die."

Thus Faust shows the glowing fires of his subjective nature, of his aspiration. So intense is he herein, that he will not grant the validity of anything outside of it; his very feeling has in it denial. But we are now to see an example of his intellectual negation leaping out in demoniac scorn against Wagner, who has spoken of "putting himself into the spirit of the Ages." No, replies Faust, the Past cannot not be known, is a "book with seven seals;" as to that spirit of the Ages whereof ye speak, "it is your own spirit, gentlemen." Just the answer of the Earth-Spirit: "Thou art like the Spirit thou comprehendest, not like me." Your history is but "a swill-tub and an old garret" combined; your world, and man's heart and spirit therein, Mr. Wagner, you cannot know; and if you did know,

you dare not say anything; the few who kept not the secret of their heart, "from the beginning on have been crucified and burned." Gigantic blows are these under which Wagner's fortress quakes.

Still we are to see the validity of Wagner as well as his inadequacy. He has some belief in a world of reality, which Faust has not, though his world be quite empty of soul. Faust has only an inner world of his own, hence, without true reality, though it be full of soul. To employ the language of philosophy, we behold a barren objective world, versus a full subjective world; if they could be harmonized in one man and one world, it were the grand consummation, and therewith a sudden end to this poem. But both sides are warring in one man, with his soul as battle-field; are also warring outside of him, with the world as battle-field.

A historic truth we may also note in this representation. Wagner is the German University of the poet's time, with its bleaker erudition, its Wolfian philosophy, its dry abstractions in science and theology. Faust is the fierce protest of the soul against such empty knowledge, yet rising to a denial of all knowledge, and tearing to shreds the world of Wagner, without being able to build up one of his own in place thereof. Another great book, born of the spiritual throes of the same period, the Kantian "Critique of Pure Reason," a book of philosophy, not of poetry, has the same keen Faust spirit, which annihilates that old reign of empty abstractions, yet ends in a denial too, nay, in an unconscious denial of itself, like that knowledge

which "knows it cannot know." Most fittingly the poetic weapon employed in this scene is a fine-cutting sarcastic humor, which hews Wagner in two without his perceiving the blade. Yet even a Wagner, "most pitiful of earth's sons," who, delving for treasures, is satisfied with finding a fishing-worm, can win a momentary gleam of gratitude from Faust by showing him some hope and faith in a reality, though it be not the spirit of the earth: "thou didst rescue me from despair, which was crushing my senses." Whereupon Faust can try again.

SECOND SOLILOQUY OF FAUST.

Wagner's world being cut to shreds and dismissed, Faust falls back again into his own, an inner subjective world, where he must, of necessity, talk with himself alone; hence, the form of the Soliloquy is employed a second time. The First Soliloquy has the same ground; it takes Faust just as he has finished his last study, Theology perhaps, and has arrived at his universal denial. He clutches wildly after another and final means of knowing, namely Magic; but it, too, has broken down under his negation, it can no more give him Truth than the four Faculties. Henceforth he will not conjure again the Spirits to lead him to knowledge, the one experience is enough. Three shapes have risen and been mowed down with his keen-edge No: the Nature-Spirit, the Earth-Spirit and Wagner.

The Second Soliloquy, in the beginning, throws a glance back at the futile attempt of Magic in its two forms, and recognizes the "thunder-word" which smites it to nothing: "thou art like the Spirit thou comprehendest, not like me." This passage gives some new help for understanding more fully the two Spirits of Magic; "he enjoyed himself" in the vision of the Earth-Spirit, which was "the mirror of eternal Truth;" and in the Nature-Spirit, his free energy "dared to flow through the veins

of Nature," and he "dared to enjoy the life of Gods creating." The strong hint in this additional explanation of the poet is that Faust himself is the source of these forms, it was himself that he enjoyed in the mirror of the one, and it was by his own creating that he enjoyed the life of the Gods in the other. This Second Soliloquy is much later, probably a quarter of century, than the previous one, and hence expands, and to a certain extent explains it.

Still the burning question remains: What guidance shall I take now, after being hurled back into my former uncertain lot? "Shall I still follow that aspiration?" Ah, all that we do, and all that we suffer, impedes the free course of life, impedes just that aspiration. Behold the examples: this world's prosperity destroys the ideal, feeling and fancy from boundless stretches are dragged down into narrow earthly limits, care turns every joy into sorrow, and makes thee "weep always what thou dost not lose." Such is Human Life, a perpetual fall from aspiration to groveling, from the Infinite to the Finite. Pessimism enough is here, and disciples of Schopenhauer have not failed to see it, and to interpret the entire poem from this one side, beholding the gloomy descents of Faust, but no rise.

The conclusion must come: "I am not like the Gods," who are realized aspiration, unblasted by doubt, but "I am like the worm in the dust trodden to death by the wayfarer's step," the mite crushed by an external unknown power. Such is Faust

indeed, the victim of Fate, if he cannot know the truth of that world outside of him, and place himself in harmony therewith; for that world is anyhow, and will roll on and crush him, unless he pierce it with the arrows of intelligence. He has quite descended to the despair of old, fate-beaten Gloster:

“As flies to wanton boys, are we the Gods;
They kill us for their sport.”

Truly he is a worm, with such a thought in his head; these books and apparatus are the dirt in which he crawls, the whole past, and what it has handed down, are but transmitted dust on his shelves. Thus he falls out with his chief heritage, the world's mind unfolding itself to him in Time; he rejects his traditional treasure, a motive repeated here from the First Soliloquy, but now more fully elaborated; in both cases it is the lowest point of his re-action against knowledge, for what is left of knowledge if you cut out of it the Past? One maxim here, “earn your father's inheritance over again in order to possess it,” though Faust turns it into an instrument of denial, is true in its proper limits. It recognizes the reality of the inheritance, yet the necessity of winning it anew; but Faust declares “only what the moment creates has man any use for.”

Such is the descent of Faust into the depths, this being the greatest one, as yet; but his lowest point is always his turning point; like everything earthly, like the earth itself, the remotest flight from the sun is but the whirl towards a return to the light.

He sees a new sudden gleam from a flask on his shelf; therewith darts a flash through his mind. Poison! a product of man's intelligence, giving him again some respect for "human wit and art," since it is a destructive product, man's skill destroying man; this just suits him and he will use it, use it on himself. The very touch of it lessens his pain, he breaks through his cramp "into the high sea," the boundless stretch of a future existence appears, imagination bears him off on a chariot of fire to a new world. He will go, making manhood equal to godhood, not quaking before the gloomy abyss which fancy has peopled with goblins; he will go, though it be "with danger of flowing into nothing." So we all shout to him: "Good-bye Faust."

Such is that mighty aspiration, rising again to the very Heavens out of the murky deep and culminating in the resolve to reach the Infinite by casting off the Finite—by Death; he will negate the mortal life to attain the immortal. In the First Soliloquy it was the truth of knowledge or science which Faust sought; in this Second Soliloquy it is rather the truth of immortality, the desire for which has developed out of his Titanic aspiration to know all truth. To transform that shadowy future Perhaps into the clear assured Now he will take a voyage beyond. The limitations of knowing chafed him before, which he attempted to remove by Magic; the limitations of life chafe him now, which he will remove by death.

He takes down the crystal cup adorned with figures; it, too, suggests joy, the releaser from the pinching cares of life, but a very earthly kind of joy, that of drink. But a new release the cup will bring now, the final one, including all others, and not requiring any repetition. So here goes a bumper to the morn just breaking. Courage this is, the courage of the forlorn hope; we may say literally, Faust is ready to die for Truth—not for a truth, but for Truth. But hark! what is that? Listen! Easter bells and angelic chorus.

The first word of the song offers the true curative draught, could he but take it: "Christ hath arisen!" There is one who has passed through all this "descent into Hell" before thee, O Faust, who has stripped off the mortal and put on the immortal. O, listen! "Joy to the mortal one," such as thou art, whom all kinds of limitations, "defects did unfold." Such is the chant of the angelic choir from above down to Faust and to all men. The great example is given that there is a rise out of the finite man, indeed, a resurrection from death itself; nay, in this life there must be a continuous resurrection of such kind—see the last song. Still further, there is a world built upon that principle of Christ, and named after him, Christendom; in that world Faust is living, must live; it is all around him, has entered deeply into him, is the very condition of his present way of being, could he but look into his own pre-suppositions. Now its voice comes to him in a celestial harmony, and holds him back from the final draught; he need

not suffer death for the truth of immortality, it has been suffered for him, and the truth is here before him. In a sense we may say, too, these Easter chimes have been generated out of him, for they are in him, and have been in him during his life, through education and religion.

Why should the Easter bells ring just then? It seems a great convenience to the poem, happening in the nick of time exactly, to save it from an unhappy end; a very opportune act of kindness in those nameless bell-ringers and choir-singers. What if the chimes had not rung? Impossible; they must ring and have rung to every man in Christendom writhing in Faust's struggles. They are a reality, an ever-present reality; of necessity Faust must hear them, and every man at that last bitter moment of conflict. What do they say? "I have died for thee, I have arisen for thee; no need of thine to pass the dark chasm to experience that truth; know it and live. Get rid of thy guilt and of thy weakness here; believe on me. Thy death I have already suffered on earth, and can tell thee what lies beyond it; I have revealed all in sacred speech for thee. Go back to life, to faith in me and works of mercy."

Such is the voice from heaven; but Faust's answer resounds from the earthly depths; I have no faith, it has been lost.

EASTER SONGS.—They make the grand announcement of the resurrection, they proclaim that Christendom to Faust, in which he has lived, while forsaking it. The Christian song is a choral one as

here; short ecstatic lines of bliss and sorrow, of faith and doubt, break forth to a celestial attunement. Through these lines the harmony of rhyme bursts at rapid intervals; notice the rhymes of three syllables but one measure apart in the choruses of the Angels; every word and the whole word is hurrying to join in this symphonious praise and exaltation; three, and in the last instance, five such trisyllabic rhymes follow one another in successive lines, and these lines, having only two feet, are the shortest possible. It is as if language along with the singing soul were rapt into one continuous concord; the dissonant world of Faust is infolded in the pure music of the Christian heaven. Such is the celestial chorus; but the earthly choruses of Women and Disciples have earth's shadows flitting over their brightness as we shall mark again in the metrical scheme; the rhymes now rush not out in succession, but they alternate, and, moreover, are chiefly of two and three syllables, being thus linked by a common note into the angelic harmony, yet distinct from it. They are still in the short ejaculatory measure, but not so musically built as that which the angels sing; and in both we shall find a dissonance of soul in correspondence with a comparative dissonance of form. Thus the Poet makes the meter give back a true image of the theme.

If this metrical scheme must be seen through, before its effect can be fully felt, the like must be said of the structure which is subtle and should be studied a little. The essential thread is the song

of the Angels, also the essential thing; it occurs three times, at the beginning, middle and end of the sacred cantata; its first line always repeats the one central fact: "Christ hath arisen." It is the glad evangel from above down to mankind; to it from below is given a terrestrial response which is double, from the two kinds of men, the Unbeliever and the Believers, the latter being still further divided by sex into two groups, the Women and Disciples. So this little chant has taken in the whole of Christendom, from the divine word to its denier, with the people in between them, all being folded in its grand mantle of love and harmony, even its enemy. The one at the extreme of separation is the Unbeliever Faust, who is the first to answer the heavenly voice; observe, too, the form of the answer in long discordant doggerel with a far-off, wandering, yet in the end certain rhyme, as if the possibility of final harmony lay in him too. The Believers rise to the choral strain but not to the height of the angelic music, though on the way thither. Such are the elements which the poet weaves into his Easter song, of whose movement there are three stages, in a kind of ascending degree, strongly marked by the three chants of the Angels. These stages we may designate in order a little more fully.

1. The first song of the Angels proclaims joyfully the resurrection as the freeing from limitation. Faust, the Unbeliever, gives his reply; he likes the music, it snatches the glass of poison from his lips; its promise, its song of comfort

touches his aspiration for a moment, still, the meaning of it reaches him not, but leaves him in a question. The second response from below is that of the Believers, the chorus of Women at the grave; they show love for the person, they cling with deep affection to the symbol more than to the thing symbolized; when they cannot find the body, they seem to have lost the spirit—"Christ we find here no more." Such is their doubt, their jar, yet not a denial, or even a danger of a denial of their faith.

2. The angelic choir sings again from above with decided emphasis, "Christ hath arisen," as if in answer to the question of Faust and to the distress of the women. The first song celebrated Christ freed from his mortal limits; this second song adds thereto that he, "the loving one" has through this trial of suffering attained to bliss—still an example and a promise to men. But the Unbeliever, Faust, answers more decidedly too: "I have no faith in this resurrection, it is a miracle which reason rejects." Still, the song strikes a deep and tender chord in him, recalling his youth when he had faith; memory, with childish emotion, holds him back from the final step. Thus, in spite of himself, it is the resurrection which saves him; it appeals to his aspiration, though not to his intellect, and makes him hope against hope. All along we have seen this aspiration surging up against denial; it is really a hidden faith, rescuing him with its unseen and even spurned hand, a feeling that denial is in itself negative and will destroy itself. The resurrection, in its deepest reach, says

the same thing: the mortal, the finite has, in its process, revealed its own self-destructive nature, and become non-mortal, that is, immortal—rather the most vital and positive of all realities. Man having such a promise, Faust will live: “sound on, ye sweet songs of heaven; the tear flows, earth has me again.” He was ready to die for the truth of immortality; in that moment of sacrifice he was rescued, and he heard the song of resurrection.

The second response of the Believers is that of the Disciples, and is the main content of the Christian sermon, the word of tribulation, which portrays the vast gulf between the above and the below, between Christ resurrected “near to creative rapture” and themselves, who have still to remain on earth, yearning to rejoin their master in the skies. Deep is their scission, which begets the Christian’s sorrow, yet gives him his hope. We must notice that this chorus of men is different from that of the women, though each has its doubt and distress; the latter long more for the symbol, even the dead body; the former long more for the spirit symbolized, for the living active presence of the Master who has departed.

3. The final chorus of Angels utters that to which there is no further response, speaking the final Christian word in answer to the denial of Faust, and more particularly to the yearning of the Disciples. In the one, unbelief must give way to faith, faith in this resurrection. In the other, sorrow must give way to joy, this self-torture is not Christ’s truth; but, chiefly, other-worldliness must

be brought down into this-worldliness, the Master is not far off in the skies, but here below on earth. You, Disciples, are to re-enact his life and resurrection here and now, by love, by charity, by preaching the gospel. The grand reconciliation is here, not beyond; the release from finitude must be accomplished, not through death, but through life. "Thus is the Master here." We see the Poet putting joy into the true Christian life, and not torment, finding the Master here and not beyond, finding him through activity: "Get rid of your bonds joyfully, by praising Him actively, by showing love to all men, by giving food to thy hungry brother, by journeying to preach His tidings, by promising happiness to all who do thus;" a summary of what constitutes Christianity's solution of the world's difficulty.

But Faust has passed through this stage of Faith, and has come to reject it, hence, it cannot reach his trouble, which is intellectual. Clearly, this is not his way of salvation; there must be another way for him and his like, or none at all. Such is the question now before us, which the rest of the poem has to answer; for Faust, unable to follow the Christian path, what way of salvation?

These Angels are different from the Archangels of the "Prologue in Heaven;" the one announce Christ to men, the other view God in his works. The former know the grand spiritual ascension to Heaven; the latter do not know the divine manifestation at which they forever gaze. The Angels, too, know of the descent of Christ into mortality.

but they did not go along; they are unfallen spirits, with knowledge, but without experience; higher than the Archangels we must place them. Their song is that He hath ascended; this makes their musical character, an eternal flight toward harmony.

Many German critics have condemned this Easter scene as an operatic turn in a dramatic situation. Chiefly Vischer, the most famous German "Aesthetiker," has distinguished himself by the violence of his attack, and has gone so far as to tell how the drama ought to have been carried on at this point, by the introduction of Mephisto as servant of the Earth-Spirit, to entice Faust to sensual indulgence. O rash measurer, thou hast yet to learn that thy Aesthetik has no artificial yard-stick by which to measure this poem. Thou, critic, hast not the criteria beforehand by which to judge of a world-book like "Faust," no man has them; thou must get these criteria from the book itself, which is its own law, and the first revelation thereof to men. That is, if it be a truly original work, it creates its own standard, along with the development of its theme. For the judgment of secondary books, which, being mainly repetitions or imitations of what has gone before, have their law outside of themselves, thy moon-eyed Aesthetik may suffice; but I tell thee, it cannot look upon the sun, still less can it give directions for making the sun shine. That sun exists primordially, and thou must see by its light or not at all.

The Easter scene with its music must be at

this point, it is the mighty fact, anything else cannot in truth take its place. Long did Goethe wrestle with this poetical problem; scenes before and after these Easter scenes were written and printed, but this gap remained unfilled till the edition of 1808; for one-third of a century, we may suppose, he was turning the matter over in his mind, trying to put his world-embracing thought into the fetters of verse; here it is at last, reduced to a few pages with a compression, which the present essay, at least, does not imitate. Very difficult it is to translate these chiming rhymes of two and three syllables; in the original they are fluent, yet bear the mark of the labor-pains of their birth; thought-burdended, too, they are and must be, for this is their true coloring; light-skipping fancies would be all wrong. Goethe can be, upon occasion, the freest-hearted singer, without toil, like the bird on the branch; but the greatness of his poetry is that it goes to the heart by way of the head, bearing the illuminating intellect of men down into the dark turbulent sea of emotion.

The necessity of this Easter intervention is the true insight. Those chimes are in Faust's deepest nature, and have just now rung, begotten, as it were, in an inherent spiritual genesis; yet they are outside of him too, and have been ringing in the world some eighteen hundred years. An eternal fact, therefore, and ever-present; not by any means an accidental thing of this moment; it is an example of the true poetic method, which deals not in dreams but in realities. Two utterances of Goethe.

himself, we may call to our aid in comprehending this passage. The first, taken from the "Prelude on the Stage" in this poem, has been already noticed; it tells what the poet is, and hints how we are to interpret him who "calls the individual thing," as this Easter incident, for instance, "to its universal consecration," which is its eternal significance. The second is a sentence in prose, cited very appropriately by Carriere, in his excellent edition of "Faust," from one of Goethe's maxims: "Das ist die wahre Symbolik wo das Besondere das Allgemeine repraesentirt, nicht als Traum und Schatten, sondern als lebendig augenblickliche Offenbarung des Unerforschlichen."

A literal translation will offer a good study of the poet's view of his own method: "That is the true Symbolism (or Poetic), in which the Particular represents the Universal, not as dream and shadow, but as living instantaneous revelation of the Unfathomable." A deeply poetic conception is this sentence on poetry, notwithstanding its abstruse words; the particular incident, image, or person must bear in it the Universal, the idea or thought; not, however, as an empty shadow, like an abstraction, or allegory, or capricious fancy, but as a reality revealed on the instant in living energy and at work in the world. Thus, one little incident, like the ringing of the Easter bells, becomes to the true seeker a "revelation of the Unfathomable;" a revelation of it, mark, so that it is no longer hidden or unknown; a revelation out of the real world into the heart of man.

Whereof this whole scene is fruitful example.

Songs of the Angels will again be heard singing down from Heaven, and victoriously bearing Faust's immortal part to the skies, at the end of the Second Part of this poem; he is at last to be reconciled with this religious Christendom above and around him, and, in a strain of similar measures, himself to meet with resurrection. But mark, not through the way of faith, another road has been laid out for him, which, however, will lead to the same celestial goal, if you dare think with the poet.

This Easter song of the Angels is patterned after ancient songs of the Church, heard still in Germany and in all Christian countries. Doubtless, Italy gave or confirmed the suggestion; there the poet heard such songs in their ancient home, echoing still from the arches of primitive cathedrals. Easter works like a release and a hope; it releases Nature, apparently, from the gloom of winter to the hope of spring; it released the world eighteen centuries ago from its tragic fate, and gave hope. Now it releases Faust, the individual, and sends a new hopeful gleam into his dark study; it has saved him we may say. The next scene will show him going forth with fresh aspiration into this newly resurrected world about him.

II.

We come now to the second main phase of the internal struggle of Faust—the development and

meaning of Mephisto, together with the final compact between man and the Devil. This is still an internal struggle, though it is growing more and more into a struggle with an external power, both in form and purport. The two previous soliloquies, portrayed the pure inner conflict of the mind with itself, the conflict of its aspiration with its denial. The outcome is that Truth cannot be known—not through the four Faculties, not through Magic, not through Death, whose lesson has been already told to men through the resurrection, though this lesson is inaccessible to Faust from want of faith. He, therefore, remains in life still, as nothing is to be gained, apparently, by dying, yet he has the aspiration in him strong as ever.

But this aspiration, since it cannot reach Truth as its object, will begin to drive in a new direction. If he cannot know, he can at least enjoy, for he has appetite and senses; here, then, seems to be something real, tangible, nay, attainable. But will it quench this burning desire of the heart? We can try it, though there be still the same paroxysms, fluctuations, rises and falls. At this point, then, a great transition begins to take place in Faust, a transition from the pursuit of knowledge to the pursuit of indulgence, the latter being the offspring and direct sequence to the denial which destroys the validity of Truth. Though the intellect be a lie, the senses will give pleasure, and we are going to have it; such is the new conviction, and the Devil is already born. Faust goes forth from his study on a spring holiday, and beholds a

bright, alluring world; it is that Christendom which sounded in upon him through the Easter chimes and bells; here it rises before him both in its sensuous and religious elements, of which he will suck out the one, and throw away the other.

The three following scenes will present in order the three stages of this transformation: the genesis of the poodle; the genesis of Mephisto; the contract, which gives to Mephisto the guidance of Faust. The whole is the evolution of the Evil One into the world, as a reality there.

BEFORE THE CITY GATE.—THE POODLE EVOLVED.

If we were to name this scene from its outcome and evident purpose, we should call it the Genesis of the Poodle. A strange birth of this Easter festival, yet such is the foundling which it has left with Faust, when he gets to the end of it.

Already we have noticed that a world outside of Faust has been announced in the Easter chimes; that world, Christendom, is now to be brought before us, imaged in one little atom of itself, a town of Germany, which is "celebrating the resurrection of the Lord." From this event the holiday takes its character, hence its joy and its festivities, a reflection among the people of the glad evangel heralded by the Chorus of Angels. Into this world Faust is now to have a peep, going forth from his dim study chamber, and is to behold what kind of a reality is here, and what it has for him in his present condition, with that denial in him, denial of this very Christendom on its spiritual side. Moreover, Wagner will go along, the erudite man, clinging still to his husks, of whom Faust has not yet got rid, but of whom he will get rid this time; it is their last walk, in which Faust beholds this real life, and begins to see what he will do therein;

he hears Wagner's comment, both dry and blind, upon it, and then dismisses him forever.

The picture shifts with quick and brilliant hues, showing the turns and surges of the motley multitude; but we can distinguish two leading thoughts around which everything moves in freedom, and often in seeming caprice. These central facts we shall name the Sensuous and the Religious Resurrection; both will pass before the view of Faust, who will be strongly attracted by the one, and strongly repelled by the other. A new delight rises in him, not experienced before; from it will spring a new wonderful transformation of his life. Such is the ground of this Easter festival; it attracts Faust into the world, where he sees the possibility of a "new and varied existence."

1. The people, resurrected from their low, dark rooms, from the narrow street, from the bonds of toil, even from "the Church's venerable gloom," are taking a walk out of the city into Nature, who is also resurrected from her ice-bound prison; Spring is victoriously driving Winter back to his high chill fastness in the mountains, as ancient German legend tells the story, and the Earth is beginning to put on her green garment. A lively, many-colored promenade, such as is still to be seen on holidays in the suburban resorts of every city in Germany; commentators have specially tried to identify this scene with Frankfort and Strasburg. Such is the natural setting, harmonious with the spiritual thought at the center.

With this spring-time of Nature chimes the

spring-time of youth, and its first passion. Young artisans pass in search of the place where "the prettiest girls and best beer" are to be found; after the artisans come the servant-girls in rigidest sequence; after the servant-girls follow the students, the young rascals, mating under rank; after the students are seen in the distance the respectable citizens' daughters, shocked that those fine boys should seek such company, when they might have the best, just now at hand. Here the festival is made up of the links of a love-chain, in which the other is always after the other, who does not want that one, but another.

Now the promenade passes for a moment from youth to settled life, and gives a touch of village politics, even of world politics, with the clamoring beggar in between, parasite and product of the social organism. But from this serious turn it soon drops back into love, through the old fortune-teller, who can show to eager maidens "the future lover bodily" by magic; Faust's counterpart is now an old woman, not in the realm of knowledge but of love. Finally, come with victorious shout of song, those double stormers, the soldiers, stormers of the high fortress and the proud maiden; then off they march again, leaving both dismantled, we suppose.

This is the resurrection shown to us in its sensuous phase, beginning with Nature who is now freed from the icy fetters of winter, and rising to man who has gone forth in festal attire seeking joy, the releaser from limits. Each human soul, for the time, has received its enfranchisement from care and

occupation, from the daily "grind" of existence. It is a release from the cramped life of toil and pain into the delight of the holiday's untrammelled freedom—a veritable resurrection from work and close city quarters, from the body's and the thought's prison.

Faust, enticed forth by the Easter bells, falls into this surging throng, and upon it he makes his reflections. He beholds the triple resurrection, of Nature, of the People, of the Lord, from the outermost deepening to the innermost; he is, himself, in part resurrected, but the resurrection of the Lord is not his; with that of Nature and of the People he deeply sympathizes, but the spiritual phase is lost to him through his denial. The world in its sensuous and religious phases is seized by the poet under the form of Resurrection; with the sensuous alone Faust feels himself in harmony: "Here am I a man, dare a man to be." Yet this wild tumult of sensuous joy has in it the danger of transgression; it will break over the ethical limit, as hinted in the "Song under the Linden," in which this holiday's love reaches the top link of the chain, where the other has now found the other, and the twain interlink. Nay, this song is a prophecy, could Faust but hear it truly; a far-off shadow of what is to happen to himself in his tumult of the senses.

2. The religious phase of the festival, not in its ceremonies but in the emotions which religion engenders in the human heart, now greets him in the old peasant. Reverence for the learned man Faust;

Gratitude for his aid during the plague, when he, a young man, went from house to house ministering to the sick; Piety which looks to the helping God who "helped the helper," and saved him amid all his exposure; such are the virtues which shine out of these elder people, humble and pure. To them Faust adjusts himself in a pious response, he will not let them see into his heart of doubt. But he rejects their faith utterly, recalls his own time of faith with scorn, nay, he brands his own and his father's help during the plague as worse than the plague; they raged with their quack medicines more violently than the disease, though honestly intending good. Behold this pious feeling of men, how they lavish it in ignorance upon their murderers. It is an ocean of delusion from which no human being can hope to rise—all knowledge is, specially here the knowledge of medicine, one of the four Faculties.

With this denial comes another terrific paroxysm, from exaltation into depression, whose oscillation touches the extreme point of intellectual wretchedness, in the statement: "What one needs, one never knows, and what one knows, one never needs." Not merely the worthlessness, but the utter perversity of knowledge; whither is a man with such a thought in his heart rushing? Beyond every cosmical orbit into chaos; but behold, again! Reaching his aphelion, at that very moment he whirls about, and is now flying once more toward the Sun. He turns away from knowledge to Nature, at her view begins a new rise, aspiration again

mounts heavenward. Behold yon evening glow, hastening on and calling forth new life—"would that I had wings after it, ever after it to strive." The new impulse has again awakened; "before me the day and behind me the night;" everything which he now sees in Nature becomes food for his aspiration; the soaring lark, the sweeping eagle, the crane "striving after home over lands and seas," carry the soul onward and upward toward the Infinite. With this resurrection of Nature, her movement out of her own dead material to some boundless goal, Faust identifies himself, and he, too, becomes therein resurrected.

Wonderful aspiration! How it heaves in oceanic surges from its unseen depths toward light, toward the intellect, which, when reached ~~by it~~ with unspeakable toil and struggle, does not illuminate it, but smites it, with the very bolt of Apollo, till it, not sunlit, but sunstruck, falls back in agony and despair into its dark unconscious world, where it, far from the path of the sun-god, takes a fresh draught of its own reviving waters, and at once begins to mount again! When it swells mightily up from the heart to the head of Faust, not light but lightning strikes it, and it shrivels and drops as if dead. But listen to the dialogue echoing from the depths: Intellect says, "I cannot know;" Aspiration replies, "I can, I must," in deep sea-tones, rising up from her invisible realm. This unconscious affirmation beneath all denial is the profoundest necessity of Faust's being, the indestructible germ of his character, the leaven which will leaven

his whole life, and even that denying intellect.

During this high mood, Wagner, the erudite Dry-as-dust, speaks to him with strange result. We have seen Wagner, all along, accompanying Faust's vital struggles with a running frigid commentary of ignorance, showing no appreciation of the three resurrections of Nature, Man, and the Lord. He did not like the tumultuous joy of the people, "because I am an enemy of everything coarse;" he could not understand Faust's scruples for killing his patients with medicines, provided it was down, according to the books, "by practising honestly the art as handed down from the fathers," and now this last exaltation through Nature he cannot feel, "one soon gets sick of looking at forest and field," and "the bird's pinion I shall never envy." Thus he goes along sprinkling his dry ashes upon green leaves; his pleasure is to be "borne from book to book, from page to page;" and Heaven itself opens when you "unroll some venerable parchment." The one little narrow path leads him to happiness, no heart-heaving struggles for the boundless kingdom—the one-souled self-satisfied schoolmaster, happy man!

3. In contrast with such a being, Faust begins now to see himself, and to become aware of the grand transformation going on within; he exclaims, "thou art conscious but of the one impulse, oh never try to know the other." A look into the single-souled Wagner, has brought him to the consciousness of the double-souled Faust; his dualism has appeared to himself. "Two souls dwell, alas,

Finnish
into fore-
Mephisto
aspiration.
the senses to

it attainable; in the senses there will be some fruition possibly; whether this will satisfy the craving to know, is now the pending question.

But Wagner will not be behindhand in this matter of spirits; he knows of them, too, out of books. He will give his counterpart to Faust's ghostly dealings, showing his occult lore. The result is a frosty allegory of the four winds in which demons were supposed to dwell. Wagner is not frightened at Faust's invocation of the spirits, as some writers have thought; he regards it rather as a learned affair on the part of the great Professor, to which he will contribute his shard too, and he proceeds to declaim his little piece which sounds as if got by heart from the books. This little piece has its merits, taken by itself; but the chief point of it is the contrast between Wagner and Faust looking upon the spirit-world; to the one it is a matter of erudition, or at most a pretty play of fancy; to the other it must be a reality, if it be of any consequence at all.

To Faust, then, these spirits have reality, do you behold that poodle? Surely, Faust's prayer is about to be answered, this must be one of those powers of the air now come to conduct him to "a new many-colored existence." The command is, "look at the poodle aright," as if there was danger of looking at him in a wrong way. But Wagner sees the poodle and nothing else—a very unimportant appearance. Manifestly, here are two kinds of vision, beholding the same object, that of Faust and that of Wagner; in the two pairs of eyes the

image cast upon the retina is the same, but the brain-work behind it, how different! See further a trail of fire flashes after the poodle, which will consume; sign of destruction, not the sign of light. Then a subtle magic noose the dog seems drawing around our feet, "for a future fetter;" his circle is getting narrower, he is near, "come poodle, be our companion." A wonderful series of dissolving views, ending in companionship; what does it mean? But Wagner sees nothing of all this, though he is present using his eyes. "A dog merely and no ghost." The two ways of looking at everything in this world are here—the Faust way and the Wagner way. Could Wagner but see into the import of his own words describing the dog, he too might behold a spirit: "It growls and doubts; it lays itself upon its belly and fawns; all in the dog-manner." But then, if he could see, he would be no longer Wagner. "The dog will spring into the water for your stick," and bring it back to you with joy at his feat. O Wagner, why don't you see, it is yourself you are describing, learned man, fishing sticks out of the stream of Time which somebody has thrown in there. Bitter is the scoff of Faust, "no trace of a spirit—'tis all training;" no spirit in it, none in Wagner, who unconsciously turns the pungent satire upon himself: "even a wise man likes a dog when well-trained—a dog, the clever scholar of the students;" that is, doubly mechanical, drilled by the students, themselves a much-drilled class. Which is the end of Wagner, by a sort of satirical

suicide; no longer the companion of Faust, who takes the poodle instead, he will appear again for a little while in the Second Part, in somewhat advanced circumstances, but at bottom the old Wagner still.

Such seems to be the meaning of this last passage, though the commentators furnish no light upon it, as far as we have been able to read in them and into them, being clear to all, presumably, as the shining noon-sun. But, whatever may be the doubt concerning details, there can be hardly a doubt in reference to the general purport of the entire dialogue about the poodle and its appearance. The two ways are shown in which two different kinds of men look at the same fact, especially this fact of transformation; the one sees it, the other does not, but thinks he does. The two different kinds of readers also; the one sees a dog and nothing more, and affirms that nothing more is to be seen; the other sees in the dog a spirit. Such two classes of readers will always exist for this very scene, for this poem, for every great poem. These wonderful metamorphoses are invisible to the Wagners, to the mechanically drilled souls fishing sticks out the stream of Time; to all those who lie dead and buried in their learning, mummied through and through, and covered in an Egyptian dust, being unable to "call the individual fact to its universal consecration."

Goethe, the grand liberator of the human spirit, had trouble enough with the drilled men of his period, the learned Professors, who could not

understand his genetic view of Nature, who could not see her transformations going on under their very eyes, till, in his despair, he once cried out: "I expect the learned man to abjure his five senses." His works on the metamorphosis of plants and animals lay many years, neglected and rejected, because the professorial Wagners could only see "a poodle and nothing more," proclaiming often in a way friendly enough, but full of pity: "It may be a case of ocular deception in you;" just take my eyes. So too, in regard to the genetic procedure of this poem, it will be ridiculed and denied by the Wagners holding the critical fortress, who see the "poodle and nothing more," and who from their lofty perch will scout it as "ocular deception" when pointed out. Goethe, in this scene, has his little furtive laugh at his enemies, scientific and literary, who, however, will not even understand what he is laughing at, unless they see something more than the poodle in the poodle.

And now, O reader, whom I would fain take into my confidence in a slight personal matter, be not frightened off if thou hearest the violent Philistines crying out to me in the midst of this little exposition, "ocular deception;" or, if they resort to print, using ungentler words toward my personality. But, what is worse, thou mayst hear them declare, as I have heard them declare, that they would rather be a Wagner and see "nothing but a poodle," than a Faust with vision, or, at least, with some aspiration for the essence of things. A sad aspect of human nature for thee and me; but let us

pass on, for have we not now got rid of Wagner, or rather has he not got rid of himself by unconscious self-annihilation? We need not, then, trouble ourselves further about him, but follow Faust, who is now alone again, and seems bent upon finding out what is the "kernel of the poodle." This, too, should be our interest; let us now keep our eyes well open, for the signs clearly show that there are going to be some strange developments.

FAUST'S STUDY—GENESIS OF MEPHISTO.

In the last scene we saw the poodle generated; now we are to see Mephisto generated out of the poodle. We recollect that Faust went home from Easter with "two souls in his breast;" one of these souls, however, seemed to be gradually coming out of him, and strangely taking on the form of the poodle. To develop this poodle through its various stages into the real Mephisto, standing forth free in the world, not simply an internal, but an external Devil, is the thought which creates the present scene.

Metamorphosis is the manner of treatment, not in the delicate Greek style, but in the weird and often grotesque Teutonic vein; yet nothing can be called capricious, all is filled and upborne by a great and profound significance. Shapes vanish into one another in the most miraculous fashion, and compel the reader to find their thought, or to set them down as the wild visions of a madman. The genetic method is more pronounced, and more frequently used in this scene than in any other; it is quite unintelligible, unless we somehow cast ourselves into the one creative stream flowing through and uniting these forms. For our aid in attaining such a purpose, we may mark out

five distinct transformations, not sharply divided on their boundaries always, but clearly recognizable as separate stages.

1. At the very start we are caught in the waves of the old struggle, with its rises and falls, though it be in a new phase. Those ground-tones, aspiration and denial, we hear still; also the form of the soliloquy returns, this inner drama of Faust with himself, in another stage of its progress. Of the two former soliloquies, the first showed the striving to know Truth or Science; the second showed the striving to know Immortality; this, the third soliloquy, shows the third step, which is the striving to know God.

The aspiration has now become religious, and this distinctive religious color the scene will preserve for the most part. It is the impulse which Faust has brought with him from Easter, especially from the choral songs, which have left their attunement in him; of the two souls in conflict "the better soul awakes, and the wild desires go to sleep;" that sensuous suggestion of Easter is for the moment suppressed; "the love of man, even the love of God begins to stir." Soft and melodious, intoned to a celestial key-note is this strain; but hark to the sudden discordant measure breaking in; look, too, at the poodle, running up and down and snuffing at the threshold to get out; especially that "love of God" seems to have set it wild.

The poodle is, however, quieted, and the sweet heavenly tones begin again to well forth; aspiration moves on through the dark with her lamp once

more, hope holds out her hand, reason begins to speak, there rises deep longing for the source of life, for God. At this thought the poodle snarls again with his "bestial sound;" this time he is not put down, cannot be; the Easter "contentment flows no longer out of my breast." The stream has suddenly gone dry, and Faust again is "lying prostrate in thirst" on the desert.

Mere aspiration, then, will not save him; he must get out of himself, out of his emotions, and rise into knowledge, at present into the knowledge which comes through Revelation. The purest feeling will not give us God; let us seek his own utterance concerning himself, "which nowhere burns worthier and fairer than in the new Testament." Such is the new means, suggested still by Easter—Revelation, which Faust will translate out of the holy Original into his beloved German, from a dead into a living speech.

This translation from the hand of Faust, we can well imagine, will be no verbal Wagnerian one, but a translation into life, into German life. The mere inner emotion of religion and of Easter will thus rise into expression, and be made a reality which may be helpful and permanent. No dallying with the external and less important matters of the Sacred Writ now; he turns at once to the "ground-text" of the whole Book; this is the Logos of St. John, in all the New Testament perhaps the profoundest thought, and hence hardest to translate. But Faust must take that passage and none other; not because of his sophistical negative spirit, which

delights in ensnaring itself, as some interpreters have declared, but because its answer is the sole answer to his question. That passage, whatever be its explanation, is seeking to do one thing at least; to tell who God is unto men. Certainly the central fact of religion, and Faust is grasping for it.

The translation is a curious one, fluctuating in doubt, yet, on the whole, rising in worth; it runs through four phases, corresponding to so many stages of human culture and insight. To-day people translate the Bible, and, indeed, every other Great Book, as well as the great fact of the Universe in these four diverse ways. Really, the attempt is heaven-scaling—the modern Gigantomachia—nothing less than to give a definition of God, the Creator, and to make him a reality in life. The translation begins with calling Logos the word, which may be considered, in its external meaning, as the translation of Wagner, which Faust at once rejects. He passes on to translate it Mind or Sense which seems without the active principle; he supplies the want with Force which seems without spiritual principle; at last he translates Logos into the Deed, which is, verily, the Faust translation. Yes, this New Testament, if it is to be worth anything, and God himself, too, are to be translated into the Deed, transformed into the activity of life.

This Logos, in the original Greek, has quite the widest sweep of all human vocables; its two chief meanings lie at the extreme poles of man's speech—it signifies the Reason on the one hand and the Word or Utterance on the other. Hegel has called



it "a beautiful ambiguity of the Greek Word—Reason and at the same time Language." (Gesch. Phil III 314). It has been noticed that these four meanings have been held as the principles of great systems of philosophy. (See Loeper's Faust, ad loc.). Jacob Boehme says: "The beginning of all essences is the Word, as the outbreathing of God." The Mind or the inner Sense—the second translation—might correspond to the Ideas of Plato; Force, in one of its meanings might find a counterpart in the Energy of Aristotle, or in another meaning it hints of the latest theories of natural science. But these little wanderings into the by-paths of learning, we need not take too seriously; the important fact is that the New Testament is getting itself translated by Faust into the Deed; no word merely will he have.

But, behold the resistance, the poodle behaves worse than ever, this last translation makes it bark and howl unendurably. Faust will put it out of doors; no, he cannot; it grows to an enormous monster, it has become a hippotamus with terrible teeth and fiery eyes. The poodle, apparently, is getting itself translated too; this translation runs into a colossal animal, in fierce hostility to that translation of the Scriptures into the Deed. So the outcome of this new attempt to know through Revelation, has been to transform the fawning poodle into a prodigious beast which cannot be handled by direct strength.

Such is the first transformation; in that Gothic chamber of Faust another new and strange shape

has arisen, furnishing its problem. What sticks in the animal, what principle has it? To the "half-hellish" brood it must somehow belong; let us apply to it a test, the spiritual test of the ancient world; then, if that will not fetch out the kernel, let us apply to it the spiritual test of the modern world. Each has its set of magic-working symbols which are now to be employed.

2. Faust will, therefore, use not his physical but his spiritual strength, the might of exorcism, to bring out the real character of the beast. For this purpose he must again have a book; as previously he took Nostradamus to invoke the spirits, now his book is the "Key of Solomon," the Oriental man of magic wisdom, known to the Old Testament as the wisest of men, to Josephus as a conjurer, and to the Middle Ages as the reputed author of many works on the Black Art. Into such a shape has the Hebrew sage been twisted in passing through the Gothic imagination. In the present case this "Clavicula Solomonis" is employed to invoke only the "half-hellish brood," the spirits of Nature.

Here they come, listen to them singing outside in the passage; but they cannot get in to help their companion, the "old hell-lynx," who, though he be their associate in evil, is of a different order of spirits, being of the whole-hellish brood. "But take care," the pentagram, the Christian sign, lies on the threshold, that is their limit which they cannot pass; still they would like to help him, "he has done much for our pleasure." So they hover

around on the outside in response to the Key, with the wish rather than the power to aid; they are, indeed, wholly external to the present difficulty, which is in reality a Christian one.

There are two exorcisms directed at these elemental spirits; in the first Faust addresses the four elements, fire, water, air, earth, by their spirit names; as if to say, if any one of you four be in the beast, put on your natural appearance, if fire, glow ye; if water, flow ye; if air, blow ye; if earth, show ye. But none responds in it, no physical appearance is this manifestly. Faust would know it if it were, as he distinctly explains this external hocus-pocus to rest on knowledge: "Who knoweth not the force and quality of the elements, is no master over the spirits." Then comes the second and stronger incantation; again with no result: "None of the four (elements) lurks in the beast." Through these wild doings the poet has woven his thread of light, as usual, for the guidance of the diligent seeker. He will have us understand that this is not a physical, but a spiritual phenomenon; the four elements of nature, or the four elements which play such an important part in heathen philosophy cannot ban the Devil; he is Christian, not heathen, or physical. The four elements, either as nature, or as principles of philosophy, cannot answer the Faust question. The elemental Key of Solomon effects naught; hence, Faust turns to apply a new set of symbols, the Christian, to find out what is in the beast. If it be "a fugitive of hell," it will be apt to show some resistance now.

The first sign is that of the Cross, or of the crucifixion, symbol of a life of sacrifice against a life of indulgence. Behold the animal, at once it responds terribly, bristling up with deviltry, with hostility to that sign. Faust even interprets to the beast, in a fit of pious rapture, that symbol of the Great Sufferer, whose blood is "poured through all heavens." But see the transformation again; the huge animal grows even larger, becomes elephantine in size, yet thinner, less material, ready to rise in a mist to the ceiling. Still the spirit comes not out; we shall have to try our second sacred sign, "the threefold glowing light," supreme symbol of the Christian Faith, that of the Trinity. If the Devil be in thee, now he must out. And here he comes, the last trial has called him forth, opposition to the Trinity as the central truth of Christianity brings out the Devil. The Cross, the symbol of suffering and of renunciation, made him swell and bristle, and he began to vanish into a ghostly, misty shape, though still an animal; but the Trinity, symbol of the eternal thought divine, calls forth the thinking skeptical Devil in hostility to that thought, in the shape, not of an animal, but of man.

Such is the evolution of Mephisto, the product of Christianity, the embodiment of its denial, rising from the sensuous animal to the thinking man, who denies not merely with his appetites, but with his intellect. It is as if a man said at mass, "I don't believe that," and the Devil would at once rise up with the unbelief, denying the symbols of worship.

But there is another and profounder element of meaning here; Faust, who is now performing this Christian ritual, is himself a disbeliever, he goes through the forms, without any faith or heart in the matter; of course, the Devil springs up in opposition, is just the prime necessity in such a case.

Mephisto plainly originates from the Christian symbols employed in this external way, like a magic pow-wow, and not filled with their meaning and spirit. The ceremonial, hollow and meaningless, makes the skeptic, just as it, in the present scene, calls forth the denier. The difficulty is, the soul gets divorced from the form; thus, all symbolization of greatest truths, even the Christian, is in danger of dropping into ritual and mummery, and of begetting Mephisto. One incessant struggle the Church has now and will have forever: the struggle to keep religion from falling into superstition. This is its burden, which many of its own priests will shun to bear, falling back upon ceremonial and thus begetting Mephistos by the thousands. But all honor to the valiant priests who dare to take upon themselves the burden; they will suffer calumny unspeakable, particularly from their own brethren, and be called Mephistos and devils in the Church while trying to save it from the demons. Look about you, O friends, do you not see the arch-denier, gifted with argument and eloquence and wit, scoffing at all your sacred rites; he is the genuine product of your mummeries, and will burn you and them up in his hell-fire if you do not stop the jugglery. Look about you, Mephisto is among

you to-day, if you will but see, born in this very manner in which the Poet has educed him.

Our Unitarian friends, who have laid aside the Trinity as an article of Christian faith, may not be pleased to be classed, apparently, in the company of Mephisto. They are not to be classed thus, as all the world knows; really, they are a protest against mummary so strong, that they have protested themselves out of the old Church, and become the second Protestants, full of good works, enemies of superstition, especially of a soulless Tritheism, as they sometimes call that meaningless dogmatic Trinitarianism. Yet the Trinity has meaning, the profoundest, for men; its curse comes when it is declared incomprehensible to those who are to accept it and to live by it. But, after all exceptions, the truth of the Poet's view of the Devil's genesis is clear: Mephisto is born of the denial of the fundamental Christian doctrine.

At this point, too, we must see the ground of Goethe's literary procedure, of this form of hocus-pocus which he has taken. It is copied from the the reality and is true to the thought thereof; the Church had its magic, behold the gesticulations, the incantations, the Real Presence, the Transubstantiation, ever-present miracles which the faithful must believe, to the letter, and in such belief furnish the soil for the Devil's crop of imitated miracles which is sorcery. The Church's magic begot the Devil's magic, which the Church, of course, sought to put down, allowing none but its own, with a right instinct but in a wrong manner, for the

Church did have the Truth, even in a delusive shape, while the magic was pure delusion. This literary form of magic must be chosen, to show the true origin of Mephisto; these symbols of the Church the enchanter Faust employs to beget their denier, for such is the image of the reality.

From this landing place we may cast a momentary glance back at the genetic movement of the poem. The beginning was in those first lines: "Man cannot know Truth." That denial, step by step, in irresistible consequence, has unfolded into the grand denier in person, into the Devil. The everlasting No in the soul has turned into the Destroyer, as Mephisto now boldly defines himself: I am the Spirit that denies. Into this self-definition we are now to look more closely; the thought changes, and with it the literary form passes from a magic ritual into a metaphysical discussion, whereof the old Church again might furnish the example.

3. Let us first notice the costume of Mephisto; he is dressed as a medieval traveling scholastic (scholasticus is the original, not scholar) from whom we naturally expect a theological disputation. Why such an appearance just here? As the sign of the Cross, or the life of sacrifice as opposed to a life of indulgence, made the animal swell and bristle, so the sign of the Trinity, being a speculative doctrine calls forth the speculative denier in the form of man or of the intelligent being; the animal seeks its pleasure, but the man must have thought. Thus Mephisto is the scholastic product of medieval theology, but its negative product; a

full-bred theologian, but as the denier of theology. The Devil in the costume of a schoolman, he will tell all about the Devil, discourse on good and evil, quite in the abstract speech of the Schools. Hence the following theological speculation, set off with a scholastic tinge.

One defensive word concerning the interpretation of this passage. We often hear the loud protest against reading philosophy into poetry; the protest is frequently just, and is to be heeded. But what are we going to do when the philosophy is already there, not in the disguised form of poetry, but in its own native shape? Only one thing is to be done by the honest student, he must recognize it and seek to comprehend it. Perhaps such a study will help him to the thought that all great poetry has in it a philosophy, though not in an abstract form. But, at present, even the abstract form is preserved, and is made to rhyme. It is, indeed, one of the necessary phases of this universal poem, which proposes to give a complete history of a human soul, and therein a history of human spirit in general; philosophy in its own shape cannot be left out of such a work. The passage is difficult, on the most difficult of all problems, the problem of evil, just this Faust problem, indeed, discussed by the Evil One, seeking to tell his place in the Universe, from his own standpoint. The heart of the poem we might call this statement, were not its heart felt everywhere throbbing; this is rather the cold abstract heart of it, divested of its vital throb, of its living poetic movement. Courage, O

pale reader, be not afraid of the metaphysical goblin; we shall have to descend here into the depths, as hereafter in the Second Part we shall go down to the "Mothers" in similar fashion, unless thou fallest by the way. But if thou makest this present descent valiantly and successfully, it will save thee many a long, floundering, circuitous journey elsewhither, or rather nowhither.

Mephisto, being stoutly called upon, after the second demand, declares his own character, which statement may be taken as an explanation of him in the poem. He is "a part of that Power which always wills the Bad, but always works the Good." An eternally self-destroying Power, then, which is forever bringing about its opposite; thus evil is declared to be in its nature self-destructive. In any translation of this passage, let the reader be sure to leave out the words, "not understood," after "Power," which words are not in the original, and deeply pervert the meaning; for this Power can be understood, and is now being defined for no other purpose than that of being understood, though, at present, to Faust and to the reader, it be a riddle. But let the Scholastic unfold in a further proposition: "I am the spirit that always denies;" negation he is, and, we may add, in harmony with the preceding passage, as well as with a later one, he is negation pushed to self-negation. Still his devilish malice is persistent: "Every created thing is worthy of ruin; hence, it were better if nothing were created." Clinging to such passages, the pessimist has found sweet comfort in this poem,

taking Mephisto as his prototype, and only true mouthpiece of himself. "Destruction, Sin, Evil, are my proper elements,"—other forms of negation, which are also in their outcome self-negative.

And now a word upon this thought. Is evil, considered in its complete circuit, self-annihilating; is destruction really destroying itself? The greatest example of destruction is probably that of the Roman Empire, of ancient civilization, which the Barbarians are said to have destroyed. But we know that Rome was already destroyed within, her body had in it the seeds of death, when the Northern hordes appeared, swept it out of existence, destroyed indeed destruction. The Barbarians, by destroying the Roman Empire, saved the world from dissolution. So the great French upheaval of the last century, so all the vast conflagrations of History, they are dead ages burning up, not by slow decay, but by a sudden earth-embracing fire, and preparing for a new green world; they are destruction destroying destruction. Even in single, horrible calamities, we may note the same fact: Pompeii, by its destruction in antiquity, comes forth from its covering of seventeen centuries, and is now the sole surviving ancient city; its destruction destroyed its destruction and preserved it. The venomous reptile bites itself in its fury, and Satan can take none but his own.

But if this be true of the world's record in History, is it also true of the individual? Is sin in him a self-destroyer: will denial come to deny

itself? Such is the emphatic promise of this book; Faust, through his negation, is to reach the light. Already, in the "Prologue in Heaven," we heard the declaration from the lips of the Lord himself, that through all this man's confusions, "I shall soon lead him to clearness." If he strive, he will err; but through error, he will come to Truth. Error, in the complete man, is a self-cancelling, self-cleansing process; it is, in fact, his discipline unto completeness; and, if death overtake him, it can be but a stage of the total process, for we must think that he still lives to perfect himself. Not that he is to seek error voluntarily, for thus he no longer strives; his error must come through his striving for Truth. The complete man then, has in him the great fact of the world, of all history, which is, destruction destroys itself; he is the image of the truth of the Universe. This poem, accordingly, holds out to us the highest human hope, that evil in us as well as in the world, is, by its very nature, self-destructive, which is also the assurance of immortality, of death cancelling death.

We must mark another point in the character of Mephisto: he knows all about himself, describes, defines himself. Knowing the Good, he yet wills the Bad, nay, knowing that the Bad will be overborne into the Good, he still does it. How unnatural, how undramatic, how inconsistent the character, has been the various cry. Not at all, think for a moment; Mephisto must know, to be devil; if he did the Bad unknowingly, he would be

innocent. He, therefore, must be conscious of the entire sweep of his deed, and then will it and do it, out of malice and not out of ignorance. We shall find him a very knowing devil throughout the poem, else were he no devil. Truly the profoundest stroke in his characterisation, in fact, its highest synthesis, to put the description of himself into his own mouth, thus showing him to be conscious.

Mephisto has now defined himself as a constitutive part of the world-order, but that part which is to be put down; evil must come to be overcome. This explication is clothed in theological language, as it ought to be, for the Devil is now a Scholastic defining himself as his own thesis. A Part, he calls himself, not the Whole, nay, a part of the Part. Truly a double-netted riddle, as it stands; we must translate it into philosophic speech to catch any meaning. All negation, if made complete, is self-negative, it is truly the negation of the negative, and thus brings forth the positive. Mephisto is negation, hence but the first part of this complete negative process, which is again but a part of the positive; thus he may call himself a Part, or even a part of the Part, not by any means the grand totality.

Was Goethe thinking of all this when he wrote the passage? Of some such thing certainly, for here it is, not to be denied. Indeed, it is repeated now in a new set of terms, corresponding to those of Good and Evil, namely, in terms of Light and Darkness. "I am Part of the Darkness which

brought forth unto itself the Light"—Darkness, too, being a self-destroyer, and producing its opposite, Light. Thus the poet identifies his thought with some of the earliest human conceptions on this problem; we hear an echo of the cosmogony of Hesiod, who made Day the daughter of Night, possibly a faint echo of the Persian doctrine of Zoroaster, based upon the struggle between Light and Darkness; or, of the Hebrew history of Creation, in which there stands back of a world of Darkness, God, who says, "Let there be Light." Indeed, the modern theory of Natural Science is not so different: behold Laplace with his nebular hypothesis, evoking his worlds out of a primitive chaos, whose nature lies in a kind of self-negation, chaos overcoming itself into cosmos.

Thus the Devil can destroy nought in the general, but he can in the particular; hence he has hope, some hope of Faust. He has to confess that in the physical world after all his convulsions, "waves, storms, earthquakes, conflagrations," land and sea remain the same, destruction cannot touch them. And of mankind, "how many have I buried! but always a fresh new blood begins to circulate." Well may he say, "it is enough to set me crazy." From the Whole his blow ever glances off, though he smite the Part temporarily; so he hopes to smite Faust, ere the latter becomes whole. But hope or no hope, he will do the Bad; persistency in evil with knowledge is the Devil. Of Nature, he says, he has nothing left but the Flame, the devourer of material things and symbol

of negation. But even the Flame burns itself up, and ceases to be; indeed, leaves ashes from which new life will spring.

Such is this remarkable play of the Negative, a play along whose surface flashes deceptively all sophistry, but from whose depths shines steadfastly all Truth. Happy the eye which can penetrate the lying glare, and reach into the fixed source of light! Many turn away, beholding only that superficial devil-flare, and exclaim that the whole matter is a juggle of the demons. But it is just thy function, O intelligent being, to put daylight through this juggle, else it will spread night through thee. Sophistry and Truth are twin-angels, of the same father, one of whom is fallen, fallen so low, because born so high. Do not confound the two brothers, on thy life! The play of the Negative we have called it, because it is a sport, though so serious. Philosophers have caught it and held it up to us in this its twofold character; the great ancient thinker, Plato, makes it the secret driving-wheel in his double-dealing dialogues, humorous, yet deeply earnest, in which sophistry eats up sophistry; the great modern thinker, Hegel, in a far profounder vein, has seized this "play of the Negative" and driven it as a chariot of fire through all systems of thought, we may say, through the whole Universe, burning up its sophistries and appearances, and in the flames thereof illuminating the All. Yet Plato and Hegel have been called, and are still considered by some the arch-sophists of Time; in one sense this is true, they have made sophistry

refute itself, made the negation negate itself.

But the poet is now working on the same theme; though he has taken a short excursion into the metaphysical field, he will soon return to his own poetic domain, has indeed returned, while we have been talking. He must take a human character, fill it with this negation, and let it work itself out in action. Faust has now heard the Devil define himself, and Faust does not like this pure diabolism: "So thou clenchest thy Devil's fist maliciously against the healing creative Power." He even warns his associate: "Better begin something else." It is clear that Faust, still full of aspiration, will not be caught by naked abstract malice, as it appears in the clean-cut speech of the diabolic Scholastic; some other way must be found to ensnare him, wherein Mephisto will manifest a new transformation. The latter now seeks to quit the room of struggle, and escape into the free world; but no, he cannot, what's the matter? Behold a new strange image, the Gothic wood-cut of the present situation.

There lies upon the threshold the pentagram, a wonderful sign, in the form of a five-pointed star, which Mephisto cannot pass. This pentagram has had a remarkable place in Heathen and Christian symbolism; it reaches back to the time of the ancient Pythagoreans, with whom it meant health or harmony—completeness in body, soul, mind. The figure, itself, has an inward and an outward shape, each of which is complete and symmetrical; it can be drawn from any given point

without raising the pen, which always thus returns back to itself after its wanderings, like a straying soul; it can be resolved into three independent triangles, which are united into one independent form different from these triangles, thus furnishing a symbol, or, if you please, a triple symbol of the Three in One; five Alphas can be discerned in it, from which it was also called pentalpha, a five-fold hint of the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. Reuchlin calls it "a spiritual figure of Christ," and hints that the five letters of the name of Jesus have a mystic correspondence with the pentagram, which means in Greek the Five-Letter; Kepler employed it in conjuration against evil spirits; in the Middle Ages it seems to have been the custom to put it on doors and thresholds to keep off witches; even the well-known horse-shoe suspended above entrances, is said to be derived from the pentagram. Thus has the symbolising fancy played with this figure; chiefly, however, it was employed as the magic sign of Christ or of the Christian Religion; as such the poet uses it here.

Again we are compelled to ask what this strange work means, for as it stands literally, it is madness. The sign is placed upon the threshold, upon the passage between the inner and outer worlds; but the outer point of the sign is open, and lets the Devil in, while the inner point is still whole, and keeps him under, though he be inside. Religion, which the pentagram may signify, cannot hold the Evil Spirit out for Faust, because it has no truth

for him against his denial; still it stirs his aspiration and moral emotions to put down Satan within. Or, objectively, the Devil can get in, that outer point of the pentagram being broken; subjectively, Faust has the mastery, this inner point of the pentagram being still perfect.

It was, moreover, the poodle that jumped in, that desire for a sensuous life, not observing anything, unconscious, as it were; but the full-fledged Devil cannot pass out, he has been developed in this chamber out of the poodle; "now the matter looks different." Still, why does he not take a window, or some way round the pentagram? "For devils and ghosts this is the law, where they come in, there they must go out." So it is, the wicked deed must be undone; repentance is but traveling back the way one went into evil; devils have to do so in appearance at least, else they cannot get out of their difficulty. Or, to refer this magic saying back to its rational meaning, of which it is a curiously twisted Gothic image, negation must return by its own road, must negate itself. "The coming in is free to us," our own way to evil is our choice and volition; but the evil once chosen and done, there is only the one way out; "Hell itself has its law," most emphatically.

Thus the pentagram reflects the condition of Faust after the Devil has been generated in him; the forms of magic are again laid hold of, and connected with that magic genesis of the Evil One, which we have already seen. The infernal spirit of destruction manifested by the diabolic Scholas-

tic, had little attraction for Faust; he gave it permission to leave, but it could not get away, that holy sign of the pentagram lay on the way out and kept the Evil Spirit in and under. This sign, we may repeat, was broken on the outside (in the denial of Truth and Religion); but it was entire on the inside, (where aspiration and emotion dwell,) and held the Devil fast and in subjection. It is thus the present developed form of his old difficulty, the struggle between Denial and Aspiration. Feeling alone keeps the Devil down now, an inner repugnance to his malignant nature; but that feeling is next to be undermined, the Devil is to appear in a new attractive form, that of Pleasure, by which he is to pervert this emotion, the sole remaining antagonist of his. Herewith occurs his fourth prominent transformation in this scene.

4. Faust really will not let Mephisto go, since the latter has excited his curiosity by revealing to him that "Hell even has its law," and he asks in a sort of Satanic humor, whether "a contract can not be made with you gentlemen." Of course it can, and "what is promised, that shalt thou enjoy purely;" enjoyment then is the matter of the contract. The Devil seeing Faust's interest, pretends to be in a great hurry to go; but we see that he is cunningly exciting Faust by a dissembled wish for departure; the latter thinks, "let him hold the Devil who has once got him, not so easily a second time will he catch him." In truth, however, it is Faust who is caught by keeping him, and it is the Devil who is really escaping. We are not, then, surprised to

hear that the latter is ready to stay, on condition of "amusing you with my arts." This is the new role of Mephisto, to furnish amusement. What kind of amusement will it be?

At once the fact is told, "for thy senses;" the tender spirits will bring song for thine ear, pictures for thy fancy, which are "not an empty magic-show;" smell, taste, feeling, the whole sensuous element of human nature will be gratified, enchanted. Mephisto has now caught Faust, not as by scholastic subtleties, but by catering to the senses; this element we saw rise in Faust at the Easter festival. Serving the appetites and passions, the servant becomes the master. Listen to the voices suddenly hovering on the air.

They sing the famous Lullaby, in which the spiritual nature is rocked to sleep by enticing images, and the song becomes a swoon into the life of the senses. A series of dissolving views, without any fixed boundary; the whole turns to a dream, yet it finds its motive in what Faust beheld at the Easter festival, etherial memories of what was there real. We may see in this song five distinct cloud masses, floating through one another; these we shall lightly touch, for sharp lines must be left out here. (1.) The new world of delight, into which the dark Gothic arches vanish, with blue skies over head, sun and stars breaking in. (2.) The inhabitants of this new world, heavenly sons with all their enticing deeds, ending with lovers in a bower. (3.) Occupations and scenery of this world, vineyards and their wines in rivulets, flow-

ing to seas. (4.) The winged sons of Heaven flying sun-ward, and toward islands of the sea, with song and dance, which come after the wine. (5.) Aspiration is here too; some climb the heights, others swim the seas, "all into life," like Faust, whom we have seen longing for this "many-colored existence;" and all into Love too, which is indeed the main fact of this new world.

Thus, the song in a dreamy cloud-picture, reflects Faust's inner condition; a sensuous world is now the content of his vision. The measure of the song has the same effect, a rocking backward and forward by invisible spirits; up and down it goes like a cradle, in a uniform lilt which puts to sleep, for variety excites, wakes up and shakes up. Nothing is fixed, the images float into one another, likewise the syntax runs loosely about; grammatical precision is relaxed, words and their meanings dance freely through one another. A gradual loosening of all stable things, in thought, morals and grammar; the ethical world dissolves into a sensuous dream, for behold, Faust is now asleep; that feeling against the scholastic, Mephisto, is quieted, aspiration, for the moment, is lulled.

For this music of the spirits, the poet, doubtless, took the suggestion from the legend. Mephisto, in the old Faust-book, gives a magic play, "as if monks were singing, and yet nobody knew what manner of song it was." Still, in the eighteenth century, according to Loeper, at witch trials witnesses testify to have heard a tira-lira demon-music (*quinkelirende Daemonen-Musik*.) This

song of Goethe's is, indeed, a transfiguration of all the dark superstition on the subject; in it the solid world vanishes with sweet melodies into a dream of enjoyment. The triumph is in the words, "Faust sleeps;" and the voice of the new master is heard in the command: "Plunge him into a sea of delusion." Now Mephisto may exultantly declare: "thou art not yet the man to hold the Devil fast;" not long wilt thou be able to keep me down with that little inner point of the pentagram which is yet whole.

5. But even this is no longer whole; it is now assailed and destroyed, whereby takes place the last transformation of Mephisto in this scene. He is lord of the destructive element of Nature, as we know from his own definition; he, therefore, can command that ugly little destroyer, the rat, to gnaw away the obstructing point, especially if it be tipped with a drop of oil, to make it taste good. Shall we not say, that in this sensuous dream into which the whole ethical world has dissolved, the last scruple, oiled with a little pleasure, is gnawed away? Or, that the inner-sound part of instinct or moral feeling, which still remained in spite of intellectual denial, has fused somehow with that dream-cloud of pleasure and floated away? This incident, too, has its root in the legend; Mephisto must have his share in the animal world. Very deep into old Teutonic and Aryan Mythology reaches the view, that certain animals are possessed, familiars of spirits, and that all vermin, insects, rats, mice, as well as cats, nature's petty

destroyers, belong to the Great Destroyer, and are the Devil's instruments—a faith still kept alive by the solid housekeeper.

Mephisto is now free, and escapes; Faust wakes, his past experience is a vague memory that “a poodle sprang from me,” and that “a lying dream brought the Devil into my presence.” More than that, O Faust; thy last hold on the Devil is broken; he has slipped out of thy control into the world, there to meet thee, in the very next scene, on equal terms. Thou art now ready to make a contract with him, and, of course, he is ready, being sharp at a bargain.

If the Devil's malignant side, uttered in the cold dry words of the Scholastic, was hateful to Faust, the sensuous side of the Evil One, appealing to enjoyment, at first interests him, then charms him, then puts him to sleep. But the soil has been prepared, this is the phase which has been developing in him since the Easter festival when he looked out afresh upon the gay sensuous world with broken faith. Nothing now stands in the way of his rapid sweep into indulgence, no conviction, not even a moral feeling. In this lulling dream of the senses he had a distant view of “loving stars and rapturous bliss;” a prophetic view it is, hereafter to be realized in his career. The Devil is no longer held down inside, but goes forth, now a reality in the real world, where he will have to be put down anew with infinite struggle and tragic heart-moans. All of the trouble springs from that primitive No, the denial of Truth to man; still, Faust has aspira-

tion, which will not let him wholly sink in "the sea of delusion."

Thus we may grasp together the movement of this scene: there are five grand transformations of Mephisto, the principle of Evil; first, into the Poodle, growling and howling at the translation of the New Testament, which is therein to become the Deed; secondly, into the monster animal, two of them in fact, bristling and swelling out in hostility to the Cross, and to the Trinity; thirdly, into the Traveling Scholasticus, or the Devil as scholastic Theologian, taking himself for his own thesis, and defining himself as Devil; fourthly, into the caterer for the senses, conjuring up spirit-songs and sensuous dreams that end in sleep; fifthly, into the free Devil in the free world, capable of making a bargain on equal terms with Faust or anybody.

The whole runs: Truth being denied and cut out of the soul, with it goes goodness, and there remains the purely animal sediment of human nature, the gratification of the senses. All renunciation, all self-sacrifice, all faith becomes a delusion; enjoy, enjoy your only certainty is that you have a stomach, that here is the world's oyster, and that it tastes good. By all means, swallow it, man, what else art thou here for? Intellectual skepticism begins the life-line which ends in sensual indulgence, so saith the gospel according to Faust. Man at the start is an animal in propensity, but if, in addition, he get to be a devil in intellect, the animal and the devil will unite and go on a debauch together, which will not stop till the two boon com-

panions have swallowed the universe. Not merely things good to eat and drink, but woman, man, society, the institutions of civilization, will be whisked into that all-devouring maw like an oyster, and the world will be the scene of one grand Egyptian orgy. Some such debauch, it is to be feared, lies before us in this book, if it really thinks of carrying out its theme to completeness.

The use to which the ancient Faust mythus is put in the present scene, is remarkable in many ways, giving hints to poets for all time. There is hardly an incident of it which cannot be culled out of the old Faust-books somewhere, yet the meaning is transformed, and becomes filled with the deepest and strongest modern thought and struggle. In the legend, Faust has a strange dog in his company, called Prestigiar, related, doubtless, to the hell-hound of Teutonic folk-lore; also Faust sees a shadow of the Devil going round the stove, somewhat as the poodle does in this scene; when he conjures the same, it assumes sometimes the head of a man, and sometimes the head of a bear. Here we may catch a fantastic hint of the animal metamorphosis which we have just witnessed; but the grotesque Teutonism has become so radiant with spiritual history that its grotesqueness seems to sink away in a glorious classic sunrise, though still remaining Gothic. Mephisto appears in the legend also as an ecclesiastic, a monk for instance, and Faust is himself a Traveling Scholastic, as well as a student of Theology.

The poet interprets the mythus into his own

time, and thus transfigures it; he keeps its outlines, but unfolds it into the new world which lay unborn within its womb; he sees what the dumb, blind spirit of the people means in its dark mythical contortions, and raises them into harmony and beauty. Almost voiceless, quite senseless, is the mythus till the poet takes possession of it, being his by divine right, and gives to it a true utterance, transforming it from the prattle of a baby to the song of the ages. Still, the poet cannot do without it, any more than he can raise a wheat crop without the seed-corn; nor can he make it of himself, it must be given him by his age, his people, his race. The poet is an interpreter, too, in his way, an interpreter of the mythus, altogether the greatest interpreter; yet even his word needs an interpreter likewise, when it has grown dim by age, by translation, or by human insufficiency. Hence, reader, the long comment upon this scene; and, Heaven help thee! it must be made a paragraph or so longer.

We have repeatedly noticed that Mephisto is evolved in this scene; that is, its strongest peculiarity is evolution, which has thus become a literary form or method, elevated out of Nature into Spirit. Much vague talk is heard in these days about the influence of modern science upon poetry, about evolution passing into Literature, and there making a revolution. Bless you, here it is, full-fledged; it is not to be, it has been; poetry, as usual, flew ahead of science on the wings of imagination, and announced her coming; the dream of one age is

the reality of the next, and the poet is again the prophet. Well did Schelling say (see p. 56 of the present volume), that this poem "was sufficient to rejuvenate science in this age," for has not the rejuvenation followed, if not caused, at least heralded by "Faust?"

But Goethe was a scientist as well as a poet; he employed this very genetic method in his scientific studies before he elevated it into his poetic method. The spiritual bloom of his work in this field is the evolution of Mephisto, which took nearly forty years for its accomplishment in a manner satisfactory to the poet. I must think that it was this scene, mainly, that stopped him so long and compelled him to leave his first edition of "Faust" a fragment. This is truly the evolution scene of his poem, prophetic of much that is yet to be, as it has been of much that now is.

This scientific view furnishes the standpoint from which we are to regard the work. Faust is an inherent development; when people attach to him moral blame, they proceed wrongly, in my opinion. He has come to deny all basis for morals in the denial of Truth; the problem is, what is to become of a man who has no basis for moral obligation? Nor can it be said that Faust chooses the bad; he simply unfolds into certain states; grows, as it were, out of his germ like a tree. His aspiration is to reach Truth; such, too, is his preference; but the very effort to reach it has destroyed it for him. Certainly it is not his volition to deny, but the contrary.

Blame him not; let us look at him without passion or pre-possession, keeping before the mind strictly the theme, which has propounded this question: Into what will the everlasting No, laid in a human soul, work out? Spare indignation, but keep watch, noting calmly the development, step by step, not as fierce inquisitors, but as interested spectators. Clearly, moral and religious tests now lie outside of Faust, till he unfold into harmony with them, which he will do in time, if you give him a chance. But he must go his own way; behold then in him a natural evolution of a human soul in its manifold stages.

FAUST'S STUDY.—FURTHER EVOLUTION OF MEPHISTO.

The result of the last scene is that Mephisto can get in and out of Faust's Study at will; the pentagram is gnawed off and obstructs him no more; it is not wholly destroyed, but cannot hold him in and down, being broken on its inner side. Mephisto is now free, a real being in the world, and is able to make a contract on equal terms. Previously, as inner doubt and denial, he had an uncertain shadowy existence, but we have seen him develop out of a poodle into a person in Faust's Study, then into a person in the world, where he seems at present to be running about in full freedom, which he evidently enjoys.

These changes are all deeply significant, imagining spiritual changes in Faust. He has now reached that point in his career, at which he begins to give reality to denial, gives it validity in the world, though he denies all validity to thought in the world. Truth is false, but the denial of Truth is true. This contradiction lies in the first sentence: Man cannot know Truth. But Man can deny it and destroy it; thus his negative deed has reality. The first internal form of Denial in Faust has unfolded into the external form of Mephisto, who now proposes to lead him forth into a new realm.

Faust could not get the guidance of Truth thereto; he will have to take the guidance of the Devil.

If the previous scene generated Mephisto into an equal, this scene generates him into a superior. We have just beheld him unfold into a free Devil in a free world; being free, he can bind himself by a contract; being also the equal of Faust now, he can get the better of the bargain, and rise from equality to superiority. Yet this superiority is of a peculiar kind; by catering to his man, he guides and controls him, the servant is again the master.

Mephisto, it was said, has just come back from the world, into which he escaped through the destroyed point of the pentagram. How long has he been gone? This question has stopped certain critics at this point, but need not detain the present company, who, in reading "Faust," are above Time. A more important question is, what has he been doing in the world? Something diabolic, we may be assured, something which consists with his character; hereafter we shall inquire about it, indeed it will come up of itself, for this poem, being universal and taking in all, will not pass by such a fact. We heard a Christian world sound in upon us through those Easter bells; perhaps a Devil's world, too, is somewhere outside of this Faust chamber, whence Mephisto has just now arrived.

Again, we shall behold a series of changes in Mephisto, changes not so much of form as of character; he will assume various new parts in adjusting himself to his purpose. In the last scene we had metamorphoses, changes in external shape,

unfolding from the poodle into the devil, who allures by sensuous gratification. In the present scene, the external shape remains pretty much the same, while Mephisto takes on his various internal characters; transmutation he shows rather than transformation. This difference of artistic treatment lies in the matter itself; the Devil found out, at the end of the last scene, that Faust is capable of sensuous allurements, and can be put to sleep through his senses; but the way to entice him, when awake, is the present diabolic problem. The thing is settled, but the manner of doing the thing has to be found out. Mephisto will appear in four characters, in which we may still observe an internal genesis, an unfolding from companionship into authoritative guidance.

1. Mephisto now steps forward as the fine gentleman, in gay apparel; no longer the dry scholastic, but a man of the world, going forth to find out what life is, especially sensuous life. He seeks to be the companion of Faust, whom he advises to put on a similar costume, and to go along with himself. But Faust is not in a very good humor; how can he be, with the consciousness of an escaped devil now returning to him free? This is very different from the Easter mood, when he brought love of God home with him. Still he must let the monster in, for is not the outer point of the pentagram open? Nothing to keep the Devil out, who boldly announces himself, "It is I;" indeed, he compels Faust to bid him come in three times. He is no longer the poodle, slipping in un-

consciously, but he must be admitted knowingly, as Devil, on equal terms with the man. But why must the invitation be repeated thrice? Various reasons have been given: that three is a magic number; that it has to do with the Trinity, being the Devil's mockery of it, or his forced recognition of it. At any rate, the effect is that Faust is compelled to think before he acts; he is not surprised into letting the Devil in, as he might be in case of a single rap. He is conscious of this diabolic return, admits it, cannot keep it away.

The Prince of Darkness is now a gentleman, and invites Faust to be his companion in seeing life. Whereupon Faust gives a criticism of life, severe enough, and winding up the matter in a simple contrast: "Death I wish, Life I hate." Why? It fulfills no desire by day, sends frightful dreams by night; it is forever crying: "Thou must renounce," putting limits upon wishes, and cramping aspiration. It is the old dualism: "The God within my bosom can rouse my inmost spirit; the God throned above me can move nothing outwardly." Two Gods there are, inner and outer, in everlasting struggle, life is their warfare. Another statement of Faust that he cannot attain the truth of reality; intense desire but no fulfilment; the new war of the Gods. His age, too, we may mark: he is "too old to play" with desire for the fun of it, too young to be without it. This is one of his descents again; but he has now a Devil to bring home a little scoffing logic: "Why don't you kill yourself? Why did you not take that poison?"

This sneer calls forth a new outburst, as if his life secreted only gall; it is known as Faust's curse. It embraces in its sweep the entire spiritual and even material world of man, his mind, his possessions, his pleasures, even his virtues—faith and hope, which make us patient of life, and finally, patience itself. Faust curses not only Truth, which he cannot know, but curses his aspiration; curses not only life, but all that makes life endurable; yet, most deeply, he curses himself. For such is the final nature of the curse, in the old Greek as well as in the modern conception; it at last comes round to the one who utters it; behold Oedipus, then consider Lear; but Faust is already cursed in his curse. Still, he is to be redeemed from it; mankind is to be redeemed from its own curse; indeed, the extreme of the malediction is the beginning of the return of the benediction, the curse will curse itself, and fly to fresh aspiration.

For listen! do you hear those invisible spirits singing in lamentation of this curse: "Woe, woe, thou hast destroyed it, the Beautiful World," which seems to be just that world embraced in Faust's curse. Full of sympathy is the strain, not of hate; nay, it has hope in it now. Listen once more: "Mighty Son of Earth, more grandly build it up again, in thy bosom build it; begin thy new career—and new songs will make music to it." Such is the command and the promise, sounding up through the ruins of the mighty imprecation. It is impossible not to recognize this voice, aspiration again

whispers to Faust, breaks out into a sweet spirit-song, just in the last pinch of his despair. So we have noticed it continually rising at the extreme limit of negation; the curse has cursed itself, and is vanishing, a far-off gleam is thrown to the end of the poem, which is to build anew the Beautiful World in the bosom of Faust, now destroyed by his curse.

But this is just what Mephisto is to prevent; at once he speaks and claims these little spirits as his own, and interprets their song to his own meaning. The strange fact is that many critics accept the claim of Mephisto, and take his interpretation of what is here sung. But they are sadly deceived by the Devil, the father of lies, who is now lying, and perverts to his own purpose these words of the spirits, who do not urge to "desire and deeds," that is, to a sensuous life, when they sing: "Build up anew the Beautiful World." Why their lament over "the lost beauty," certainly hateful to Mephisto, which he has, in fact, himself destroyed? Why do they exhort to new construction, whereas the Devil means, according to his own definition of himself, destruction? No, these are not evil spirits subject to Mephisto, their whole purpose and essence are opposite to him; on the contrary, the voices of aspiration they are, spirit-voices, rising up from beneath the ruins of the curse. It is sad to see our friends, the critics on the side of the Devil, deceiving their readers, as he is here deceiving Faust; but when they fall into bad company what has a good man to do but to separate himself

from them, after pointing out their error, and stoutly urging them to repentance?

Mephisto, then, twists the words to his use, in order to quench the rising aspiration in Faust, or rather to turn that aspiration into a sensuous channel, as we have seen him doing already. He finds that he has to make a new proposal to Faust; companionship has not won, offer of service may win. Thus runs the present bid: "If thou wilt go with me through life, step by step, thine I am on the spot, thy servant, thy slave!" Therewith Mephisto puts on his second character, or mask, in this scene, that of the slave to Faust, one of those transmutations which are now the method.

2. The Devil being a free person, in a free world, can make a contract for his service; that is, he must have his return for his effort, as he, being an Egoist, does not propose to work for nothing. Faust, too, is aware that he must pay the price, or rather the penalty for such service, and he insists upon knowing it on the spot. Thus the proposal runs in brief: I shall serve thee here, but thou must serve me beyond. As this Beyond is nothing to Faust, he accepts the offer; it is a good bargain, as the future state is the last unreality, if man cannot know Truth. Indeed, Faust will hear not a word further of that other world with its dreams, "whether one hates or loves there, whether it has an Above or Below;" he will apply the contract at once to this life, here and now.

The substance of the contract is, When thou, O Devil, art able to satisfy my soul in its aspiration

for Truth, by the gratification of my senses, then thou canst have it. But, in such a case, he has it already; Faust is the Devil's quite as much as if he had not made the compact, as Mephisto himself says later in his soliloquy. A subtle, double-edged agreement, cutting the poor mortal in both directions, truly the offspring of Satan, who is going to win both here and beyond, by a piece of devilish jugglery.

Let us reach down into the thought still deeper, and behold these two worlds, present and future, as one. Mephisto is to be Faust's slave here, that is, in this finite existence; but Faust is to be Mephisto's slave beyond, that is, in the eternal life. But we must in thought consider the eternal life to be going now, at this moment of time; Faust lives not in the future, but in the eternal Now. The reading then will be: When thou permittest Mephisto to glut thy senses now, thou art in reality his slave in the eternal life at this moment; when he serves the sensual part, he subject the spiritual; though he be thy slave in the particular, just for that reason thou art his slave in the universal; following the senses simply, thou art with him destructive to the good, to the world-order; in fine, thou art by this contract his eternal slave, here and beyond. Such is the deep cunning that lurks in the old Teutonic myth, truly devilish in its duplicity.

But can the Devil fulfil the condition? Can he satisfy Faust's intellectual longing by gratifying his senses? This is the real point of the compact, indeed of the poem: Will indulgence still the desire

for Truth? Faust, in a new fit of aspiration, says that Mephisto cannot even understand the lofty striving of a human spirit, let alone satisfy it; then he gives a contemptuous description of pleasure as "fruit rotten before it is plucked," though its tree grows green again daily. He will enter into the contract without any fear of the result. "When I shall lay myself upon an idler's bed in peace," then take me, I am thine; "when through thy lying flattery thou canst make me satisfied with myself, or deceive me with enjoyment," take me on the spot, let that be my last day. Faust feels most deeply that his aspiration can never be contented with a mere life of pleasure.

In the Second Part, Faust, at the instant of his death will exclaim, to the passing moment: "Delay, thou art so fair," and at once Mephisto will claim him, whereat a terrible battle takes place between the demons and angels for "Faust's immortal part" in which battle the diabolic cohorts are defeated. For the Devil has really not won the wager; Faust has reached his inner contentment not through indulgence, but through a new, world-embracing activity, which, in the highest sense, has put down the Devil.

But now he will enter upon this sensuous life, since it is the only thing left after all these experiences which he has just had. Again he sinks into a paroxysm of denial and despair, when he looks back at his futile attempts with the Nature-Spirit and with the Earth-Spirit. Now, too, "the thread of thought is broken" being utterly denied;

"knowledge brings disgust," for what does it amount to, if it cannot reach Truth? "I belong to thy rank only," he is the Devil's; therefore he will fling himself "into the depths of sensuality to still the glowing passion;" possibly that may calm his yearning heart by giving some fruition to desire, though he has little hope of its efficacy. Moreover, "let every miracle be ready in its unpierced covering of magic delusion," such as we shall see in "the Witches' Kitchen" and in "The Walpurgis Night."

Two external matters are touched upon in this contract, and deserve a word of comment. Mephisto demands a written document in witness of their agreement. Whereat Faust proclaims all such papers a delusion, "a specter which everybody avoids." This is a direct consequence of his denial of all objective reality, such as law or a contract in law; honesty, "pure in the bosom," that is, subjective feeling, is the only thing; "the word dies in the pen," as soon as it gets out of the soul. Secondly, the signature must be made with a drop of blood, "which is a very peculiar juice," symbol of life, which will be torn with the tearing of the document; life is violated with the violation of the contract, so let the signer beware. In this wild, mysterious way, does the old legend try to express what is involved in the compact, here a spiritual one, turning upon life and death.

Still, aspiration remains, remains in this very resolve in which Faust seems almost to have vanished into the depths; yet out of these depths, the

depths of despair, he creates wings upon which to rise. Not pleasure alone, he will have pain too; he will have a Whole even in feeling, not the one side only, but the other as well. He will endure suffering, bear the cross if need be, feel in his own self "what is allotted to the whole of mankind." A totality he must have, even of emotion, though not of intellect; he will expand his self-hood to the self-hood of humanity, and if ruin be its end, he will perish with it.

Thus Faust has developed a new form of aspiration, whereat Mephisto gets alarmed, and has to meet the appearance by another and deeper turn in his character. Truly, Faust keeps the Devil busy. This brings us to the third transmutation of Mephisto in this scene, wherein he appears as the thought-destroyer; he is not now the scholastic theologian defining himself, but the modern philosopher, who cries out to us, as the result of his thought: Do not think, fall back into the Unconscious, dip thy helpless, struggling intellect into the river of Lethe, and thus get rid of it forever.

At this point, line 1416 of the original, where Faust says, "what is allotted to all mankind in weal and woe," he in his own self will enjoy and suffer, the poem was resumed in the Fragment of 1790, after omitting the previous 1164 lines (according to Loeper's count), which contain the Genesis of Mephisto, as just unfolded. This Genesis, though doubtless conceived, and in part written, was not fully mastered in 1790; the poet had to wait still many years for its completion,

which is first found in the edition of 1808. Such is the grand skip, embracing more than one-fourth of the entire poem, from the No of the First Soliloquy, from the speculative denial of Thought, to the full-fledged Mephisto, the Thought-destroyer, who now appears. To generate in person the Denier himself out of that first Denial, was the great task which kept the poet toiling so long, almost forty years, we must think. An immediate connection between the two, between that primal No and this Devil, may still be felt in the Fragment of 1790, though it is not there evolved.

3. That Whole which Faust aspires for, is the universality of Thought, and is the mortal foe of Mephisto, who is but a Part. Mephisto, as we have just seen, is the Understanding, which is the maker and employer of means to end, the end being a material, selfish, finite one. But Faust is Reason, or the aspiration for the same, which looks at this end, is dissatisfied with it, and puts itself, namely Reason, as the supreme end. Reason demands a totality, if not of thought, then of emotion, such as Faust has just wished for; Mephisto at once must suppress it, or go down himself.

According to him, this Whole is "the old hard bread which mankind has chewed on for many thousand years, and not a soul has yet digested it." The familiar diabolic argument again; everybody disagrees about this matter, none understand it, therefore, away with it. "This Whole was made for a God," not for us devils in darkness; not for you mortals eternally tossed in the dualism of day and

night. It seems to me that we still hear this argument of Mephisto: Truth can be known by God alone, not by man. Still, it is the Devil's suggestion, whether uttered by the professor from his chair, or by the minister from his pulpit. But Faust answers with energy, "I will," and we think he is saved. Mephisto turns to scoffing; that union of opposites, "the lion's courage, the deer's speed, the Italian's fire, the North's endurance," which the Whole must possess, is the last folly to him, the Understanding. For what is the nature of knowledge? Millions of curls on thy head, ell-high soles on thy feet, make thee no higher, "thou remainest just what thou art." True, no increase of particular knowledges will raise thee to true knowledge, which 'is the knowledge of Truth; many, many things thou mayst know, and still be ignorant, while thou mayst know one thing and be wise.

Here the blow falls heavily upon Faust; it smites him to the earth. This is his own view: man cannot know Truth; indeed, out of this view Mephisto has been generated; Faust's own Denial now comes up to him, face to face, and denies his aspiration; he meets his own creature, and it crushes him with his own Shibboleth. The everlasting No has come back to him in the form of the Devil, and we hear his pitiful outcry: "In vain I have gathered all the treasures of the human mind; I am not a hair's breadth higher, am not nearer the Infinite." True it is, O Faust, but the Infinite is not to be reached in that way, by setting

"on your head wigs of millions and millions of curls," else the wig-block were the best head, and your wig-maker the greatest philosopher.

His own Devil smites him with his own Denial, and sweeps him wholly from his final moorings with a new thunder-word: "Stop thinking!" Verily the supreme command of the Devil. Go forth into the world, use thy hands and feet and bodily organs for enjoyment; nay, use the sextuple forces of six stallions, if thou canst get them. The whole world is here for thy sensuous gratification, and thou hast the appetite. But, above all, stop thinking. "I tell thee, a fellow who speculates is like a beast lead round and round on a dry heath by an evil spirit, while near at hand lies fine green pasture." The Devil never addressed this to that other "fellow who speculates," the philosopher of the Stock Exchange, of whom the words are true to the letter, one thinks; for is not Mephisto himself the evil spirit that leads such a speculator around and around, to a final dry heath of bankruptcy and Canada?

Often have we seen and heard this piquant passage cited with approval as the true statement about thought, or as Goethe's opinion of philosophy. O friend, hast thou considered who is the author of this declaration? It is the Devil, reputed father of lies, and deceiver of mortal men. Still further, hast thou reflected what the Devil is trying to do in making this statement? No, perchance thou dost not reflect, by command having stopped thinking; it is against thy principle to reflect; then

let another make a reflection for thee: the Devil is trying to persuade Faust to give himself up wholly to sensuality, and is seeking to tear down his main obstacle. Thirdly, thou wilt find on the next page, that the Devil, when he talks over the matter to himself, knew better and was lying here consciously, Devil that he is, to ensnare Faust, and has actually ensnared thee. What Goethe's own opinion was, may be left to take care of itself; but I beg thee to look after thyself, for the Devil encompasses thee.

Faust's intellectual world is thus lying in ruins, smit by a demoniac hand; the destruction of his practical world follows hard after, and in logical sequence. He is a teacher, hence, it may be supposed, a teacher of what he knows; but he knows nothing, assuredly his vocation is gone. We are not surprised to hear Mephisto say: Let us be off at once, out of this place of martyrdom, the school-room. For what is teaching now but to "pester brats" with something they cannot learn—"straw-threshing?" Moreover, "the best thing you know, you dare not say to the boys;" what that best thing is, we have probably just learned, and we shall soon hear Mephisto say it to a boy.

That boy, a new student, is in the passage, waiting for entrance; poor Faust, with the school-master wholly knocked out of him, can only say: "It is not possible for me to see him." His vocation is gone, he must get ready "in a quarter of an hour" to make in company with Mephisto that new "beautiful journey" into life. But Mephisto will

see the student; this is just his opportunity to strike a fresh blow; he slips into Faust's pedagogical coat and cap, "the wit I shall furnish." Herewith comes a new transmutation, the fourth one of this scene; Mephisto has not only destroyed Faust's vocation, but has usurped it, to destroy the pupil's vocation; we may now expect him to teach the shortest cut to diabolism. But let us not condemn even the devil beforehand; nay, look at him sympathetically.

4. Mephisto as teacher, in Faust's place and costume, is now the spectacle. He has developed into a free being in a free world, with his own character quite independent of Faust. Moreover, he has, too, his own soliloquy, in which he talks with himself upon this Faust question; to another he may lie, to himself he will tell the truth or what he believes to be the truth, as the Devil even can have no interest in deceiving himself, in fact he must not deceive himself, whatever may be his mistakes. Listen to his testimony: "Despise but Reason and Science, man's all-highest power; follow but the delusion and magic of the Spirit of Lies, then I shall have thee unconditionally," without any contract. Mark those very important and carefully chosen words: Reason, not Understanding, that faculty which grasps Wholes or Truth; Science, not subjective knowledge, but Truth, as existent in the world. The lesson then is: Despise but that activity of man which knows Truth, and Truth itself, and thou art mine already. "If he had not subscribed himself

to the Devil, still he must perish." The contract becomes but a formality, an outer appearance, being already complete in its inner essence. Yes, the man who dares contract himself to the Devil, is the Devil's without contract.

We see here, as we have already seen, that Mephisto is the knower of himself; his deception of Faust is conscious, intentional, must be so to be the Devil's. He describes Faust's spirit as the infinitely striving one, to be satisfied only by thought; if it renounces this and seeks pleasure, then it is lost. So, when Mephisto gave the advice to Faust: "Stop thinking," he knew better, or rather, he knew that was the way to ruin his victim. He is the Devil because he persists knowingly in his destructive course, he is the self-conscious villain. He has no aspiration for Truth like Faust, though he knows of it. Herein the two are in contrast; Faust does not know Truth, but wants it; Mephisto does know of it, but does not want it; nay, he wants to destroy it.

Such is the meaning, in our view, of this famous soliloquy of Mephisto, in which he praises Reason, which he had before condemned to the Lord in the "Prologue in Heaven," and in which he recognizes himself generally as deceiver, destroyer, devil. The passage has given great trouble to the commentators, who cannot understand how Mephisto should know or think himself so bad. The milder ones of them explain away the supposed difficulty, by saying that Mephisto here falls out of his role, and is made to voice Goethe's own opinion; but

the more audacious ones see in the passage, the dual and inconsistent character of Mephisto, which is but a phase of the general inconsistency between the earlier and later portions of "Faust." (See Introduction to this book, p. 61.)

Here, too, we must think, the difficulty lies in the commentators, and not in the poet. In fact, this soliloquy, instead of dividing Mephisto into two contradictory parts, is really the cap-stone which unites and completes his character. By this monologue and by it alone, he is shown as one who knows the better, but does the worse; that is, not a creature of passionate impulse, but a malicious fiend with intention. If he did not know better, he would be quite innocent; if he did not know "Reason and Science" as the highest good, he could not be devil, with all his evil doings. This monologue is, therefore, necessary to the last degree; it rounds out Mephisto's character to its completeness, in a self-conscious choice of evil. If it were not, then Mephisto would be truly a dualism, deeply inconsistent, quite unintelligible. Still, therefore, we must think that the poet knew better how to construct the Devil, than the critics; he stands above the Evil Spirit, while they, good men doubtless in all other respects, are but too prone to come under Mephisto's influence in reading this poem.

But Mephisto is teacher, and we are to see him in this character. The new scholar steps forward to receive his first lesson; we may call him the young Faust, recognizable by his free spirit, his

love of nature, and chiefly, by his boundless aspiration for knowledge: "I would like to know what is in Heaven and on Earth." That instinct of the mother, "who would hardly let him go," is a true touch, a maternal instinct of the future of her boy.

Mephisto recounts before him the studies of the German University, in all their negative characteristics. Their positive worth he is careful not to mention; with such flavor and satirical humor is the thing told, that the whole passage is often considered as Goethe's view of the University curriculum. The question is repeatedly asked, How shall we consider these opinions? Are they Goethe's own, or Mephisto's? Certainly they are Mephisto's, and belong to his character; in his mouth they find their true comment. They may have been Goethe's too, wholly or in part, at some period of his life, especially in his earlier years, when we know that the inadequate side of University study presented itself very strongly to him. Still this talk with the student, whether expressing Goethe's views or not, is put by the poet into the mouth of Mephisto; this is the final fact of it, and that by which it must be judged—it is Mephistophelean. First, Logic is taken up as the essence of hollow formalism, and the foundation of all formal knowledge, and is literally burnt up in a blaze of sarcastic humor, which is Mephisto's own—and, possibly, an echo of the poet's disgust while at the University of Leipzig.

Mephisto now gives in advance an account of the "four Faculties," which we have already heard

of in the first lines of the poem. All knowledge is therein condemned beforehand for the student; first, comes Philosophy which has but a "fine word for what goes into, or does not go into, the brain;" then Jurisprudence is judged, "as an eternal sickness passing from generation to generation," while the natural right of man is disregarded; Theology, too, has in it "much hidden poison," and the best thing to do is to "hold fast to words," and "swear by the words of the master." The everlasting revolt of the young against the old, of the free unorganized aspiration against the fixed organized reality is here expressed.

But there is a fourth Faculty, that of Medicine, how about it? His advice hitherto has been dissuasive, but now he "will play the devil aright," and give some positive suggestion. Medicine, too, as a science, is worthless; "you study through both worlds, the great and little, in order to let the matter go at last as God wills." But the practice of Medicine offers a splendid chance for sensuality: "particularly learn how to control women;" about the nature of this control, the Devil leaves the young fellow in no doubt. At this Faculty the student takes fire and cries: "That looks better, one sees at least where and how." The Devil clinches the point like a good theologian, by a biblical allusion: "Green is the golden tree of Life;" but all theory, or if please, the tree of knowledge is grey, very hazy. Such seems to be the Devil's opinion of those two famous Mosaic trees.

Our student is certainly making rapid progress

under the tuition of Mephisto; he has in a short talk arrived at the rejection of knowledge in the four Faculties, which point it took Faust ten years of hard study to attain. Very rapid progress, it must be confessed; still further, the student has chosen, for his practical activity in life, the practice of Medicine, on account of its opportunity for diabolism; he is thus transformed into a Mephisto without ten years' study. Both Faust and the student are Mephisto's now. Thus the cycle of the poem sweeps back to the beginning, and shows us the young Faust long previous to the First Soliloquy, with Mephisto as teacher. The vocation of the student also is destroyed, the youth is perverted; here we have landed with our doctrine that man cannot know Truth.

Such instruction as this of Mephisto has not ceased in the world, we have it to-day in our schools and colleges. The unknowability of knowledge we hear preached steadfastly, and the exhortation goes forth even from the Thinker: "Don't think." It is Mephisto in his assumed pedagogical robe, talking from the professional chair, writing books, holding lectures, showing by a long process of thought that there is no thought. Intellect has come to deny intellect, wherein it is our chief insight to see that Mephisto is ultimately the self-destroyer, though on his way to self-destruction he tries to drag in all others, and partly succeeds. What he can do in the line of education when his word is listened to, may be witnessed in this student, who is so rapidly conducted to a sensuous,

possibly sensual life. Again the psychological fact springs into view: the denial of the intellect leads to the indulgence of the senses.

That innocent, deluded student cannot leave without a motto in his album—a perpetual reminder of this interview. What will the Devil write therein? The whole has been a sort of repetition of the Eden scene, in which paradisaical innocence was lost; he will, therefore, take his place, his old place, to which Scripture allots him, that of deceiving the innocent, with the promise: Ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil. It is the Devil's promise again, in the Garden of Eden, yet cunningly transferred into this modern life. Still, Mephisto, when the student has left him, will in a short soliloquy again show that he knows the better, though advising the worse: Eat the forbidden fruit of indulgence, follow the old saying of the serpent, which promises likeness to God in such knowledge—that likeness will indeed be your sorrow. Certainly, Goethe will have us see that the Devil is conscious in his deviltry, else he were no Devil. Mephisto must know his own negative nature, and its outcome; he must know that Truth is, but he wills it not, refuses to place himself in harmony with it, or aspire for it. At this point he becomes pointedly individualized, the synthesis of his character is complete; he has become altogether distinct from Faust, from whom he has sprung; the creature, for the time being, knows more than its creator, and is now the lord over him. Such is at present the relation between the

two, Faust has generated his master, who is to continue sway through the next grand stadium of the poem, when he will be put down. Mephisto has to know the Truth in order to deny it—which knowledge Faust does not possess.

Each, Faust and Mephisto, has become the shadow, but the inverted shadow of the other; the one aspires for Truth, but does not know it, the other knows it, but does not aspire for it, but for the Lie, the Bad. The one with sound heart but perverted head, is man, full of error, in his wandering toward Heaven; the other with sound head but corrupted heart, is the Devil, full of malice, on his way to Hell. Counterparts we must see them, two sides of one great world-character, which, when its dualism is overcome, we may still call Faust, the complete Faust, with intellect and aspiration reconciled, wherein the head and heart of man, like the head and heart of God, are no longer discordant, but are the two grand notes of one universal harmony.

Forth the student goes, a graduate of Mephisto's University for the present; yet the poet will pick him up again in the Second Part, and give him quite a different place. Faust returns to Mephisto, no longer as Teacher or Thinker, such vocation has departed forever; but as traveler and sight-seer he is now to behold the large and little worlds. Not well prepared he deems himself; but "we need only spread out our cloak;" clothes make people says the adage, and Mephisto is the master of appearances. Then "a little fire-air," and up we go

like a balloon; but whither? A new career has opened to Faust, and with it a new chapter of this poem begins.

Somewhere here the poet threw out a disputation scene, as superfluous, and it is so, for what can be gained by it? The scholastic devil has already been heard to a sufficiency, defining himself as evil, and is not agreeable to Faust; a further disputation could effect nothing, let it be cut out. But the fact hints much in regard to the poet, showing that he had a Plan or Idea, and rigidly excluded all that did not fit into the same. This poem is not, then, a helter-skelter performance, a series of layers, as some critics would have us believe; at least it was not such to its author, who manifestly arranged its scenes, not by their time of growth, but by their thought; this thought we too must seek, if we wish to grasp the poem in his spirit.

In the present scene then, we have passed through four stages of the development of Mephisto, which carries along with itself that of Faust. The first stage is that of a gay companion in life, but this life, even in its bitterest curse, has in it a spark of hope, and generates aspiration, which begins to sing unconsciously, out of the very bottom of Faust's despair, the song of the spirits. The second stage is the pact, in which Mephisto, to drown this hopeful aspiration, offers himself as a slave, by contract, to furnish means of indulgence, which contract Faust enters into, but will have a Whole of emotion, both of pain and pleasure. Thirdly, Mephisto now assails this Whole or

Universal, which really rests upon Thought; hence he appears as Thought-destroyer, and with it the destroyer of Faust's vocation, who, in some form or other, is a teacher of Thought. Fourthly, the vocation being emptied of Faust, Mephisto assumes it, in order to destroy the pupil and his vocation, and to bring him to the present condition of Faust, without ten years' study, and without such a battle with the Devil. Mephisto having thus secured control by destroying Faust's practical life as well as theoretical, he will conduct Faust into the world, which we strongly suspect will be his world, a genuine Mephistophelean realm of indulgence.

Yes, this world of Mephisto has now become the important matter. Already we found that he once escaped from Faust by gnawing off the inner point of the pentagram. Whither did he go? He must have had a home outside, or must have built one; probably that is the way he came to be in the world in the first place—by gnawing off the inner point of the pentagram. But where he was then, we cannot tell; but whither he is going now, we do know, or shall find out in the following scenes. We shall discover that Mephisto has already been out in the world, and there built a habitation, whither he is going to conduct Faust for good or bad entertainment.

We recollect that this is the second time that Faust has been enticed forth into the world. Those Easter bells held him back from the final leap, and sent him out to a holiday. There he beheld

Christendom, or the world based on Christianity, but the Christian element thereof he rejected, and found his sympathy with the sensuous side, which he took home in the form of the poodle; out of this animal grew Mephisto, who is now leading him forth to the second reality, which will not be a Christendom, based on the suppression of appetites, but a Devildom, based upon their gratification.

We are now to see Faust quitting his life of internal brooding and speculation, and going forth into the world. This new realm seems an external one, quite opposite to the introspective habit of his life hitherto; its appearance is strongly marked by the poet, who divides it into the "little and great worlds," which division we may consider for a moment. The little world here mentioned is not the well-known microcosm, which Faust has already largely traveled through in the preceding scenes; both are, then, divisions of the macrocosm or external world. The commentators are pretty generally agreed that the rest of the poem is here thrown into two grand masses, the one of which includes the Family and civil life, and extends to the end of the First Part, the other takes up the state and court-life, and embraces the entire Second Part. In a general way this distinction is true and must be retained; it indicates that henceforth the framework of the poem is institutional, and moves in an objective, and not merely a subjective sphere, as has been the case hitherto. Let the reader be congratulated now upon "the new career" which opens before him, too, in the rest of this poem.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Every close reader will observe, at the scene called "Auerbach's Cellar," a great change in the movement of the poem; it seems to pass, and really does pass, out of an internal world of thoughts into an external world of actions. We move with the hero from the narrow, stifling study into the free, boundless horizon of life, with new aims and a new scene of endeavor. What does it mean? What is its connection with the total poem? What does it embrace? To these questions an answer may be attempted in a little Introduction.

Here, then, is an organic joint of the whole work, a vital turn in the poetic structure, which we must not simply feel, but comprehend. At this point the First Part of "Faust" ends one of its main divisions and begins another; the first main division we have followed up to the present change, showing the inner experience of Faust with denial, out of which he has generated Mephisto, who now stands forth a reality in the world. Bitter has been this struggle inside the man; but now we are to behold it transferred outside of him; wherefore we may call it the external struggle—Faust's wrestle with the world and with the devil in the world. For this world into which he goes, or is led, has a Devil in it, just as Faust had a Devil in

himself, and still has; the man with the Mephisto in him is to pass into a sphere with the Mephisto in it; the two will naturally be drawn together by the common bond, Mephisto, who is now to be guide. This Mephistophelean sphere exists as the solidest fact, demonstrable to the eyesight of every human being; the Devil created it, possibly at the time when he escaped from the man Faust, by knawing off the inner point of the pentagram, for then he must have had a good opportunity. At any rate it is, and our task is to find it and identify it. Henceforth, then, we are to see Faust moving in this new realm, quite different from the one which he has dwelt in hitherto.

We may well draw down our eye-brows with a little study at this point, and seek to make our glance pierce to the necessary ground of this important transition. Denial, as we have seen, has taken on a real form, and therewith is a reality; it is no longer internal merely, but has transformed itself to a demonic principle, or agent, who has, too, his own world. For denial must deny something which exists, it cannot remain cooped up in the mind, otherwise it has no meaning, no reality. But mark the process! in the very act of denying what exists, denial acquires existence; in destroying a world, it creates a world of its own. Mephisto is not simply the denier, who says no to everything; he is the active demiurge, who goes to work and builds a world upon his denial. Already we have seen him, the speculative denier, in the

garb of the scholastic, transform himself at once into the active caterer to the senses, wherein we must observe that denial, put into practice, and quitting theory, turns to the gratification of the appetites. So, Mephisto, having escaped from the mind into life, will erect his practical denial into a temple of sensuous indulgence. Now, let us see how he does it.

This world of reality has two sides, or elements, that of the senses and that of the spirit. The senses belong to man, and are a necessary part of his nature, not to be ignored or outraged by ascetic restraints, but to be granted their just rights. Still, their highest end is, that they be transfigured into spirit; they are to be made the bearers of an unseen spiritual world. This spiritual world is not an empty, intangible abstraction, spun out of the brain of the philosopher or enthusiast; it is the great fact of man's life, being what we usually denominate the world of institutions, which has its own solid existence. Institutions, then, exist in order that man may have a rational life, and not a sensuous one merely; they are the transfiguration of the senses, and give sustenance, not to the body merely, but to the spiritual nature.

Now if a man enter this world of institutions, with the conviction that there is no Truth, no spiritual entity whatever, he must deny their rational side, and dwell in their sensuous side merely. This is the Mephisto element in institutions, in full correspondence with the Mephisto element in man, who, giving practical effect to his negative

conviction, will proceed to batter down the rational side of institutions, and erect upon the ruins a new institutional world, which is based upon the senses as the sole reality. This is the world which we are now to witness, springing out of denial, in hostility to rational institutions; we shall call it the Perverted World, inasmuch as it is the grand perversion of the senses, turning reason upside down, and revealing Mephisto's realm, in which the indulgence, and not the control of the appetites and passions is the basis of an institutional organization. This Perverted World is already existent somehow, and in good running order; into it Faust must be conducted with that devilish element in him; truly he cannot help going, in fact he cannot help creating this world.

Who will be his guide? We have not far to look; already that guide is at hand, and has reported for duty; none other than old Splay-foot himself. Mephisto will conduct Faust to "see the little and then the great world;" what these spheres will be in general, we may now understand. They will not reveal the rational or spiritual element of the real world, the positive institutions which man's spirit has built up and indwells; they will not be the ethical order of society. They will rather be the negation of all these, for Mephisto is now real denial, his No is realized into an active organism; not speculative doubt, not intellectual negation, but practical denial busy at work in the world, and raised to an independent power. In other words, Mephisto is no longer

subjective, but objective; this negative spirit remains not a mere denying, in thought or speech, but organizes a kingdom of its own, an institution we may call it, but an institution hostile to institutions.

This negative institutional realm, or the Perverted World is now to be represented to us in three leading phases, in three separate scenes. These are named "Auerbach Cellar," "Witches' Kitchen," "Walpurgis-Night." Strange places of perversion, they all exist in society, yet in hostility to the ethical purpose of society; they are organized institutions against institutions, just the realm which Mephisto has made for his glory, and into which he proposes to lead Faust in a new career. All are based upon the indulgence of appetites, or at least upon the gratification of some individual aim, as ambition, fame, gain; the universal end is totally denied. In all three the rational purpose of existence is lost in a carnival of the senses and of selfish pursuits; founded upon the absence of such rational purpose, we behold a society, or if you please, a world, a world which has lost its balance in its cosmical orbit and toppled over, top downwards and bottom upwards, and is sailing on through Time in that way.

In all these scenes, then, life becomes an orgy; for what else can it become, when stripped of its rational purpose, and turned over to the appetites? Herein lies the ground of the strange form into which they are cast, a new literary form which we may call the orgiastic, portraying a world of revel

in which the serious end of life is gone. That which has lost its rational element, must show itself as irrational, and take the very form thereof; as a man does crazy things, when he no longer has his reason, so here we see, not a man, but a world gone crazy, devoid of its rational element, and given over to the most absurd doings. To show a Perverted World, we must have, as it were, a perverted form, if we wish to reveal the true thing; here it is, a most audacious attempt, yet the poet has to make it, if he be really going to unfold his Faust theme exhaustively. Nonsense is in this writing assuredly, but in the nonsense you must see the sense, and furthermore you must see the necessity for this nonsensical garb springing from the subject. We have had the genetic form hitherto, which has generated Mephisto as the controlling power in the world of Faust; hence it has generated also just this orgiastic form, in true consonance with the whole movement. Nor is this form unfaithful to nature; man, in his debauch, commits all sorts of absurdities, because the rational end has gone out of his actions. But Nature is not imaged here in all her grossness, as she is, for instance, in parts of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure;" her coarsest features are veiled in a cunning symbolism, which makes great demands upon the reader, yet pays him an extraordinary compliment, since it takes for granted that he is endowed with a double vision, or second literary sight which beholds the sense in the nonsense, or rather, sees in one the mad method and the sane

meaning. A very difficult portion of the poem, hardly yet understood, as far as our reading of commentators has gone; also a new literary form which has not yet entered the consciousness of critics.

We may now proceed to look at the organization of the Perverted World, as it is wrought out in the poem. As before stated, this world is based upon the subordination of the rational end to appetite, or to some personal end; reason is unkinged, and the world becomes perverted.

I. The first phase, shown in "Auerbach's Cellar," we may call the Perverted Tavern. Now, taverns have their true place in the social organism, but this one clearly has a perverted place, and is perverting society. We all must eat and drink; the rational purpose of eating and drinking is, however, to sustain life, but the rational purpose of life is not nearly to sustain eating and drinking. *results* When these are made ends in themselves, and followed as the last object of human endeavor, their true relation is perverted, and man becomes bestial.

Accordingly, we see before us a world, whose denizens are seeking the gratification of one appetite, that of drink, and in this appetite they are sunk. But in the background is the great organized interest—saloon-keeper, brewer, distiller—which caters to this appetite, nourishes it, and often defends it in more than one way, nay, builds upon it a world. Hither Mephisto brings Faust



to experience a phase of this world, which is his own. But Faust, with the old aspiration still in him, does not like it very well, and so we pass to the next.

II. The second phase of the Perverted World is shown in the Family, which is an institution with its two sides, rational and sensuous, and which, therefore, may in like manner be perverted by Mephisto. The primary form of physical appetite is to renovate the human body by food and drink, which appetite falls into bestiality, when it is made the sole end of life, as we have just seen.

The second form of physical appetite, with which we have now to do, is directed toward the reproduction of the human species; the one appetite drives man to the continuation of himself, the other to the continuation of his race. The sexual element subordinated to the rational one, and transfigured into the ethical life of man and woman, gives the true Family, which, however, becomes just the opposite by inverting the relation of its two elements. The two sides of the Family in its process of perversion will be shown by the poet in two separate movements, which are as follows:

1. WITCHES' KITCHEN. The second appetite, above mentioned, when it becomes an end unto itself, and loses its rational purpose, produces carnality, which also has its realm represented in this poem, called the "Witches' Kitchen," a realm which we may name the Perverted Family. The woman, betrayed, banished from the true Family, even outlawed and trampled upon with scorn, goes

forth into the world; there, true to her domestic instinct, she organizes a new Family about her—for Family she must have, with hearth and home—but it is the Perverted Family, based upon sexual gratification alone, without the rational end. It, too, shows itself in society in an organized form, a world all to itself, a Family in deadly hostility to the Family, secretly undermining it and scourging it.

Thither Faust is led by Mephisto, whose realm this is too, in order "to still the passionate desire," but Faust finds little satisfaction in his visit. Only in one respect does his imagination seem to have been touched; in that magic mirror he catches a glimpse of the ideal human shape, and begins to long for the Beautiful; it is the birth of his classic tendency. Hitherto we have hardly observed a trace of his aesthetic nature, he has been absorbed so deeply in his struggle for philosophic truth. But now the hidden germ throws up the first tender sprout; we see in him the possibility of Art, which will be unfolded to its fulness in the Second Part.

2. THE STORY OF MARGARET. This gives the obverse side to the Perverted Family; we may call it the history of the true Family, in its career toward perversion and ruin. In this portion, we see how Mephisto works, subjecting, by every kind of artifice and argument, the rational to the sensuous element. It is that witches' draught which now enters and destroys, transforming the Ethical into the Perverted Family. A tragic story, since the characters cannot make the passage to perversion without death; they, the members of the true

Family, all perish in the process. Here then lies the tragedy of the Family, a theme employed by poets since literature began, and hence familiar to the common consciousness and common life of mankind. This is, therefore, the plainest part of the poem, no new literary form has to be employed, but the oldest; accordingly, the story of Margaret is better known than any other portion of "Faust." Yet, really, it is but a bit out of the total drama, and it cannot be adequately understood unless one sees its place in the entire organism of the poem.

III. Above the Family is a higher totality, that of Society. In it are the same elements, the rational and the sensuous, and the same danger of perversion. This sphere, to a certain extent, includes the other two previously unfolded, but it is itself also. When the social organism is dragged down to a means for mere selfish ends—money, fame, ambition, appetite, passion—whatever they be, then it becomes perverted. This society is transferred to the Brocken, a witch-mountain of Germany, on Walpurgis Night, and a witch world is again employed to image perverted human doings.

Two phases are given:

1. WALPURGIS NIGHT. In general, social Brocken, with its pursuit of sensuous, material, personal ends, to the suppression of the spiritual or universal end of man and society; verily, a struggle among individuals to reach the top in business, fashion, wealth.

2. WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM. An appendix to the preceding, showing Literary and Intellectual Brocken; the narrow ends of Intellect, in its one-sided pursuits.

Such is the organism of this Perverted World, which has now met us with its problem. A mighty superstructure, one will think; a vast dome, over-arching and enclosing this portion of the poem; what shall we say to it, rising suddenly out of thin air, as it were, and taking the form of the solid fact? Very naturally the first question is: did Goethe have all this in mind when he wrote the poem? And, if he had not, must we not say that it has no existence outside of the interpreter's fancy? Many times already have these questions been asked and discussed; many times more will they be asked and discussed; a short wrestle with them now is again in order.

The first question really shies the main point, which should be: What stands here written?—not, What was the poet thinking of when he wrote this passage? If we have Mephisto's realm shown forth, if we behold a series of scenes portraying a Perverted World, then we must cling to the fact, whatever be our theory in reference to the poet's knowing or not knowing what he was about. Make up, then, your mind impartially whether this conception of a Perverted World is demanded by the text or not. But, in the next place, we may grant that the poet was not conscious of his procedure, that he builded wiser than he knew. Animals, even, are unmathematical builders, who often build

most mathematically; when the mathematician comes along, and measures their work, it is no answer to his measurement to say that the animals did not know mathematics. But Goethe was something more than an animal; he was a man, a wise man, one who knew; it is the last absurdity to think that the wise man knows everything, but is ignorant of himself; or that Goethe, the most thoughtful artist that ever lived, should understand man and the world, but not his own art. If the Perverted World be here—which is the fact the reader must settle for himself by direct inspection—the poet probably knew of it. Still, for it there are always two kinds of vision, that of Faust and that of Wagner, one of which can see the Devil lurking in the Poodle, and the other can see nothing but the Poodle.

But we may well think that the poet gradually grew into the full comprehension of this Perverted World, and of its place and meaning in his poem. A history of its three scenes will bring out this fact more plainly: "Auerbach's Cellar" was written in 1775, according to good evidence; it is, therefore, one of the earliest parts of "Faust," and with all its fullness and freshness it is not clear in its purpose or its form. The youthful poet is felt, with his eye on immediate sensuous effects, yet with his world unconsciously struggling within him. "The Witches' Kitchen" was written in 1788, at Rome, when the poet had reached middle age; in it we see the perverted form complete and imaging the perverted Family. A great develop-

ment lies between these two scenes; yet the germ of the second is in the first. They still further unfold into the third scene, "Walpurgis Night," which did not appear in the Fragment of 1790, but in the completed First Part of 1808, being written, probably, a few years earlier, when Goethe was on the threshold of old age. Thus the Perverted World, like Goethe's view of Nature, like Goethe's literary work, like Goethe himself is a development in time; it unfolds into completeness through three stages of life—youth, middle-age, old-age. In the last stage at least, we may fairly suppose that the poet knew, on looking back, pretty well what he had done.

The mythical treatment of the Perverted World is Goethe's own, as it is not contained in any of its three phases, directly in the Faust legend, though, to the poet's imagination, they are suggested by it, and in harmony with it. "Auerbach Cellar" is not found in the old Faust book, though there be something similar; nor is the "Witches' Kitchen" found there, though the cookery of witches is famous in Teutonic folk-lore, and is well-known from Shakespeare's "Macbeth;" the mythus of Walpurgis Night, likewise, has not been discovered in any ancient Faust-book, though it, too, is a part of the people's transmitted mythical treasure. The poet appears here the mythologist, as well as the poet, not simply re-writing the mythus, but re-constructing it, and organizing it into a new life, according to his thought, yet in harmony with its own nature. Thus the mythus grows in the hands

of the poet, unfolds into its true being; what was before but the scattered lispings of an infant, becomes a full-grown musical speech, reflecting a world.

AUERBACH'S CELLAR.

This scene, taken by itself, is a little comedy which rests upon the delusion of the senses. It shows how man, yielding to the control of appetite, and subordinating thereto his reason, turns to a persistent absurdity, and leads a life of folly. In this drama of the Perverted Tavern, the senses are seen defeating themselves in their own domain; without the corrective of the rational element they assail and lead astray one another, and thus make a comedy of themselves. The form of the scene is that of a debauch, in which man loses his true relation in the world, and drops into an absurd, comic existence. Mephisto is, of course, the leader, deluding the senses through appetite, in a grotesque, magic way, not fully explicable in each detail, but clear in the general design. This is his world, being founded upon physical pleasure as the supreme end of life; he has made it, and hither he leads Faust, in the hope of making him a permanent citizen. Such is the compact: the Devil is to satisfy the soul's cravings by sensuous indulgence; behold, here is one of his temples, let us enter.

I. The company, though not of the best kind, we shall get acquainted with at once, for we are now taking a trip through the Perverted World,

and must not be squeamish. Listen to their first words: "Will no one drink? no one laugh?" Manifestly, a serious purpose of life is not here; gratification is the note, to which they are attuned. What they long for is "a folly" or "something swinish;" no occupation, but indulgence. "Kittens pursuing their own tails" form the narrow circle of their joys, which harmless play, we observe, has always a tendency to pass into a brawl.

There seems to be no decided evidence in the scene that this is a company of students, as the commentators very generally affirm, though the locality be Leipzig, and though Leipzig have a university, in which Goethe once studied. Keep to the caption, which is, "a carousal of jolly fellows." They are that class well known to our social polity as bummers, the inmates of the Perverted Tavern, the merry set to whom "every day is festival," as long as the tavern-keeper will give credit. Here, too, they show their political tendency which has enormously unfolded in the genial clime of our Western world. Listen to their double shout: "Hurrah for Freedom! Hurrah for Wine"—the two grand doctrines of the bummers' evangel.

All these characters are a mass in which we can notice but a slight differentiation. Frosch seems a little ruder and grosser than the others, Brander, possibly a little finer and better educated, Siebel is older, "bald-pated and thick-bellied," rather more ready for a quarrel and keener in detecting deceit; it is he who cries out at the end, "All was cheat, lie, and delusion." Altmayer, on the con-

trary, seems the most credulous of the set, yet always scenting some trick; he sees the pair riding out the cellar-door on a wine-cask, and his last word implies belief in the miracle. Still there are no sharp outlines, the characters are not strongly individualized, and cannot be; they are a mass, and represent masses, the bummers who move and follow in herds, with that common shout: Hurrah for freedom and wine.

In this happy condition men will sing, and their freedom is shown in their songs. It means freedom from ethical restraint; hence we hear sly scoffs at Church and State, the great institutions of the world, which are based on a principle quite the reverse of that of "Auerbach's Cellar;" obscenity, too, freedom of speech, is their great fountain of wit. Love, also, will appear in the company, cannot be kept out; but it means lust, not the emotion of the Family. The "Lay of the Rat" describes the victim well, with the poison of sensual appetite in his body; as one of them observes, "he sees in the swollen rat his exact picture," which expression is, indeed, an interpretation of the song. Goethe is said to have composed this song upon himself, while writhing in the tortures of his love for Lili; well, if he did, he knew where to put it, and by whom it ought to be sung.

Such are the bummers and their world, still existent and active in our society, the product of Mephisto, ever busy. An organized world, with money, yea, with weapons, ready for fight always, in case its power is assailed. Have we not seen it

in our cities, with grand hurrahs for freedom and wine, put to flight its foes and revel in their spoils? An institution based upon the supremacy of appetite, and not of reason, hence the enemy of true institutions; but break off! Who is that coming in at the door? Mephisto, the father of this realm, bringing one who does not seem to be a bummer.

II. This is Faust, who is to see "how easy a thing life can be made," if one only knows how. The bummers are not without their vanity; being puffed up in body, they must, for harmony's sake, be puffed up a little in spirit, bloated with wine and self-conceit. They at once take the newcomers to be greenhorns from a country town, while they belong to Leipzig, "a little Paris which cultivates its people," of which culture they are specimens, graduates of the beer-house. They see in Faust and Mephisto good subjects for a practical joke, and will "put the screws to them." Well may Mephisto exclaim: "these people don't know when the Devil has them by the collar." A comic set, who are now to get back what they intended to give, two to one, for the prince of practical jokers "has them by the collar," and is starting the dance.

Mephisto knows his people, is at once a good fellow among good fellows, and sings for them the "Lay of the Flea," the object of which is, apparently, to make that troublesome parasite the symbol of the minister, the man of authority, who rises at court, and leaves other folks behind. The

bummers applaud and vociferate, understanding some covert political satire in it, though it may just as well apply to themselves, who are parasites of the body politic, if there be such insects. Then the shout tells all, "Hurrah for freedom and wine," which is their own definition of themselves.

Clearly, there are two kinds of freedom in this world of ours, as we have noticed that there are two kinds of institutions: the one freedom having reason on top and the animal under, the other having the animal on top and reason under. The latter is the bummers' freedom, the perverted freedom of the Perverted World; the freedom to gratify appetite and passion against the behest of an ethical world-order. It is the freedom of Caliban: "Freedom, hey-day, hey-day, freedom; freedom, freedom, hey-day, freedom!"

We are now to witness the outcome of this comedy of the senses; in fact, this whole perverted realm is to be shown as delusion, not resting upon truth, but upon appearance. Mephisto is both the deluder and the punisher of delusion, as usual; he is, moreover, the chief comic character here, as he first calls up and then blows to nothing his own world, like a bubble. The literary form is a strange, mysterious one, of which the particulars are put under a magic veil; but the main facts can be picked out, and will show the meaning clearly. First, Mephisto gratifies the appetite of these people, by giving them drink; each gets his favorite beverage, and plenty of it—truly the work of Me-

phisto. Of course, excess follows, with the penalty; the liquid turns to flame and burns, which, as Mephisto expressly declares, results from their "bestiality," since, in their own image, they are "happy as five hundred sows." Then they get angry at Mephisto, who has gratified their appetite—not at all at themselves, who wanted and took the drink; they rush upon him with drawn knives, will slay this external Devil, who really is but themselves, their own Devil, who is punishing them. Finally, the whole sensuous world turns to a delusion, to "false shape and word," in this drunken fit; unreal fantasms intervene; instead of reaching Mephisto, they seize one another—by the nose; thus they find themselves, when sobered up, but Mephisto has fled. A comic retribution we see; the man who throws away the rational end of life becomes irrational, an absurdity and a hallucination. The senses, too, deprived of their content of reason, are mad, delusive, and the world turns to a fantastic orgy; they, having no truth in them, are an untruth, a deception. Our daily vision even, we must correct; the Sun above our heads seems to be moving, scampering about in the sky, but is not; it appears to our senses the opposite of that which it is, to our reason.

Three phases of perversion shine through this little comedy, all of them resulting from the loss of the rational element in the senses: first, the delusive appearance in the visible world outside of us; secondly, the destruction of the moral world within us; thirdly, the erection of a world based

upon indulgence, which we have specially called here the Perverted Tavern. This last is but dimly shadowed in the scene, and lies mostly in the background in cloudy wrappage, but we must draw it out to clearness as a real thing in order to understand the meaning, the connection, as well as the form of this little comedy. If we look about us, we shall find the Perverted Tavern in our midst, not slinking away into some remote corner of the town or city, but organized, energetic, asserting its right to build a world upon appetite, as an integral part of man's freedom. Let men drink, with reason always as bar-keeper; but an institution, as we may call it, based upon turning men into swine, is Mephisto's, and here are the swine, in their wallow, "happy as five hundred sows."

Faust, true to his aspiration can find no satisfaction in these wild doings; clearly, this sort of indulgence is not going to still his thirst for Truth; except a short salute on entering, the only words he says are: "I would like to be off now." This world of license, destroying the world of institutions is repugnant to him; the experience for him is, if there be no truth to correct the senses, man is but the victim of delusion; and, if there be no truth to correct the senses' debauch, man is but the victim of the devil.

THE WITCHES' KITCHEN.

Even more than the last scene does this scene startle and perplex the reader. Its meaning is enigmatic, its literary form is strange and repulsive; what can we do with the monstrosity? There are two methods of dealing with it; one is to follow the almost universal cry, proclaiming that there is no sense or coherent purpose in it, that it is but a grand mystification on the part of the poet, intended to puzzle his reader, or to start the commentators off on a false scent of some deep hidden meaning, and so turn the laugh upon them; whereat, not a few of said commentators, in a furtive chuckle imply that they have been too cunning to fall into the trap.

But if this scene have no sense, and no substantive place in the thought and development of the poem, what becomes of that Great Book, which we are now supposed to be studying, called Goethe's "Faust?" Certainly it can have no organic structure as a whole, no necessity in its unfolding thought, no inner connection whatever; and the greatest poet of three centuries in his greatest work is but a literary juggler. Such a view we cannot admit for a moment; furthermore, we could never bring ourselves to write a word of comment upon such a book. We shall have to be reckoned

possibly among the less cunning, or more unbalanced expositors, who really have faith in the man and in his work. We are able, therefore, to attribute this scene, not to Goethe's caprice or willfulness in any shape, but only to his loyalty to his art.

There is, then, a second method of dealing with this and all other scenes of the master, which seem, at first view, unaccountable, according to any standard of taste or reason: this method is to study them till they yield their secret. Perplexing they are, quite outside of all usual literary forms and defiant of all known literary canons; still this is just the reason why Goethe is an original poet: he flies beyond our old rules, he introduces new standards of judgment, which have to be learned, not from some treatise on poetry, but from the poem itself. He is not lawless, but he makes his own law for his poetic world.

Such should be the honest spirit of the student of "Faust;" he must wait till he find the poet's criterion, and not judge him by some standard totally foreign to him; the ordinary critical tests are seen to break down completely when applied to the present work. Criticism must take its instruments for measuring this book from the book itself, for it is original. No old pattern will fit it; rather, the new patterns are to be made after it; if not a new criticism, at least a new phase thereof must spring from it. Such has always been the case with the Great Books of the world, the Originals: they make criticism, which before them was not.

We have now come to a part of "Faust" in which we must recall the first principle of universal literary judgment, which is that the great work is to be seen by its own lights. This "Witches' Kitchen" loudly demands a new standard, the old ones are helpless. "But I do not like it." Who are you, that your likes or dislikes are to determine the worth of the work of the master? Nor did Faust like "the mad witch-work;" still, there it is, and must be gone through; I doubt if Goethe himself liked it. You, too, must go through it, and find out the reality of it. A new poem indeed, in which you must read what you dislike, and see therein the rational element; yet most true to life, in which one has also to do very often what one dislikes, because it is the rational thing to do. "Poetry is not for my amusement then?" Not at all, no great poetry is; though it give you pleasure at times, it may, too, give you pain. The poet has not you with your little standard in mind, not your delight or your sorrow—he has before him the deepest, vastest, truest thing of his age, of all ages—to that, and to that alone is his fealty. Your pleasure, O reader! get rid of that egotism; turn to the magazine which has that end, for no Great Book has it, or can have it, and be great. And its author, always the supreme man of his age, is not a mountebank whose object is to amuse you, not a time-killer helping you murder your vacant hours for so much hard cash.

It is often supposed that Goethe himself regarded this scene and "Walpurgis Night" as

nonsense. A passage is cited by many commentators from his conversations reported by Falk: "they (the expositors) have never yet rightly succeeded in interpreting that dramatic-humoristic nonsense," namely, of those two scenes. The later critics, those after the time of Goethe, with this passage in mind, have rather shied all interpretation, or have held, as Mr. Taylor does, that there is "no necessary coherence between the ideas" of the poet, who here shows simply "his wilful spirit." But the passage above cited is misunderstood by these critics, who have taken only the half of it, and that, too, the negative half. Read it again, and you will find that the poet says there is a meaning in these scenes, though the expositors have not hit upon it, have not "rightly succeeded in interpreting" it, which certainly implies that there is a right interpretation of the same. But he also says, in the above passage, that it is non-sense; so we have a scene in which there is a sense, yet it is non-sense.

Now, this statement of Goethe's, strange as it seems, taken in its completeness--and completeness includes both its sides, and not one merely—is just the right clew to the interpretation. This scene has a "Sinn" in its "Unsinn," a sense in its non-sense, a method in its madness, a rational element in its very irrationality. A contradiction, you say; certainly, it is; but under this contradiction you must find the reconciling thought, and not stick fast in the meshes of denial, for it is Mephisto, that is, the Devil, who cannot harmonize

contradictions, saying, in this very scene, that "a contradiction is just as mysterious to a wise man as to a fool." But the wise man will see the difficulty, and solve it; here he will see that the form is wild, absurd, but that in this absurdity lurks the purpose and the meaning of the poet. The scene is indeed an orgy, but just therein lies its necessity, nay, its superintending reason. To hold these two contradictory sides together, and see them as one and harmonious, is now the grand duty of the student, who therein will become acquainted with a new literary form—a very strange, but very real fact. Let him not dismiss the scene as incoherent and meaningless, as crazy, and nothing else; but let him follow truly the words of Goethe himself, which speak of the sense in the non-sense, in the very passage commonly cited to prove the contrary: wherein again he will find food for reflection.

In order to place the matter in a clearer light, if possible, we shall sum up the main difficulties of the scene under three heads:

1st. It is difficult to see what connection the scene has with the rest of the poem, what place it has in the organization of the whole. But it is to be grasped, in its true relation, as one phase or element of the total Perverted World, through which Faust is now to pass, according to the argument of the work. Thus it is seen as an organic link in the Whole, which without it would be incomplete.

2d. If it be difficult to get the connection of

this scene with the rest of the poem, still more difficult is it to find out what meaning this scene has in itself. But this, too, is to be unfolded from the conception of the Perverted Family, which it in its wild doings represents.

3d. The greatest difficulty is the mad form which the poet employs, and which seems at first to darken more than to illuminate the work. But this too, springs from the perversion, which demands, in true harmony with the theme, a perverted method, as we may call it, a literary procedure, consonant with the subject. Not a caprice of the poet, then, are we to behold here, but the deepest requirement of his theme; nor is this scene an interpolated satire on literary tendencies, or a satire on anything; still less "a burlesque on the machinery of witchcraft." It is itself, and nothing else; still, what it is, must be seen with that vision which looks into the inner necessity of things.

The duty and the method of the student have now begun to clear up, we hope; he is to see a meaning in the scene, a meaning in its very absurdity, a sense in its non-sense: which double nature of it is now to be unfolded, as our part of the task. But he must also see its connection with what goes before, and what comes after, in fine, he must not rest till he behold the entire scene, and the entire Perverted World, as an organic link, without which this Faust poem could not hold itself together.

There is a short introduction to the scene, which gives the conversation between Faust and

Mephisto before they have fully entered the "Witches' Kitchen," loitering apparently somewhere, about the portal. We find that now the grand object held out to Faust is the restoration to youth. This fulfilment of his aspiration Mephisto promises; but it is clear that there are two meanings in the promise. Mephisto means a return to the youth of physical desire, a rejuvenation of the passions, which have become blunt in the middle-aged man of study, who will thus be made to "cast off thirty years from his body." But Faust means that he may get rid of the burden of thirty years of thought and struggle, and be restored to that first buoyancy and hope of youth, to that early aspiration, unchecked by the doubt and negation which have come with thinking. Such are the two different meanings of this "restoration of youth"—the one is the Devil's, the other is the thought-burdened man's, who hopes therein to find his relief.

The means of Mephisto is the witch, through whom he will wake up the sleeping passion by indulgence. But Faust has a strong aversion to the witch and her methods; he feels that his new hope is shattered if Mephisto cannot get something better; he asks for "some balsam found in Nature or invented by a noble mind," which can give back youth. It is the old aspiration seeking to preserve its freshness from the canker of denial; but Mephisto again suppresses it by his scoffing answer: Yes, there is another way; take a spade and dig, narrow your life down to that of the humblest

peasant, quench all your aspiration to know truth. Of course Faust cannot follow this precept, it would be death. Only one other way; hence he must to the witch.

An elixir of life, then, is to be brewed afresh here, a potion much spoken of in witch-lore, and the old hag still claims to be able to make everybody young but herself. In the present case "the Devil has taught it, but cannot make it," his spirit is in the thing, if not his bodily manipulation. The poet has seized this rude mythical thought, still alive among the people, and transmuted it into a new, though kindred meaning; the cookery of the witches is well-known to all English-speaking persons from the scene in "Macbeth." Restoration to youth has its two sides, physical and spiritual; the one is Mephisto's reality, the other is Faust's aspiration, which suddenly rises up again at this point for a moment. But it is also stifled again, for behold! the two have passed all outer doors and halls, and have entered the very heart of the "Witches' Kitchen," where we, in company with them, are to regard the inmates with all the ceremony and etiquette of the witch-world.

The scene falls into two parts, the line of division being where the chief witch enters; the first part shows the inmates of the perverted household and their doings; the second gives the witch with her draught. Through both these parts move Faust and Mephisto, each showing his character and un-

folding his aptitudes in accordance with the circumstances.

I. As they enter the Witches' abode, they perceive the Family there, consisting of male, female, and little ones. They are called animals, though they have human speech and intelligence; the animal Family we may name it, that is, the Family with its rational or spiritual element eliminated. To represent such a perverted institution, the poet has introduced a perverted mythologic animal which he calls a sea-cat, or mercat, analogous to our merman and mermaid in thought and linguistic formation. They are also called apes, and puppets, by way of devil's endearment; but oftener simply cats. This feline idea should not be lost in the translation; they have the cat-nature in the human, fawn upon the comers, yet are sly and treacherous, with hidden claws, liable to scratch the caressing hand; also they are prowling night animals, for a sensual purpose; we must somehow have the "cat" in the translation; mercat is the monstrosity we need for our thought, if not for our speech.

It seems that the witch is not at home, but had gone out "on a carouse," and that her passage was "by the chimney," the secret and the filthy way. She stays till they have "warmed their paws;" at the same time, they are engaged in cooking a "broad beggar's broth," for which, according to Mephisto, there is a large patronage, it being manifestly of the vendible kind. The male mercat approaches and solicits Mephisto, fawningly, cat-like, yet well knowing his man: "Cast the dice, at

once;" is the urgent invitation, "make me rich," this whole matter being for pay. We hear, too, the usual whine: "I am bad off;" rent is due, for instance; "if I had money, I would be in my senses;" but as it is, he is out of his senses, not rational, but an animal. If he were rich, he would cease from being a beast, would give up the business of a procurer. Reader, if thou wilt incline thine ear to the low whisper of that man, darting out the shadow of a lamp, after nightfall, on the street of any large city—particularly in sunny, perverted Italy, where this scene was written—thou wilt hear this solicitation of the mercat; and at thy indignant reproach of manhood fallen to beasthood, thou wilt get this answer: "Oh, if I had money, I had reason!"—not my will, but my need compels. Whatever else this scene be to thy taste or distaste, it is human life at our very doorsteps. Yet, what would the mercat do if he had money? Gamble it away in the lottery, as Mephisto thinks, or with the forbidden dice, perchance, into whose luck he seeks to inveigle others.

There follows now a series of symbols of witchcraft, the globe, seive, pot, brush, crown, intending to portray the process toward the culminating act of the "Witches' Kitchen." The globe, with which the young merkittens have been playing, is now rolled into the midst, and the mercat tells the meaning: "The globe is the world." Herewith he gives his view of the world, or, "Weltanschauung," as the Germans call it; no wonder he thinks it is "hollow" inside, though it "glitters;" it is but

of "potter's clay," and will become "potsherds." Such is the mercat's view of the world, an utterly false thing to him; next he holds the seive before his mate, the female mercat, and lets her look through it, whereby she "recognizes the thief," or sees her man of the two before her; the seive, we may suppose, strains her glances to the requisite degree of fineness. Such is her function in this witch-world, "to look through a seive." Mephisto meanwhile is "getting nearer the fire," and asks about "that pot" on it; then comes the laugh from the feline pair: "A fool, not to know the pot!" Whereat the brush is given into his hand and he stretches out upon the settle, playing with the brush, exclaiming:

Here sit I like the King upon his throne,
I hold the scepter here, I lack the crown alone.

Truly Mephisto is the king of this witch-world, and the crown he will have too, here it comes offered to him by the "animals," the kittens, which crown is of the sort to be "limed with sweat and blood," in which act it is broken into two pieces. Certain commentators have seen a satire on some literary tendency, in the words "rhyme" and "poet;" but the rhymes are here not literally, but figuratively applied, and the process here is far other than the poetic process, the latter being now but the metaphor; these "thoughts," too, are the mercats' thoughts in their work, not a bard's; these "candid poets" are the animals, very realistic in word and deed. At this point "the cauldron boils over," and produces "a great flame out of the

chimney," down which the grand witch in chief comes flying. But we shall first turn back to our visitors, Mephisto and Faust, and see what they make of the mercat family.

Mephisto seems quite at home, as we have already noticed; he delights in "the tender animals," goes about asking questions with a knowing, sensual leer, and has them describe their furniture, exchanges ambiguities, revels in their nonsense. This is his world, or the family thereof, a delightful orgy of the senses.

But to Faust these creatures are utterly absurd and disgusting, till he looks into the magic mirror, which has been held up before him, apparently, when Mephisto was playing with the brush on the settle. That magic mirror is the human body reflecting the ideal; Faust now sees it for the first time, nude doubtless, in this place; to him it is not a merely lewd vision, but an image of beauty, which contains the possibility of the noblest Art; the gift of the "Witches' Kitchen," through all its grossness is the beautiful human form, which Goethe considered the crowning work of Nature. The cloistered student Faust has never before had such a glimpse, which as yet is not clear but hovers far "in a fog," particularly in such a place. Well may we take as sincere and innocent his cry: "Can woman be so beautiful?" A new knowledge, a new world indeed, the Greek world with its sculpture, with its suggestion and its model—such he beholds "in that body stretched out," to him the essence of all heavens. Yet, that body has a double

tendency, to hell and to heaven; it is the magic mirror of ideal beauty, or the instrument of grossest bestial gratification. Both phases are here in this Witches' Kitchen, represented in Faust and Mephisto; both are in the world, and to some degree in every person. Again gleams forth that aspiration so deeply planted in Faust; in the very temple of lust it has given him a distant view of Helen. Mark it well, for hereafter it will become his absorbing pursuit, he will have to produce her, rescue her, marry her.

So throughout the wild revel of passion the two tendencies are indicated; Mephisto continues to point to the animals, the gross realities, and talk and act with them, while Faust continues to peer into the magic mirror, the ideal of those human shapes, and to glow in ecstatic vision. "I shall go stark mad," he cries; at last his "bosom begins to burn," and he feels that he "must get away quickly." There is indeed danger; the fire is bursting out of the chimney, when the absent mistress, the old hag herself, in full deformity appears.

II. This witch is the mistress who seems to hold under her domination the family of human animals, the mercats. She comes at the right moment, is, as it were, generated out of this carnival of passion, she is to furnish a cup of "that well-known juice," which is the aim and fruition of this visit. The pot, boiling over, produces the flames which "singes the witch," who must be near, in fact in the chimney, out of which she springs with vengeful cries. The witch is indeed singed,

and she proposes to singe in turn the whole company, she flings upon everybody these same flames with the curse: "The fire-pain into your bones." But Mephisto, used to such brothel-scenes, soon puts down the devil with the devil; she is made to recognize him as her "lord and master," even under his new dress, which exhibits him not as the old clovenfoot with horns and tail, known so well to our ancestors, but as the refined gentleman, "for culture has sleeked over the Devil too." Nor must she call him Satan, who has long since passed into fable, though men thereby are no better: "the Evil One is gone, the evil ones remain." These piercing lines touch the negative side in all culture, which does not put down Satan, but may wake him, as in the case of Faust. He may be a cavalier, too, with all the external graces, but internally he is the same old Devil, behold his coat of arms in this gesture, so long familiar to the witch.

The cup of "well-known juice" is now to be brewed and drunk; such a cup as the witch alone prepares, the old witch it must be, "for years double its power." Amid strange gestures, and senseless ceremonies, the pretences, delusions mystifications, which are to cover the gross sensuality of the draught, she gets it ready; the whole thing being absurd and repugnant to Faust and to us, though Mephisto finds his delight therein. She declaims from a book, as if she were reading from the bible like a priest, the witches' creed, in which the sense fantastically glimmers through the nonsense. But it has the very logic of indulgence in

its sibyllic figures: "out of one make ten" draughts of transgression; "let two pass" without further thought, "make three even" in number, namely, four, and so on with rapid increment, from five and six make seven and eight, until the culmination is reached, when "nine is but one, and ten is none at all." This time don't count, says the toper, who is forever going to swear off; "ten times is none at all," so he begins over again. Such is the witches' multiplication table, multiplying itself at a fearful rate, showing the very law of indulgence. These figures do not lie; but how absurd! Yes, the whole affair manifests no supremacy of reason, but the reverse. Still, in the non-sense behold the sense. Well may the witch declare, that "the high power of her science is concealed from the whole world," in its irrational form; still it is "given to him who thinks not, he has it without the care" of thought. Faust cannot understand her, he seems to hear in her words, "a chorus of a hundred thousand fools;" still he does not need to understand her to take her draught; hereafter, he may find her out.

The comment of Mephisto upon the witches' multiplication table, has been variously interpreted by critics. He evidently hits at the doctrine of Trinity, in the expression: "It has been the way, at all times, to scatter error instead of truth by Three and One and One and Three." The witch has made no such statement; her multiplication table is not a Trinitarian document; the Devil twists her figures to his own purpose. It is Mephisto's view of the Trinity, a negative one, in ac-

cord with his character; perhaps it was Goethe's opinion, too; if it be, he identifies himself with Mephisto, whom he certainly had in himself.

As Faust touches the draught to his lips, a little flame leaps out, whereat he well may hesitate for a moment; clearly there is some danger in it, possibly that "fire-pain" of the witch, that burns into the bones. But, down with it! Can a man who stands face to face with the Devil be afraid? He takes the draught; the witches "break the magic circle," and Faust steps forth another man, with that draught in his body, which will make him "see Helen in every woman," that is Mephisto's Helen. The witch, at parting, gives him a song "of particular effect," it is her lay, which he is henceforth to sing. Mephisto says, "Now, thou wilt appreciate thy noble leisure," and he explains the draught still further; "soon thou wilt feel with inner joy, how Cupid rouses himself and springs hither and thither."

Faust, having drunk the juice of the "Witches' Kitchen," has become young, in the Mephistophelean sense, young in the new-awakened, passionate desire. Previously, with the mercats, he indulged his eye, and beheld the human form in its ideal possibilities; but with the witch he has tasted the sexual delights of the Perverted Family; with what result we are soon to see, in his career with Margaret. Yet, even now, the aspiration rises out the sensual slough for a moment, and seeks to transfigure it into something nobler; he asks to look into the magic mirror once more before leaving,

and to behold "that image of woman so beautiful," to which little wish Mephisto naturally gives a double No. But hope is yet for Faust, in that little wish, almost the last sign of possible redemption. The art-ideal revealed in the human body he will not lose; it is the positive thing which he carries away from the "Witches' Kitchen."

It is well known that this scene was written in Rome by Goethe, when he was surrounded by the classic forms of ancient sculpture. It is in his so-called symbolic vein, though not composed in his old age; it refutes the common, but hasty opinion, that only the senile Goethe, in the Second Part of Faust, wrote in this style. The two tendencies of the poem, of his own nature, indeed, of the whole intellectual world, are seen in Mephisto, with his spiritual image in the Northern Witch, and Faust with his spiritual image in the Classic Helen. Both tendencies the poet felt in himself, the Germanic and the Greek, during his stay at Rome. The transformation of the sensuous nature of man through Classic Art, he has hinted, alongside of its degradation through indulgence. Rome herself, in her ruins, could furnish him with a world-historical example of what is set forth in this scene. In the Third Act of the Second Part, he will show all antiquity passing away in a debauch of the senses. Thus, the "Witches' Kitchen," however Gothic its form, may well have been suggested by Rome, in the language of her art and of her ruins; both Helen and the Witch are still to be seen in the Eternal City.

If Faust is to pass through all the phases of the Perverted World, which springs from his negation, he must pass through the "Witches' Kitchen," or the Perverted Family. The theme demands it most rigidly, and the poet must be true to his theme, and not to the scruples of his readers. His loyalty is to his art, and not to any man or set of men; that art, too, will be found in ultimate harmony with the best human interests. The thing had to be done, or the poet must cowardly resign his great work, that is, give up being a poet. He had the courage, and we are to reap the fruit.

Moreover, he had to create a new form for this matter, it could not be portrayed directly in all its grossness, as some poets, Shakespeare for instance, have done. The orgy, employed as a symbol, is the method and the true one, yet thrown into the vesture of a myth. The orgy is passion and passion's doings without the rational content which passion may have. So here the rational content of the Family is eliminated, only the sexual appetite remains, which, of necessity, becomes an orgy, an irrational maze of word and deed. Yet just in this meaningless hocus-pocus we are to see the meaning; we must not see pure sense in these doings, nor pure lack of sense, the two must be united, in spite of Mephisto's saying: "A contradiction is just as mysterious to a wise man as to a fool." In these strange shapes the sexual nature of man is portrayed without its spiritual elevation into the Family, in which that nature is transfigured and becomes filled with the holiest emotion, love.

Nor can it be said that this scene is beautiful in the ordinary sense; only as a part of one universal scheme does it have an harmonious place and add its music to the spheres. It hints of another art beyond art, that catholic art which takes in even the repulsive element of the world, the ugly itself; the enemy of art is thus reconciled to art by the supreme artistic charity of this universal poem. Unreason, too, seems to be picked up from its outcast position by the benevolence of reason, and made a part of the poetic order, and thus cured of its irrational condition. Even insanity has been found in these days to have its rationale, which the physician must study; so let the reader be not satisfied, till he has discovered the rationale of this crazy scene, and beholds the sense in its non-sense.

THE STORY OF MARGARET.

With the introduction of Margaret, we have the direct counterpart to the Witches' Kitchen. The True Family now enters the scene, but it is to be perverted and destroyed by the man who has in his body the draught of the witch. Faust is young again, passion is rejuvenated; he goes forth from his new indulgence, and meets the first girl on the street; it is the honest maiden of humble life coming from her prayers and confession of sins which she never committed; the typical girl, bearing in her the domestic and religious instincts of her community, indeed, of all Christendom. What will become of her if she meet with Faust, the grand denier of her entire world of duty and faith, and having in addition within him that potion which makes him "see a Helen in every woman?" Such is the next part of our theme in due order—the True Family perverted and destroyed.

It will here be necessary to say a few words concerning the Family and Church, Margaret's institutional world, which is now broken into by Faust, and, as far as she is its supporter and representative, is annihilated. The two belong together in her instinct, and are the source of the beauty, devotion, and tragic pathos of her character.

THE FAMILY.—This has, as its essential process, the difference of sex elevating itself into the oneness of marriage. The difference is the beginning, the natural side, that of sex, which, however, must be transformed into the spiritual element, whereby the latter becomes the union of man and woman into a new personality, as it were, over each of them as individuals, which personality is called the Family. Thus the Family is seen to have two sides or phases, the sensuous or emotional, and the spiritual or rational. Now, its function is to fill the sensuous nature of man with the spiritual and eternal element, whereby, passion, which is transitory, is transmuted into love, which is permanent and holy. If, however, the sensuous element alone has sway, the degraded phase of life appears, in which the Family becomes perverted.

Thus the old difficulty turns up afresh: Faust denies the spiritual element of the Family, while the sensuous element of his nature has been intensified to youthful potency by the witch's draught. Yet he has a longing for just this spiritual element, for the ideal side, but his skepticism crushes his faith therein. Just as we have seen him denying Truth, but having the strongest aspiration for it, so he ignores in his head the spiritual element of the Family, while he is impelled to its unity through his heart; he will love, yet without attaining the final fruition of love in the marriage of man and woman. Thus the old conflict, with its rises and its falls, opens in a new phase; now it lies between love, and the denial of love in mere

lust. Still, the emotion will overwhelm him in spite of his denial; through love he will first feel, if not see, Truth. His hard individuality will melt in love, his defiant skepticism cannot resist it, even though it compel him to give himself up to something higher than himself. Faust will get his first experience of the reality of Truth through love; intellect, however, will not be conquered by it, but his heart will. The way thereto is long, and a way of battle and fierce self-conflict; still it has on it the glimmer of the dawn.

The Family is the sexual transfiguration of the race. Through this truth Faust is to pass with his denial; let us once more see what it means. Each individual is born into this life of nature with sex upon him or her; like every phase of sensuous existence, this sex is to be made over into a spiritual existence, it is to be transfigured. The sexual twain become a new person, each is but a member of the one Family, and sex drops down to a vanishing element, vanishing forever into love, into union. This word, love, is applied to the emotion of Family in all its stages—from its primal stage, when it first begins to fuse the refractory individual, the first touch of the flame, as it is sometimes called, to the supreme reposeful period of marriage. Each member participates in this unity, whereby caprice or momentary ebullition of desire is purified and made an eternal glow of serene emotion. Love starts as a caprice, rises to love as a passion, ends with love as a duty. In the last form, it simmers down from volcanic upheavals and restless-

ness, and becomes man's sunny rational existence. This state Faust cannot reach with the negation in him; but we shall behold him in the other states.

THE CHURCH.-- But the duty of man is to transfigure his whole finite existence, and not merely the sexual part thereof; he is to become not only a domestic but also religious being; all his earthly deeds are to radiate with the spiritual light of heaven. His life is to be filled and watched over by another and higher institution, which is the Family, as it were, universalized; this is the Church, which properly includes the entire human race in one vast Family, whose members are knit together in emotion, whose unity centers in a new personality, God, and whose deepest tie is still expressed by that word love, love of God.

The Church, the universal Family, is, therefore, the chosen protector of the special Family; in guarding the latter, it is guarding its own essence, which is born at the domestic hearth. The emotion of love, which first springs from the family, becomes universal in Religion, and expresses the supreme relation of the individual to his fellow-man, and to his Creator. Still, further, this love organizes itself into an institution, which secures and promotes it through worship, as the abiding principle of finite existence. A new transfiguration is religion, the transfiguration of life—life in its totality.

These are the two institutions which hold their protecting shield over Margaret; she has them both within her, as her spiritual part, in the form

of emotion; but she has, too, the sexual element within her, in the form of emotion also; the two sides of her nature thus mingled in feeling, how shall she distinguish, how subject the passion to the reason? Completely, by knowledge alone, though the training of instinct may go far. Margaret has not intelligence to this degree; she lives in emotion without thought, her rational control is to come from without, from her two institutions. Hence, if she can be removed from the direct influence of these, her two protecting angels, represented in her mother and her priest, she may be confused, undermined, destroyed. This will take place at the house of Martha.

Faust has intellect, but it denies the truth of the domestic relation, and hands him over to the senses. Yet his new emotion, love, is perpetually exalting him into that sphere which his intellect denies; between the two tendencies lies his conflict. Margaret has not intellect, at least, not intellect unfolded into conscious reason; she has the rational principle in her, but in the form of feeling. She is not, therefore, the self-centered woman, the one who is able to meet Faust, the intellectual destroyer of her world.

Such is the word of the great poet of the century on woman. The great philosopher of the century has said about the same thing: Man is the active, objective principle, woman is the passive, subjective; man is thought, woman is feeling; man clings to the Universal, woman to the Individual; she can possess fancy, wit, culture—but not phil-

osophy. If this be the finality of her, then she is and must eternally remain a tragic character; or, if she be saved, her salvation depends on her not meeting a Faust. Such, probably, has been her lot in the past; but the new woman assuredly must take possession of her intellectual birthright, and therein be all the more a woman; I say, she will be able to meet a Faust on his own ground, and not only a Faust, but Mephisto himself. We can see such a woman in training in our Western world, but Goethe never beheld her, Hegel never beheld her, never could behold her in that European life; they have saved the man, but not the woman. Yet, the time and all humanity cries out that she, too, must be saved, here and now, in this world, as well as Faust; the next great literary Bible must show this among other things. On our American soil, then, material seems to be gathering for a new world-book; the necessity of it lies deep in the throes of the period, and is prophetic of its coming.

We notice in this part a great change in literary form. The vague, weird symbolism of the preceding scene is dropped, and all is told in the most direct natural style; the legend of Faust is also set aside, and the mythical coloring changes to the straightforward reality. For this reason, the present part of Faust is best known; it is the story of the ordinary domestic life of men. This part is also acted more than any other part; it takes the common content of the drama, love and its conflicts; the dramatic form here lies directly in the scope

of the popular consciousness. The familiar subjects of poetry and the novel, as well as their literary style, are thus employed; the theme demands such a form, hence the ground for its employment.

But this is only one of the many literary forms used in the poem; this has descended through all literature, and is imbedded in the popular mind. Still, we must study the other literary forms, less known or totally unknown; the greatness of "Faust" consists in the newness and multiplicity of these forms. They, too, must hereafter be taken up and become the intellectual property of the world; it may require some ages to accomplish it, but it will be done. This poem is not some new skillful variations of the same old tune on the same old fiddle, it is a new tune upon a new instrument, upon many new instruments, and the older ones too, joined together with all their special differences into one grand orchestral harmony. This drama of Margaret is but one strain in the total symphonic movement, very sweet indeed, and in its true place.

The personal experiences of Goethe are doubtless reflected in this story, but his greatness is, that he elevates what is individual in himself to what is universal in the race. We must not pay too much attention to this purely biographical side of his poetry, which is, indeed, not poetry at all; but we should keep in mind his own declaration in this poem, that the poet is he who "ruft das Einzelne zur allgemeinen Weihe"—calls the indi-

vidual person, or matter, to its universal consecration.

This drama of Margaret was mostly written in 1775, about thirteen years before the "Witches' Kitchen," which has just preceded it; we have already noticed that other portions of "Faust" were composed at wide intervals apart, during a period of more than sixty years. But this fact, on its surface inconsistent with a narrow, one-stringed music, is the only way to make an all-embracing, harmonious Whole. Goethe, of all earth-born writers, knew how to wait; he was aware of the thing which he could not do at the time, yet could do in the future, when his conception had matured. He laid aside his crude thought till life and experience had ripened it; he knew his moment and seized it. The drama of Margaret has the mood exactly consonant with the theme; so has the "Witches' Kitchen," though they lie so many years apart. These manifold literary forms could only grow up in him with the years; a dozen such stories as that of Margaret he might spin out of himself, but they would all be, essentially, repetitions. Let not these different periods of writing "Faust" disjoint the poem for the reader; he must see that it joints them in a new, more varied, and more profound harmony.

We may now premise a short outline which will indicate the inner organism of this little drama of Margaret, as it plays into the grand drama of Faust. Three stages may be distinguished.

FIRST. Love, with its essential conflict between

the rational and sensuous element of itself—a conflict which is seen in both Faust and Margaret, though in different ways. In Faust, the intellect denying the truth of love hands the man over to passion, while aspiration, heated to a fresh intensity by love affirms that truth. In Margaret, the instinct or unconscious reason tells the simple girl to keep within home and Church, but her sensuous nature entices her out of their shelter. Both thus have a similar conflict, and a similar temptation.

SECOND. Faust flees to the forest, and even to a cavern, to get rid of the bitter conflict; but he, being left to himself, to his intellect, without the corrective of love, is seized by Mephisto the more strongly, so that he yields, and his sensuous nature triumphs. Margaret loses herself in her emotion of love so completely, that she, no longer self-centered, must become tragic, when her Church, her last refuge, is struck down by her lover.

THIRD. The fall of Margaret, together with the destruction of her entire Family; then her piteous appeal to her Church to rescue her from the consequences of her deed, which appeal is and must be rejected.

I. We shall now take a survey of these scenes in order, which are written in the purest, most immediate flow of the poet's inspiration. The naive expressions of Margaret go straight to the heart, and often bring the smile and the tear together. So direct and clear does the symbolic Goethe now write, that he hardly employs metaphor; it is the simplest, most transparent speech of the human

soul, yet throbbing with the tenderest emotion. The uncertain doggerel, varying in rhyme and length of line, gives almost a conversational tone to the dialogue, yet is the most responsive of all measures to the heart-beats of Margaret. This naive utterance reaches its supreme beauty in the songs, transfigured soul-sighs, simple to the last degree, yet not commonplace.

1. At once we see the effect of that draught from the "Witches Kitchen;" to the unknown girl whom he meets on the street, he offers "arm and escort," with a dash of flattering speech. She rejects, but this inflames him the more, and at once we note that he already "sees a Helen in every woman." Whereat Mephisto appears, must appear just now; "he must get me that girl," whose innocence is her chief attraction. The Devil hesitates, even moralizes, we must think, merely to excite Faust the more. The very obstacles make the game worth the chase, for she cannot be "taken by storm," but by strategy only. Find her at a neighbor's, away from the domestic roof, that is the first point; then presents, "presents at once," to touch the childish fancy. The sensual intensity of passion assailing the Family is the phase here given, and the scheme for its gratification.

2. In this scene both Faust and Margaret appear, not in a personal meeting, but in a sort of spiritual contact, each gets a breath of the other's atmosphere. In strong contrast with the last scene, which showed the sensuous phase of Faust's love, he now feels the other element thereof, the

spiritual and true. For he comes secretly into Margaret's small, neat room; there he enters the Home, and breathes the air of the Family; it is no wonder that he at once dismisses Mephisto, saying, "Leave me here alone!" This is a new experience, a new world, where he finds "repose, order, content," how different from his own life! He gives himself up to a rapturous soliloquy, in which he traces the Family in its various stages; the old arm-chair suggests the aged grandfather surrounded by a crowd of children, his descendants; the bed calls up the mysterious process of the new life, "nature unfolding in light dreams the inborn angel." Old age and infancy, and all the intervening periods gather under that protecting celestial canopy: "O dear hand of love, godlike, through thee the hut becomes a heaven." Faust may well exclaim: "Poor Faust, I know thee no more;" he is, indeed, changed from that sensual Faust; for one moment, at least, he has come to recognize the divine side of love, revealed on earth in the Family.

But let us not forget he came to set a trap with a box of jewelry; at the thought of which, again Mephisto appears. But Faust will not leave this new world; he hesitates, too, about laying the snare for innocence. But, at a bitter scoff from Mephisto, who jeers the dreamy idealising Professor, "as if bodily before thee stood Physics and Metaphysica," Faust suffers the casket to be placed in the closet, where it would meet Margaret's eye.


She enters her room after their departure, but they have left their atmosphere behind: "How sultry, muggy, here." She does, indeed, feel that something hostile is lurking in that pure air of the household. "A shudder runs over my body," which she valiantly tries to suppress. We, the readers, know that the meeting with Faust has left its strong impression, in spite of her refusal: "If I only knew who that gentleman was." Presentiment she has; we note the unconscious feeling of what is to be. Listen, she is singing a song in her present mood, the lay of the "King in Thule," which has echoed the profoundest trait of Germanism. So tremulous are its heart throbs that one dislikes to tell coldly what they are about; still, the student will have to ask, what is the meaning of that song, and the ground of its insertion at this point.

It is the simple story of fidelity, how the king was true to his mistress, his "Buhle," the first word which flings a light upon the future Margaret. To him this mistress, dying, gives a golden beaker, which becomes the most precious keepsake of his life, and at his death he casts it below into the sea, as if it must accompany him beyond. The evanescent tints and far-reaching suggestions we shall not try to rudely seize; but so much may be said for the song's connection at this point of premonition: such a beaker, Margaret dying, gives Faust, which he will cherish till his death, and out of it "drink his last life-glow." An instinct which looks through the whole poem to the very end; it

hints the fall, the tragedy, and gives the glimmer of what lies beyond the tragedy.

Out of this high mood Margaret is dragged by discovering the casket of jewels. If we have just seen the wonderful prophetic side of her nature, we are now to witness the weak, unsuspecting side. She is trapped by childish vanity; she decks herself with the jewels; it is the innocence of the first human impulse to ornamentation. Her narrow life of poverty leads her to lay such stress on gold and trinkets. Mephisto has divined her weakness and assailed her at this weak point; but is there no protecting hand over the innocent child?

3. The protecting hand reaches out and foils the Devil, who, of course, is in a great rage, making a grimace which startles Faust, saying, "If I were not the Devil, I would give myself to the Devil." Mephisto narrates the story of the jewels with a satirical humor, whereof each word is a cut like the blow of a knife. The mother when she beholds the casket is seized with "a secret dread;" her religious instinct knows where to turn; she, the earthly mother, will consecrate it to the Mother of God, to the Holy Family. The priest is called, who accepts, must accept the gift, whereupon the raving Devil gives his view of the Church, putting it into the mouth of the priest: "The Church has a mighty stomach, it has eaten up whole countries, yet never felt a surfeit—the Church alone can digest ill-gotten wealth." Is this the view of Goethe himself? It may be, or



not; the certainty is that it is the view of Mephisto. For are not the mother and the priest right in this matter, and do they not foil the wickedness of Satan, whereat he belches out his demoniac abuse?

At a representation of "Faust" in the German theater, we may sometimes hear these lines applauded more than any other part of the play. O short-sighted wretches! do you not see that you are applauding the Devil's frenzy against the Church, because it has rescued from his claws an innocent girl? Your sister, your daughter, would you not gladly see thus rescued? The Church has indeed "a mighty stomach," it has "eaten up whole countries," and done worse things than these; Mephisto has had a large share in its doings, at times indeed has seemed to control it entirely, and these are his deeds, with which he reproaches it, Satan reproving Sin. Still, the positive blessing of the Church we must see too, for it is shown here in all its strength. The Church is, in spite of its abuses, the organized universal Family of humanity, which holds the race together in love. Now it reaches forth and protects the special Family, with success, be it noted. This hateful view of the Church is the denier's view, Mephisto's view, not the poet's, I believe, though he evidently sees the Mephistophelean phases of the Church.

But Margaret is not satisfied, which is a sorry thing for her, though if she were satisfied, the play would have to end here. When the mother

gave the jewels to the priest, the young girl "made a vry face;" when he has taken them away, she "sits unrestful, knows not what she will, nor what she ought." There is a struggle in her, thinking "on him who brought the jewels;" upon which fact the Devil can base a second attempt. But she must be taken away from the influence of the two mothers, her own and God's mother; "a female neighbor" has been spied out, whose abode is free of the human and divine domestic spirit.

4. Here we have another Family introduced, in the center of which stands a woman, whose husband has abandoned her, apparently not without cause. Yet she is not altogether false; we must not think of her as belonging to the "Witches' Kitchen;" she is a "grass widow," too selfish to love in the Family, yet not a fallen woman. She thinks she loves, yet it requires but a word to turn her from endearing terms, even from tears for her husband, to angry vituperation; a scold, without devotion, yet not without a show of it, both in one; lamenting her husband dead, she laments, too, that she has no certificate of his death. Such a woman can easily transfer her heart from one husband to another, the weight is not heavy.

Young Margaret has formed an attachment for this woman, whose conversation is necessarily much about husbands. In devotion they are just opposite; but the young girl finds in the gossip's talk, some food for her growing nature, which is rigidly suppressed at home. After all, it is the sensuous element in both which brings them together, such

is the primal ground of this connection, in spite of the grand spiritual difference, which is not enough to repel, but is enough to entice silently the young girl passing into womanhood. This is the fact which Mephisto knows, every seducer knows it and builds his plan upon it. The imagination of the maiden aided by the unfolding spring of youth, has been, not corrupted, but filled with the titillating talk of Martha.

Such is Martha's relation to the Family; similar is her relation to the Church. Not wholly out of it she appears, but not by any means in it with heart and soul; it sits as lightly on her as her domestic relation. She is just the person to give that advice to Margaret in reference to the second casket: "you must not tell your mother, it will go to the priest again." This is the emphatic paragraph; the young girl is removed from the mother and priest, and what they represent. Her childish vanity again controls her, yet not without a protest from the better instinct: "There is something out of the way in this matter."

Upon this group, rid of "mother and priest" Mephisto can come, indeed he has been lurking around all the while, we must suppose. In his conversation with Martha, her character comes out in clear outlines: her shamming with a sort of sincerity, her quick flights from love to hate and hate to love, and chiefly, now that it can be done with outer decency, her husband-seeking, so that Mephisto must be off, else "she will take the Devil at his word." In the same line of endeavor, he

tries to excite Margaret, first by flattery, then by speaking of a husband or gallant, finally by asking about the state of heart. This is the true environment for such talk, which she repels, innocent, yet not wholly artless, for she must have heard similar things from Frau Martha, whose every thought was on them; and about the state of her heart the reader has already had some information.

The scene is rather long for its strict purpose, but it is rich in the irony of Mephisto. The woman he understands completely, and takes delight in making her unfold herself for his own devilish amusement. Margaret listens to this talk, dubious enough, some of it; the atmosphere must affect her, unknown to herself, so different from her own domestic hearth; it is, indeed, her preparation for what follows, the draught which she "gets into her body," tingling the awakened sensuous nature. Husbands, lovers—that is the ground-theme here, in this "Witches' Kitchen" for Margaret.

Frau Martha wishes, above all things, to have the certificate of the death and burial of her husband, as she is "a friend of order" in such matters; she wishes also to "read him dead in the newspaper." Two witnesses are necessary; the second witness is Faust, now absent; to-night Mephisto will bring him, "a good fellow, much-traveled, a ladies' man, too." Will Margaret come? Certainly, though she "blush shame-red in his presence." Most modest and innocent still, yet, somehow, the protest of a blush in her; but what is the meaning of all this talk about husbands? No

she will not fail, if she can again escape from "mother and priest," for which artifice she is artless enough.

5. Faust has, then, to bear false witness; he will not do it. Still, a spark of his moral nature kindles a moral instinct, which, however, is at once assailed by Mephisto, in biting mockery. Hast thou never borne false witness? "When thou so boldly didst give definitions of God, World, Man, what didst thou know of them more than of Herr Schwedtlein's death?" The old denial has arisen, as we saw it in the very first scene of the poem. Still Mephisto is the "sophist," because Faust has quit the business of teaching, that "I may not have to say what I do not know." But, in "a little deeper way," Mephisto again gives his thrust: "tomorrow thou wilt betray poor Margaret, and swear to her all love." Which charge Faust denies strongly; defends the truth of his emotion, and declares it to be eternal. Thus he now, for the moment, asserts the side of his pure aspiration, his spiritual element. But there is no spiritual element; or, at least, man can know nothing of it; hence, Mephisto must answer to him, "Still I am right." And Faust must yield: "Thou art right, chiefly, because I must." Another one of those rises and falls, of those resistances and surrenders, so often noted already; aspiration still puts forth a bloom, but denial blasts it.

6. We now behold the meeting of the two pairs at the house of Martha. What will be going on there? Love-making, to be sure; her home is the

home of it, and now it is manifested in two kinds, which show a decided contrast. Thrice each pair is brought before us, the one rising to a climax, the other going down to an anti-climax. Both the women have their common point of departure, are in pursuit of husbands, we may say; the one with design and without love, the other without design and with love.

Martha, in her talk with Mephisto, reveals quite the same traits as before; "to drag oneself as bachelor alone to the grave" is about the last evil in her eyes. The fun of it is, she is too much for the Devil, this female Mephisto; he gets shy of her, shirks her close questions, till at last she becomes tired of him and sends him off with an excuse about neighbors' gossip. It is a short matter of business with her; the first husband being out of the way, she is ready for another, the man who is not willing to trade can leave the shop. So she yawns, "the night is breaking"—off, if you do not mean business.

But Faust and Margaret—they are, indeed, gathering all the honey of the hours. She feels at once his superiority in knowledge, his great experience of the world, and she falls in love with that, yet is afraid of it.

How worthless seem her own humble words: "My poor talk cannot interest such a wise man." Faust, however, has seen the emptiness of knowledge, but now he feels the reality of love: "One look of thine, one word delights me more than all the wisdom of this world." Not an hyperbole in

Faust: love at this moment is not only entertaining him, but teaching him more than wisdom ever did; it is teaching him Truth, satisfying his aspiration. What has done that hitherto? Not all the four Faculties. She again adds, "You are more intelligent than I am." But what has mind given him equal to love? "O dearest, believe, what men call intelligence, is often but vanity and short-sightedness." Such is his new experience, quite overtopping his knowledge, nay, answering unconsciously his denial.

But Margaret, having given herself so fully, demands a requital of love, true to its deepest nature. She fears, "out of sight, out of mind," and begs him to think of her a little moment, "I shall have time enough to think of you." Such is her surrender, but to what? In the simplest, yet deepest speech of girlish innocence we are to have the question answered: to the Family. A little complaint of the mother we hear for her strictness, but it is very gentle: her domestic life is told in sweet devotion, embracing father, brother, sister. But the chief jewel is her account of her rearing the infant, the little worm; it hints the deepest instinct of her nature, that of motherhood; truest, most beautiful of all human instincts, yet furnishing that side on which she will be assailed and destroyed. The profoundest evil is so near a neighbor to the supreme good, or rather the overcoming that profoundest evil makes it into the supreme good. All devotion to the Family, and to its highest instinct Margaret shows; that sensuous nature

which she has rises of itself into an ethical and spiritual world; still it is the very source of her tragedy.

But how about that time "when you were coming out of the cathedral," when I offered "arm and escort?" Did you recognize it was the same person when I came into the garden? Such is the question of Faust, which, whether intended or not, reveals the two sides of her nature; she looked upon that offer as an insult to her honor, and yet she was caught by it. Stronger than the offence of the thing was its allurements; at once something "began to rise here to your favor; but I was right angry at myself that I could not get angrier at you." Two spirits were in her already; they are now—which will triumph?

Faust speaks here a word which means much, very much, for him—eternal. "This love must be eternal—eternal! Its end would be despair—no end, no end." In a condition of ecstasy he is, we must say; still, it is much for him to feel that there is something eternal. It is but a feeling; intellect may smite it to nought, still he has felt the eternity of love. Never will it leave him utterly; beaten down by denial, covered over with passion, it will rise again before him, his first, faintest realizing of truth. Yet, Mephisto is already calling him off, a "beast" now, because a disturber of true love.

The woman, meeting the man who knows, sinks before him, falls; Margaret throws herself down before Faust's intellect. "How such a man can think everything." Woman is tragic with such a

man; what is the solution of her tragedy? She must know too, must be able to meet the man upon his own ground, yet in a womanly way—a solution, as we have already said, not given by Goethe.

The casket of jewels is heard of no more, it has subserved its purpose in taking Margaret out of the control of mother and priest. Not to surrender it the second time was the test; she first listened to herself long enough to bring the casket to the house of Martha; then she listened to Martha, who is her female Mephisto, and has really put to flight the male Mephisto in this last scene, wherein we behold a woman, able to meet, not merely the man on his own ground, but the Devil, in a genuine Mephistophelean way.

II. We have now come to the second grand phase of this drama of Faust and Margaret. Faust's love has said that word "eternal," has therein recognized in this relation something above the transitory passion, or the sensuous element. But this again rouses the Mephisto in him, "the spirit that denies;" love is but an emotion, by it intellect is not reached. Thus the old struggle is renewed, even in an intenser phase. Not aspiration for knowledge, but love, in its full might, takes sides against that crushing, destructive denial. The result is a conflict so bitter that Faust has to flee, flee from the presence of the loved one, to the woods and the cavern, and therein the solitude of Nature receive the balm for his lacerated soul. The spirit to whom he prays gives it, but with it gives Mephisto also; in the absence of the loved

object, the Devil gets the better of him in the struggle. Faust returns to Margaret, the worse for his flight; his destroying intellect has had time and opportunity to undermine for a while that spiritual, eternal side of love, which he has experienced. Margaret, too, has her intense struggle; she sinks away utterly into her emotion, in which her spiritual instinct and her sensuous nature get helplessly entangled and confused, so that she falls a prey, first to Faust's intellectual denial, then to its moral consequences. The next three scenes show the lovers apart, then together.

1. We find Faust in his retreat praying to the "Spirit Sublime," that had given him "all he had asked for." At once the difficulty begins: who is this Spirit, and what did Faust ask for? "Not in vain didst thou turn to me thy countenance in fire,"—a seeming allusion to the Earth-Spirit in the first Soliloquy. "Thou didst give glorious nature as my realm, and the power to feel, to enjoy it,"—which is not true of the Earth-Spirit, but of the Nature Spirit, also in the first Soliloquy. "Then thou didst conduct me to the secure cavern, and didst show me to myself," whereof we have had no record, but it may be supposed to be that which is taking place now. On the other hand, "thou didst give me this companion," Mephisto—which is not the history of Mephisto's appearance in this poem. But the hint is given, "I can no longer do without him," truly an indissoluble part of Faust; "he humbles (degrades) me before myself," wherein the grand dualism of Faust consists: "with a word

he turns thy gifts to nothing." Then this supreme "Spirit" has given many good gifts, but with them the destroyer of them, Mephisto.

Such are the main points, with their difficulties and contradictions, of this little monologue, which is written in blank verse, after the classic manner of "Iphigenia," and probably belongs to Goethe's Italian period. Theory has been very active with the passage; it has been supposed to indicate another plan of "Faust," inconsistent with the one finally adopted, and left in the revised text by mistake or oversight. The attempt, also, has been made to show that the "Spirit Sublime" here addressed, is the Earth-Spirit of the First Soliloquy. But all these conjectures, seeking to remove or explain difficulties, create infinitely greater ones; we shall have to drop them without further comment. The easiest, and indeed the only way, is to let theory pass on, and to listen to the word of the poet; with that fully understood, the monologue would seem to be clear enough.

The fact is, what the poet previously assigned to different spirits, he now assigns to one "Spirit Sublime," which embraces all the others, even Mephisto. It thus rises quite to the proportions of the Lord, in the "Prologue in Heaven," of whose family Mephisto is, at least, a member. The poet has now reached the unity of the spiritual principle of the world, hitherto represented separately in Nature, Earth, Man and Devil. This, then, may be considered as an advance upon the previous soliloquies, in which denial always came from the

outside, as it were, and destroyed what aspiration had raised up. Still, the good gift is blasted by the bad one now, though both come from one source; both, as we have already noticed, in the case of aspiration and denial sprang secretly from one root; but in the present case the fact is openly declared.

Even in this meter we would fain see a meaning, as Goethe, the most subtle of all metrists, never makes a change in verse without significance. These classic Iambics express the repose, the happy Greek balance which has come to Faust after his struggles, just as the classic period of Goethe was the serene moderation after his early Titanism. In the present case, Faust has obtained, as Goethe did, relief through his communion with Nature, the gift of the "Spirit Sublime;" but this Spirit has given another gift; behold! here it is, Mephisto, and at once our smooth, serene, classic measures break into rude Gothic doggerel, full of sulphur and volcanic energy; Greek Iphigenia runs into the arms of Teutonic Faust.

The evil spirit, then, is still at work; indeed, has been somehow begotten again, just in this retreat; it "degrades me before myself," reduces the upper man to the lower man. Even now in the forest, when Nature has given her relief, he is "busily fanning in my breast a lawless flame for that fair image;" the giver of the good has sent again his present of evil, the very cure has brought back the sensuous impulse; "thus I tumble from desire to indulgence, and in indulgence I pant for

desire." Wherewith, Mephisto, "the inseparable companion," steps forward, in striking readiness, out of the air somewhence.

It is manifest that Mephisto wishes to get Faust away from this retirement, and to bring him back to Margaret, in a new submission. The Devil ridicules his communion with Nature, which has given him relief, compares him to an owl sitting in dark caves, to a toad sucking nourishment from moist and dripping stone—"the doctor still sticks in thy body." Mephisto reflects the mockery to which Goethe himself was subject on account of his studies in nature, "lying out in night and dew on the mountain," "compassing heaven and earth in ecstasy," "swelling himself up to a God," "worming through the earth's marrow;" the satire of the devil against the diligent truth-seeker, and against all striving. Where does this high endeavor end? In a vulgarism, sensuality; behold this gesture. The old attempt of Mephisto to drag him down from his aspiration we see again. When will it end? Only with life, my friend.

But now comes the special attempt; Mephisto recalls the image of Margaret, and the passion which it excites. Faust resists here too, sees the design and brands Mephisto a "procurer;" still he listens, must listen, for it is none other than himself, this "inseparable companion." Through calling up before him Margaret's desire for him, through every kind of sensuous image and tickling inuendo he tries to bring back that lower element which was suppressed in the flight to the

cavern. Another struggle, up and down, topsyturvy, devil and man, over and under.

So the battle continues, but when the smoke clears away, Faust is seen to be sinking, then he is down. He is, to use his own simile, the mountain torrent that undermines that peaceful Alpine hut of Margaret; he must go, though he foresees the result; "Hell thou must have this sacrifice." Nor will he flee from the consequences: "May her fate fall on me and overwhelm us both to ruin." At this hopeless outlook Mephisto has a sneer which identifies Faust with himself quite: "Courage! thou hast become a pretty good devil—nothing more insipid than a devil who despairs."

The eternal principle of love then, is not sufficient to restrain Faust. He is not convinced, it is an emotion, which his intellect scatters at a glance. Still that emotion makes a valiant struggle; but if the spiritual element be cut out of it by denial, there remains but the sensual. So now, Love alone cannot reach and expel Mephisto intrenched in the intellect. Such is the result of Faust's flight; let us turn and see what Margaret is doing and thinking in his absence.

2. Margaret too, has her struggle, just as intense of its kind, as that of Faust. She is sitting alone at home, at her spinning wheel, when her inner condition breaks out in a song, or rather a series of musical sighs. Love is her theme, the individuality sunk, lost in love, lost to the extent that she cannot recover it and be herself. "My peace is gone," such is the brief outcry, repeated

three times and furnishing the key note to which the whole song is attuned. Moreover, it is gone forever, "I never, nevermore shall find it." Her own self-hood being gone, she seeks life and hope only in the other, the loved one, upon whose outer shape and personal presence she dwells with a rapt sorrow. She tries to recover that absent person by imagination, plays with his image, yet sorrowfully feeling that it is but the image and not the reality.

She is lost in her emotion utterly, has no self-center in her reason. The song is the premonition of her fate; if she be assailed through these emotions, she cannot recover herself. Absolute devotion there is here, but it must be added, the penalty peers out. The last note, infinitely sweet, has in it also the possibility of infinite sorrow: "Could I but catch him and hold him and kiss him as I would like, I would vanish in his kisses." The ecstasy of love touches its limit here, the other side rises to view—the tragic. Prophetic is this song too, she will indeed vanish in his kisses, has already vanished as far as her own will is concerned. Like Faust she also gives up; verily they are counterparts, man and woman, the one with tragedy in the intellect, the other with tragedy in the emotions. This is not, then, the capricious interpolation of a beautiful song, but it is a necessary part of the drama. The lyrical form, too, is demanded by the theme; short lines, each one a sentence and an outburst, in the purest flow; no intricacy of words, but the simplest speech possible, the natural vibrations the heart strings

struck by fate, and making the primal music.

3. The two previous scenes have shown Faust and Margaret separate, have shown the special struggle of each, as well as the common trait, that each fails to give control to the rational principle. Margaret yields, because she has no developed intelligence which stems her surrender to emotion; Faust has this intelligence, but it is bitten to death by its own denial of itself; thus he is delivered over to his sensual nature. In the present scene the two are to be brought together again, and the outcome of two such characters is to be shown.

Margaret asks Faust to promise—promise what? It can only be inferred from the rest of the scene, which is a questioning him about his religion. This she still feels to be the last protection of herself, this Spirit of the universal Family, which, if Faust recognizes and believes in, she is safe; if not, she is not safe. Not merely does she wish the man she loves secure from eternal torment, but there is a stronger enveloping instinct; she feels that he has no Christianity; of his denial and its consequences to herself she has a deep foreboding. As she has shown her domestic life in her artless way, so now she will show her religious faith.

"How is it with thy religion?" As she previously ran out of the shelter of the Church, now she tries to bring back her lover to that shelter somehow—such is the purpose of the promise which she is trying to extort from him. But he belongs to the liberal class, in regard to this subject: "I shall rob no one of his feeling and his Church," since

the Church is a mere matter of feeling, just what the individual likes. But she insists on Faith, "one must believe therein"—no tolerant indifferentism for her, but an active, positive faith. So, too, Faust honors the "Holy Sacraments," in his generous way, but, as she sees, it is an empty honor he gives, "without longing for them." Great contrast in these religious characters we note already; but now comes the highest question to be asked of man: "Believest thou in God?" It is, too, a test question with Faust; when he denied that man can know Truth, he must have denied that which all religions, whatever they be, call God, who must be man's attempt to embody the highest Truth in one supreme, world-governing personality. To Faust, God is but a feeling, subjective at most; to Margaret, with faith in her heart, he is a reality, he exists and controls the world.

What is his reply? "Who dares say, I believe in God? The answer of priest or sage would seem only a mockery on the asker." The millions of the human race, with all their greatest priests, poets and sages, have then played a sorry part, being the mockers and the bemocked, for they have said: "I believe in God." Indeed, what makes the priest, the poet, or sage but his strong answer to this question? But Faust is equally uncertain on the other side: "Who dares say, I believe not in God?" This contradiction is the declaration of the ignorance which comes from denial; it is the creed of the agnostic, content to rest in that most uncomfortable of all sublunary positions, one would

think, in the cross-fire between two sides of a contradiction. The steadiest head would get to whizzing with such a mill-wheel in it; what then must be the condition of poor, simple-minded Margaret? One thinks of her trying to get the answer to her plain question out of these words.

It is true that Faust undertakes to give a lofty definition of that God in whom he both believes and disbelieves, whereby the contradiction is but doubled, he telling much about that which he does not know whether he believes in or disbelieves in. Yet many people have found this definition or description of God highly edifying, outlines of new advanced religion, whose belief in deity is a disbelief, not only with the man, but with the God swinging from side to side in an eternal oscillation. But, on the whole, Faust comes out pretty clearly with what he means: "Call it what you will, bliss, heart, love, God"—quite confined to the emotions we see; yet, still plainer, "Feeling is all," that is, all that there is of God. Only the subjective feeling of him we can experience, the objective reality of him we cannot know. Yet, we must give Faust credit for calling his love a God; some time ago he would not have done that; such is, however, the fruit of his new experience.

But how confused Margaret is, we see from her words: "About so speaks the priest too." Yet she feels that there is something wrong, "for thou hast no Christianity." Head all bewildered, still that wonderful instinct rises up for a moment, and tells him the truth to his face. But will instinct hold

out? Blind, unreasoning, can it withstand the sly thrusts of denial without, and the upheaving, sensuous nature within? Such is her problem still.

It will be seen that much discussion can be spent upon this scene, in trying to find out what the poet has not told us, Mr. Lewes has probably reached the climax on one side; these are his words, which Mr. Bayard Taylor quotes with apparent approval: "Grander, deeper, holier thoughts are not to be found in poetry." Mr. Lewes is himself in the condition of Faust in the First Part of this poem, a denier; we cannot expect of him any positive appreciation of the poet's work; for the negative phases he is a good witness, they being his own nature and belief, or want of belief. It is not my intention to give any special explanation of the passage, because it stands a contradiction in terms. But so much may be done; we can see its place and purpose in the poem; this, at least, will give a light.

The first fact is, Margaret is utterly bewildered by Faust's words, her last attempt at rescue through her faith is befogged in them. The second fact is, in this condition of mind, with faith confused, Faust works her dishonor. He preaches to her, "feeling is all;" give way to your feeling. She does give way, and the result is accomplished, and, unless the scene be superfluous, it is accomplished by this talk of Faust. Such is the immediate outcome of these "holy thoughts;" we refuse to believe them holy, or so intended by

the poet. The course of the action, therefore, will give the ray of light we need, and not the opinion which Mr. Lewes and others extract from "their inner consciousness"—a method of procedure which they are most guilty of, yet most ready to charge upon others. Faust's character is not that of the religious hypocrite, but of the most sincere doubter, carrying doubt and denial honestly to their practical conclusion with a courage which is heroic in its way.

The best proof that "thou hast no Christianity" is clearly given by Margaret: "It has long grieved me to see you in such company," namely, that of the Devil, whose character her instinct most accurately measures, "he always looks in at the door scoffing and half enraged." He has no love, she cannot pray in his presence. But Faust silences this protest of her nature, and to the silenced nature offers the draught which will make her mother sleep, that they may pursue their love pleasures together, without her oversight. But to the mother it brings the sleep of death, which we must put upon Faust; though it is uncertain whether he intended her death, or whether Margaret mingled in the draught more than three drops by mistake or forgetfulness. But our religious Faust in this scene must take the blame, his deed is not inconsistent with his notions of God.

Margaret leaves the presence of Faust with her religious scruples shattered, or at least smothered; the direct outcome of which is this sleep-producing drink for the mother. Religion and the Family

again are swept away together; not the priest, but the denier, has the poor girl in hand; both her institutions are crushed along with herself. Having thus dismissed her in expectation of that hour which brings "breast to breast and soul to soul compressed," Faust sees Mephisto stepping in from the surrounding air. Faust has again a little tussle, which is rather a sham battle, for he has already yielded to Mephisto in the forest. But the Devil gives him a good blow: "Thou supersensuous, sensuous, lover," his double character just now. Faust's resistance is but feigned. Mephisto well knows what is to transpire: "To-night—I shall have my share in the fun."

Such is this much disputed scene, in its connection; Faust's religious talk, whatever it may mean, has the effect of befogging Margaret's faith to her Church and duty to her mother, also the further effect of wrecking herself. Two collateral questions of interest have been sometimes discussed: first, are these religious opinions really Goethe's; secondly, are they really Faust's? In regard to Goethe, the evidence is contradictory; sometimes against, sometimes for, a personal God. That diligent reporter, Eckermann, manifestly did not always understand Goethe; he often gets the outside thing, and gets that in the wrong place, which puts the entire view awry. Like the honest reporter of to-day, reporting a thing, whose essence he does not comprehend, Eckermann makes Goethe say things which he never said, by giving a totally wrong perspective. So these reports of

Goethe's view of God, leaning now this way, now that way, offer little help. Still, it is manifest that Goethe dared say many times, doubtless always: "I believe in God." Take the "Prologue in Heaven," and what is implied in it; certainly it is not an equivocal statement concerning the world-governor and the world-government. Doubtless, Goethe had different shades of opinion upon this subject at different periods of life, but one fundamental view peers through all.

But did Faust himself believe it would be mockery to say, "I believe," or, "I disbelieve." Here, again, evidence may be turned both ways. In the scene just preceding, he prays to the "Spirit Sublime," whom he there conceives as the grand spiritual unity of world, man and devil, in which spirit he must have had some faith, else he would hardly have prayed. Difference in the time of composition may have had an influence in causing the diversity between the two passages, but the contradiction is really in the character of Faust himself; he, too, is confused.

Even the motive of Faust, his intention, there are two ways of regarding. Was the deed the result of malicious, deliberate purpose, or the resistless sweep of his own negation? We are left in doubt, he is himself in doubt; he compares himself, in advance of the act, to the cataract, which "sidewards" must undermine the little Alpine hut of Margaret, as it rages down the abyesses. Both elements, will and necessity, play into his deed; he confuses Margaret, because he is, in part at least,

confused himself. Yet the deeper current in him is the necessity, which hurls him upon the act, in spite of his own protests; that necessity is his denial, which has clutched him in the very soul, and casts him, as a consuming fire, upon poor Margaret.

This scene, then, must be grasped in its connection; it shows faith bewildered, knowledge denied; but out of these confusions comes a light which shines over the whole drama, and which particularly reveals this talk on religion as the spiritual preparation for the deed of ruin that follows, putting to sleep not merely the mother, with the sleep of death, but benumbing and estranging for the present, the other guardian angel, the Church.

III. We have now reached the third stage of Margaret's history, which, in general, we may name the Fall, involving the complete destruction of the Family in its sweep, while, at the same time, the Church is taken away from Margaret, for it rejects her piteous prayer for help. She is an outcast, more than an outcast, a criminal; her world, embracing her two institutions, is closed against her, and she, as far as her act goes, has destroyed both.

1. The story is told at the town fountain, where the case of another girl is given to reflect that of Margaret, who is thus made to hear her own act judged, condemned, and scattered with low gossip and ugly malice among the people. The matter is narrated in a coarse tone, yet with a

piercing force, by that vulgar, envious Lizzie; it must be so, that Margaret may see what her own image will be in her own town. She is to have her deed cast back to her in all its phases; this is one. She, herself, has spoken in like manner of other girls who have fallen, now she is in their place. A touch of charity lies in her words, charity, the child of suffering: "Yet everything that drove me to the deed, was so good, so dear." She feels that her very devotion to her noblest instinct, is that which has ruined her; still, she recognizes in full her sin, her guilt.

2. Margaret now asks her religion to overcome the infinite pain of her violation. She feels that she is utterly alienated from it by her deed; there is no excusing it in her now. The appeal is to the Virgin, herself with "the sword in her heart," looking up to the Father for help. It is the worship of sorrow which Goethe has elsewhere characterized as the highest of the three great forms of religion. That image of the "Mother of God" in utter desolation is the image of herself, deity has to suffer thus, and thereby becomes deity, an object of worship. "What troubles my poor heart, what it longs for, thou knowest and thou alone." There is one sympathetic being then, in the solitary world, the charity of a spirit that likewise dwells in sorrow is indeed a friend.

It is a soul-wrenching, yet soul-purifying scene; the poet here shows himself the heart of the maiden betrayed, abandoned, now making her appeal to the Highest. "Rescue me from pain and death;" she

prays the Virgin to take away the consequences of her deed. Oh no, that cannot be done, the poor girl is to be washed clean, but not in that way. Her deity cannot overturn the world-order for her sake, yet it is natural that the wretched sinner should think so. Her last wail is that prayer still: "Thou sorrow-rich, bend thy look mercifully on my sorrow." But through it she must pass, that is her redemption.

3. Such is the strong petition of Margaret; between it and the answer to it is inserted the episode of the death of Valentine, her brother. The evident purpose of this scene is to make the destruction of the Family complete in all its relations, and thus to show the entire sweep of Faust's act in its domestic phase. That denial of his, supplemented by the deed, means the death of every member of the Family, and thus we see negation in one of its practical consequences.

The brother, who is a soldier, has heard of the disgrace of his sister; it has been noised about among his fellow-soldiers, whose jibes he has to endure: "Yet if I should trounce them all together, I could not call them liars." Meantime he sees two men approach before Margaret's door—they are Faust and Mephisto, the one with his usual qualms of conscience, "night in his bosom;" the other scoffing at his companion, and declaring that in his bosom he feels the thievery and lust of the tom-cat by night. Then Mephisto proceeds to sing a serenade, "a moral song the better to fool her." Thereupon the conflict arises with Valentine, who

is pierced by Faust; the brother seeking to defend or avenge the injured Family, falls; he is trying to slay by private hand the destroyer, and he is slain by private hand. Whatever feeling may say, the law and institutions of the world declare that such was not the way to punish the deed of Faust; Valentine appeals to personal vengeance, and by personal vengeance he perishes. He invokes his own fate; but in a still deeper sense we must grasp his destiny, as involved in that first denial of Faust, which is to sweep down not only the Family in all its relations, but the entire spiritual heritage of man. Valentine stepping forth to avenge by violence that negation which springs from intellect, is easily crushed.

On his death-bed he gives his prophecy concerning the future of Margaret, in bitterest logic: "First in secret with the one, then a dozen, then the whole city." The outcome is the Perverted Family, into which Faust's deed has changed the True Family, or what is left of it. That "draught in his body," which he obtained at the "Witches' Kitchen," is transforming the world into its own dire reality, into perversion.

This scene has been censured severely, as interrupting the pure movement of the action, as being without adequate motive, as having improbabilities and inconsistencies in it. We know that it was written a good deal later than the scenes between which it is interpolated, and it has not the pure poetic flow, not the inevitable succession of thought, word and deed, which they have. It is

not as great; still it completes, it is also a relief, as well as a preparation for the last scene, in its full intensity, of this present part of the Margaret drama.

4. Let us again turn to the Cathedral with its service, organ and song; it is the last scene for the present, laid just where the first scene was laid, with the world-wide difference in Margaret, the difference between innocence and guilt. Previously, she came forth. "half play, half God in her heart," but now the voice comes in the first word, "how otherwise." She has met Faust, the man with the denial in him, and her world is destroyed.

Two spirits are speaking to her, one is an inner voice, that of conscience, here called an Evil Spirit. It may seem strange that the gnawings of conscience should be represented as the work of Satan; yet such is the truth. The tempter as well as the punisher is the Devil, according to the popular conception even; the person who obeys him does not get his favor, but his chastisement; just in proportion to Man's devotion to Satan is Satan's torture of him. So this Evil Spirit reproaching Margaret, and now called conscience or remorse, is just the Evil Spirit which has coaxed her into sin. The two sides go together, two sides of one thing; that is, the wicked deed brings its own punishment according to its degree, is self-punitory, and finally self-destructive. Evil seeking to annihilate itself, is the thought underlying; Satan really punishes Satan for his wickedness. The poet, therefore, and all theology and

mythology with him, figures the Evil Spirit reproaching evil.

The burden of this reproach is terrible indeed, nothing less than the whole Family destroyed through her act. Her mother's soul, which through her, "slept over to long, long pain" in Purgatory; her brother's blood; the new life swelling "under her heart;" these are the reproaches. Her cry is, "O were I rid of the thoughts," for these words of the Evil Spirit are one with her thoughts. Such is the inner laceration, represented by the whisperings of the Evil Spirit.

But listen to that other voice set to the most terrible music, the voice of priest, organ and choir, proclaiming "*Dies irae, dies illa*"—the day of wrath, the day of wrath, when the whole secular world shall be one vast glowing coal, all will burn but the Holy Church. What comfort in that song for Margaret, with her faith! It is the answer of her religion to her prayer; in the scene before the last, we heard her heart-rending petition for rescue, her appeal to her Church to bridge the infernal chasm which separated her from its arms; this is the answer of her Church to that prayer—"dies irae."

The Evil Spirit takes up and continues the answer of the Church, almost in the words of the furious Latin Hymn, itself aglow with the burning world of God's wrath. The Last Judgment appears, the trump sounds, the graves open, her heart "rises from its ashes to fiery qualms." Then the choir takes up the continuation, and echoes the

words of the Evil Spirit in the language of the Church: "Nil inultum remanebit"—nothing will remain unavenged. Thus the two spirits, the evil and the ecclesiastical, are speaking the same speech to that poor cowering mortal, overwhelmed with guilt and shame; the difference being, the one talks, or rather sings Latin, the language of the Church, the other talks German, the language of the people, of secular life. A conception of the matter true to the bottom, though often made the subject of the scoffer; the Devil is the Church's instrument properly, though he succeeds sometimes in making it his instrument; here he is really punishing guilt, that is, his own deed, and hence the Church may well chime in with him, seeing the Devil tormenting the Devil. For really this is the only way of salvation for Margaret, her guilt must be burnt up in her own hell-fire. If we had seen the Church inspiring the guilt of Margaret and not punishing it, then we might well say, the Church is the Devil's instrument. But the Church was the protection of Margaret; when she fled from its influence to the house of Martha, she became guilty, exposing herself to Satan. Or, to take these matters in their universal view, Evil is the instrument employed by individual man and by humanity to rise above their weaknesses, and their limitations, of all kinds, into a universal life.

These thoughts, not immediately in this scene, are necessary for its true comprehension, a comprehension not merely into the thing, but around it and above it, beholding the world in which it

moves. The scene touches deeply the religious parallel to the Faust problem, the question of the Negative and its function in the man and in the world. Here it is given in ecclesiastical forms for that simple girl, who lives in the world of the Church; she, too, is having in her own the Faust experience, being truly the female counterpart of her lover.

The three elemental principles of the spiritual universe we find in this scene, interwoven in a strange, terrible harmony, which sounds like "the crack of doom:" God, Devil and Man, who are brought before us now on earth, represented in the Church, the Evil Spirit, and Margaret. Hell and Heaven, the upper and nether worlds, are grinding with the poor mortal caught in between them, and crashing together in her. Mark the structure; the voice of each is heard four times, echoing through this scene, as through the world's cathedral—the Latin anthem of God, the German curse of the Devil, the despairing wail of the poor sinner; yet all three utter the same thing finally, the word of the Last Judgment to the guilty soul. Both the Church and the Evil Spirit, otherwise supreme enemies, turn upon Margaret, she turns upon herself; the two mill-stones of the Universe crush her more and more to nothingness, till at last she sinks away into a swoon, into that unconscious Lethe, which begins to wash out her stains. But what is now the answer of her Church to her supplication? Thou canst not be rescued from shame and death without passing through them; this is thy Inferno

which is to burn thee pure: after that—then we shall see.

WALPURGIS NIGHT.

Again we have to take a sudden leap into a wild romantic world of witchery, and the mind is dazed by the weird and rapid change. Faust, after his perverted career with Margaret, comes to a new perversion; he is at once whirled into this supernatural realm of ghostly forms and scenery. What does the transition mean? Some say it is for sake of contrast, and certainly the contrast is emphatic; that last cathedral scene, in which is beheld the worship of God, and is heard the voice of His Last Judgment to the sinful believer, shifts to a Hell on Earth, with mocking fiends celebrating their diabolic rites, through which Faust, the disbeliever, is passing in company with the Devil. A sharp contrast assuredly; but contrast is, on the whole, an empty criterion, it does not help us out with the inherent reason of the thing; we must, therefore, seek for something adequate, namely, the inner necessity for this scene in this place through the unfolding of the theme.

Walpurgis Night carries us back of Christendom to the primeval religion of the Teutonic race, when the old Gods became devils and evil spirits in the new faith. The ancient worshippers were wont to celebrate the night which brings in the First of May, their priests lighted the sacred fires

on the mountain-tops, this Blocksberg or Brocken was one of their mountains, and has thus come down through ages, with its summit wrapped in a mist of legend. To the Christian, the old heathen rites were transformed into magic, the work of evil Powers; the gathering became an assembly of witches and devils; and Walpurgis Night was called the Witches' Sabbath. The name is taken from Saint Walpurga, a famous woman-saint of the eight century, who seems otherwise to have no connection with the affair, than that it occurs on her day in the Saints' Calendar.

Walpurgis Night is said not to be connected with the Faust legend in any of the old books or traditions; still, it has the same stamp, since it suggests a world of devils as opposed to Christendom. This common underlying spirit led the poet to join the two legends together, and make one vast Teutonic mythus. Yet even in this point he had an obscure predecessor, almost a contemporary, Johann Friedrich Loewen, who, in a comic epos published in 1756, called "Walpurgis Night," invokes Faust as "a famous Spirit who is to be the Muse that gives matter to my song." In another passage (both passages are cited by Duentzer) Faust is placed on the left hand of Beelzebub, at the grand conclave on the Blocksberg, and sings a drinking song, to the great applause of the assembled ghosts. Such is the rude grotesque outline of the conflict between the old and the new Gods, to the Teutonic imagination; the old Gods, though put down, still exist, with an activity of their own.

and form a negative world, operating in the darkness, hostile to the true, open realm of daylight and goodness. It is the ancient dualism, already seen as the germ of the Faust mythus, indeed, of all mythology, now springing up and casting fantastic shadows of the dark Powers of Evil from the summit of Blocksberg.

We feel at once the kinship between this scene and that of the "Witches' Kitchen." The two are related, but also are quite distinct; both the common element and the difference are to be noted. Each unfolds a phase of the Perverted World, but a separate phase thereof; in like manner each has a peculiar literary form, which we may call perverted, in consonance with the subject-matter. That is, the expression is non-sense, the content is sense, a divorce between meaning and form, which violates the common literary canon; yet just in this divorce lie the essence and the truth of the poetic treatment; method there is in this madness, it is a sort of Hamlet problem, wherein rationality seeks and finds its expression in the garb of insanity.

Such is the difficulty which now confronts the reader again; he is to see the reason gleaming through this wilderness of unreason; nay, he is to hold the two contradictory sides together, and see them as one. A new task is thus laid upon the man who reads books; one might almost say, a new reading gift is demanded to penetrate the spirit of this scene. We must seek not simply to understand, but to create it over again; there is no sense in it unless we are incited by its weird mystery to

make it anew for ourselves. The forms are here, but hollow, meaningless, even absurd, until we put into them their contents; we have to make our thoughts fit into the vase furnished by the poet. No passive, or even strongly receptive reader he demands, but the creative one, who has to help make the poem with its maker.

A final interpretation for everybody, therefore, is not to be expected, is indeed rather to be avoided, as contrary to the spirit of this kind of writing. The interpreter is merely to spur the flagging and possibly discouraged reader, and to help him make his own interpretation. A strict meaning for each verse cannot be given, so as to exclude other meanings and applications; this is the essential character of the scene, intended, I think, by the author. You must be present yourself, with imagination active, and fill out these forms with your own meaning. Reading creatively is the only method here, a new way of reading indeed, whereby the poet selects his reader for all time, and takes him into poetical partnership. Goethe does not offer you some verses in order to amuse you, or to kill your time, or even to instruct you; it is his suggestions which you are to clear up, you are to make his indefiniteness definite with your own thought; like Providence, he furnishes you with a poetic world, in which you can be active in your own freedom, and yet carry out the providential purpose. The very essence of this strange poetic form, is, that in its details it can be filled out variously. For instance, those washers

who are always washing, but still remain sterile, can be put into many, in fact, all phases of life; translate the image into yours. I may think of one thing, you of another, and both be right; the form is large enough for everybody. Others, beside Goethe, have written such sentences, but have not elevated many such sentences into a literary whole, in which they all take their place, and constitute a new Art-Form, quite unintelligible to the reader, unless he rises to creating what he is reading of.

Still, the interpreter has his little function even here in these details; he can show you what is his way, and thus help you find your own way. His experience of life is different from yours; but yours is to be put by you into these forms, they are to suggest what is nearest and most vital to you. For this Walpurgis Night is not simply an allegory, or parable, or string of symbols, or a riddle, unless you make it such; then it is any one or all of them. It may be a riddle to you, indeed, but in itself it is not. It is a genuine expression of something which can be adequately expressed in this way only, a true literary form, which is so strange, because it is so new in Literature. It seems as unnatural to the modern critical mind, as Shakespeare's Hamlet once did to Voltaire; but this form will yet be appropriated, and become the common possession of the literary consciousness, as completely as that of Hamlet, to which it bears in certain points no little analogy.

But while the details are so multifarious, and capable of several explanations, the general plan is

one, and necessary. Over this world of manifold and capricious forms stands the poetic providence, whose single purpose is to permit and to carry out such fantastic freedom. To unfold this supereminent scheme, which gives the unity, and reveals both what this scene is in itself and what is its place in the entire poem, is the chief duty of the Helper, or Literary Priest, that person who may feel himself called to explain the Bibles of Literature.

What, then, does the whole represent? We see a vast collection of people, an entire world of strugglers, engaged in a race up a mountain; each individual is seeking his own personal end, and that end which everybody is working to attain is the top of Brocken, or some nook in its dells; on the top, towards which is the grand ascent, Herr Urian sits, who is the attainment of their individual striving. Two strong lines reach around and bind together the whole thought:

The whirlpool strives to get above,

While you are shoved, you think you shove.

The individual is working with all his might to reach some end of his own; he thinks that it is his free-will which does the thing, and it is; yet that free-will has its ground in a deeper necessity. He could not accomplish his object without a world-order around and above him, which not only incites but compels him to action. Enveloping the still small inner voice, "I will," are ocean-tones commanding, "Thou must." Yes, the truth is clear, "thou art shoved," but by what? That is

the important thing for thee to find out; and having found it out, thou art next to put thyself into harmony with it, and not shove against the world-order, confusing it not at all, but thyself utterly.

Manifestly we behold here a world of individual ends. Now can we identify it with any existent thing, for we cannot rest satisfied with any part of Goethe's work till we have seen in it the image of some great reality. Certain writers have been content to vindicate this Walpurgis Night as an integral part of the grand Faust mythus, in conception, if not historically. Loeper says, that as the poet had introduced the Lord with the heavenly hosts, so the infernal counterpart must be added for completeness; the Devil, too, must be shown, as he is in this scene, in his own realm, among his vassals, as a travesty on the divine order and Christian worship. Very good; but still we must ask: To what fact does this fancy correspond? Of what reality is this legend the image? Or shall we accept the legend as the fact without further questioning? From long acquaintance, we must always affirm that our Poet, in his wildest romancing, has before him some spiritual fact, which he is trying to snatch from the void and endow with a poetic life; and not till we have identified his fact, can we understand him.

† In our view, the poet has before his mind the phenomenon of Civil Society, of which he is seeking to cast an image, an inverted image, however, in this legend of Walpurgis Night. What is the nature of such an appearance, and why does it fit

into the poem and into Faust's career just at this point, are questions which we shall try to clear up by a little discussion.

Society, in this sense, is an infinite complex of private pursuits, wherein each individual has his own end; or, if you please, he is trying to reach the top of Brocken. He seeks to satisfy his wants, he works for power, for money, for fame, in general for his individual end. Still, before he can get, he must give; he cannot obtain a piece of bread without recognizing the baker, the miller, the farmer, who have all gone in advance of him in pursuit of their individual ends, yet have, in their way, contributed this bread for him and others.

It will be seen, that though each man is seeking for himself, he cannot acquire, unless he gives to the rest of mankind an equivalent; he shares in the gifts of society, in so far as he contributes his share to the totality. Society may be called the immense bank which cashes the endeavor of every individual; he pursues his end, expecting that society will and must pay him. What if there were no bank? Man would be reduced to the animal, which gathers its food, piece by piece, from field and forest, not recognizing the same end in other animals. That bank of society, honoring the labor-check of every worker, is what we may consider the source of civilization.

Thus each individual, being compelled to deposit in the universal bank before he can draw, is raised above a mere selfish life of greedy rapine. A mighty power over him holds him by the throat,

as it were, and will not let him be a swine altogether; that power will not permit him to eat his dinner till he has earned it, that is, contributed a dinner to the great social totality. He may not be conscious of it, may indeed think that he is simply carrying out his own individual purpose; still, he must first subserve the universal order, and give before he takes. Thus the man is trained to an ethical life, becomes imbued with honesty, which is the impulse always to give for the fair thing the fair equivalent. To cheat in any form is to follow the selfish end, and is to assail the bank by taking from it that which has not been deposited by the man who cheats.

Society has, like other institutions, therefore, two sides, the individual and the universal; the one is the selfish element, the other is the rational element, which compels the selfish element to get rid of itself and contribute to the whole, before it can really preserve itself. Now, the man may deny this rational element of society, and may conclude that the individual end is the supreme one, that there is no universal element in it. Such is Faust, in his denial, under the lead of Mephisto. That universal power over the man is for him a delusion, society, therefore, is but a carnival of selfishness, it is a Brocken, where the individual ends are the highest. In it all the selfish, destructive, forces of human passion and appetite have full play, without any over-ruling control; the principle of order, harmony, rationality is eliminated from society, and we have a Brocken left for us. Mephisto's

social realm is this, a new phase of the Perverted World, the third one, as we have marked them.

We may now see the inherent connection of this scene with the preceding. The Family has two principles, so has Society; as Faust denies the rational principle of the Family, so he does that of Society. Yet he will here show that his aspiration is still in him; as he saw in the lowest depths of the Perverted Family a vision of the ideal, so he will behold Margaret and feel her eternal love in the dregs of this Perverted Society. The extreme point of his negative conduct is the point of the beginning of the reaction and return.

Society, too, rises out of the Family, is the next higher ethical institution, standing between Family and State. Faust has perverted the Family; his next deed in ascending gradation is to pervert that aggregate of Families called Society, which he does logically by the denial of its rational element. It is true, here as in the other cases, that Mephisto has been in the world before him, and built a Perverted Society into which he conducts Faust. This Perverted Society exists as a reality in the world; canst thou not, O reader, identify it? Name, not one man, but a whole community, a whole city, entirely given up to the wildest money-getting and the wildest money-spending, for both are the two sides of the same wholly selfish pursuit; hear the bustle, look at the hurrying crowd, dashing up and down the thoroughfares; yet thou must be sure of taking thy stand of observation out of the way, else thou wilt be mercilessly trampled down

into the earth; mark the face of each man in his feverish energy, and read what it says; then ask thyself, Who are they? Whither are they going? What can they be after? The poet will answer thee: it is the throng of evil-spirits, in the night of Walpurgis gathered at their grand celebration on the Witches' Sabbath, hastening up the sides of Brocken to the top, where they hope to attain Herr Urian.

"Each thinks he shoves, but he is shoved." This line gives the theory of Brocken. Each individual is pursuing his own personal object, which is, in one way or other, to get control of the universal bank, yet that bank is really what controls him, and renders his individual pursuit possible. He, as represented here in the witches and wizards, is a comic figure of absurd, perverted cast; his endeavor is null in itself, the realization of his purpose would be its destruction. But the true man in society tries to strengthen the bank, and not turn it into his private channel; he recognizes its universality, and acts in accord therewith; moreover, he, as an ethical being, has ethical ends, domestic, social, political, as the highest.

This vast bank of society, holding every individual to his work first, and then cashing his labor-draft, is a wonderful structure, indeed, the chief structure of our modern civilization. Not perfect, probably, but advancing toward perfection, we believe; it approaches more and more to giving to the worker the just reward of his industry, and to the idler the true equivalent of his sloth. Many

attempts have been made, and are now making, to get possession of the bank, and reconstruct it in some way; the theorist wishes to sieze it, and make it go by his theory; the anarchist wishes to destroy it; the communist seeks to lay hold of it and finger its cash, for the public welfare, of course. But it refuses any individual control, which would be its destruction; it moves in its own orbit, according to its own law, like the sun, which has not yet learned to shine by human regulation.

Our American assailant of the bank is not designated by Goethe; still he may be put here for a moment. He tries to seize the bank and turn its golden flow, belonging to the whole of Society, into his private channel. He wrecks railroads, locks up produce, speculates in securities, waters stock—all being methods of getting an enormous return out of the bank for what he has never put there, and of taking it from others who have put it there. Thus he spends his life in attempting to turn the universal money-stream into the individual pocket, undermining the bank and destroying its ability to pay its just creditors. The burglar of society's bank he is, the grand cracksman, whom, somehow, the law has not yet been able to catch.

But Faust is the theoretical speculator, not the practical one of the Stock Exchange, who cares or knows little of philosophic negation. Faust enters this society with his No, in company with his Mephisto; at once the universal element drops out of it, and we have this picture of "Walpurgis Night," which shows what society becomes by

denial, denial of its rational element.

Now we can see the harmony of this strange literary form, which the poet has chosen, with the matter to be treated. Indeed, the theme can have no other form than this perverted one, to image the Perverted Society. There is sense in the nonsense, "Sinn" in the "Unsinn," as Goethe himself implies in a conversation of his, already cited. The rational element of Society is ignored in individual pursuit; the rational element of literary form is ignored in the representation. Yet the reason lies just in this unreason; the outside alone is irrational, the inner controlling power is still the rational—wisdom employs folly as its instrument. Not a caprice, then, of the poet is this "Walpurgis Night;" it lies in the deepest necessity of the poem, it must be just at this place, and nowhere else, and its fantastic form is simply the theme clothing itself in its own natural garb.

Faust and Mephisto are now to pass through this strange realm, and to behold it in its essential phases. Following them we shall notice three capital points in the structure: First, the general movement of the multitude upwards, seeking the top of the mountain, "the great world" of Brocken; secondly, the movement sideways, or contrariwise, to covert places, the "little worlds" of Brocken; thirdly, Faust's vision of Margaret on Brocken, of the ideal, rising in this Perverted Society, at which the latter begins to vanish. These three phases we shall now unfold a little, reminding the student again that the details can often be

filled out variously, and that he must pour his own meaning and experience into these forms, if he would enter fully into the spirit of the scene.

I. First, then, is the movement upwards, in which each person is trying to reach his special end, yet the whole mass is moving on to its end. We remark the different dispositions of the two travelers, Faust and Mephisto, the former is delighted with Nature as she appears in the spring-time, and cares not for the repulsive instruments of witchery; but the latter wishes for the "very coarsest goat," and declares that "it is still winter in my body." There is no sun shining on this festival and only a sad belated moon; the two travelers must therefore take as their illumination the unsteady will-o'-the wisp, or, as the Germans say, *Erilight*, begotten of mire and darkness. By such a light, then, we are to see in this witch-world; a most fickle, capricious light, considered in Northern mythical lore to be a misguiding demon, and always suggesting the inner flickering whims of the individual without rational purpose. In this ascent a series of pictures will unfold in the fashion of a panorama.

1. The scenery, the outer setting of this witch-world, is portrayed in alternating song by the three guests; it is a magic realm, "trees run after trees," quite as the little child said, who looked out of the window of the railroad car going at full speed, and saw the whole forest running; "cliffs nod to cliffs, and the long peak-noses of the mountains are snoring." Nature herself is getting perverted in

this Errlight, and the physical mountain is "magic-mad to-day." Still, Faust with his aspiration, will hear (third stanza) songs of love and hope, which herald the new season. But Mephisto will find his world of diablery in this place, will hear only ominous birds (fourth stanza), see monsters in the knots and roots of trees, behold swarms of fire-flies, as "misleading escort." At last the main question is, "are we going or standing still?" For look about us, "everything seems to be in a whirl." everything is getting perverted, the trees and cliffs turn to ghosts, cut strange capers, "make faces" at the bewildered travelers, the naughty children! Thus Nature, the sublime environment of Brocken is perverted in this Errlight, and the one Errlight soon becomes many. Such is the result of our outer senses uncorrected by reason; we do not know x "whether we are moving or standing still;" the earth itself seems to lie motionless in mid space, while the great luminary dances round it on heaven's floor. Take the rational element out of our glance on Nature, and she too will turn to a physical Brocken, a genuine part of this "Wal-purgis Night." But what is our next picture?

2. Our travelers have reached a peak midway, and behold with astonishment "Mammon glowing in the mountain." A play of steam, fire, smoke runs over the slopes down into the deepest recesses; one thinks of the many forms of Industry wrenching its products from the bowels of the earth. Nature, which we have just seen in her first simple form, is now transformed, and becomes wealth, the

grand object of individual pursuit; from this wonderful process sparks fly out over the mountain, "as scattered golden sand." But, behold the other phase of wealth; the entire rocky wall of Brocken, to its very peak, is illuminated, and becomes a gorgeous palace, the palace of Mammon, which is built from spending the gold he has gathered. Luxury, prodigality, are the offspring of riches; society is in pursuit of those riches; listen, you may hear the approach of "the boisterous guests" of Brocken. Hark! the storm smiting the wayfarer and whirling him along; the old foundation of stone begins to quake, the ancient established order of society rocks and cracks in this grand rush after material gain; revolution sounds out of the tumult of selfish passion. How all tend to the palace of Mammon, where there is the grand illumination! Yet, now they begin to pass the palace which lies only midway up the mountain; wealth seems to be an intermediate end with the most of this throng. Up they rush and race still higher, which gives the third picture, the grand witch procession to the top of Brocken.

3. The great struggle toward the lofty seat of Herr Urian is depicted; him, we may consider, to be the fulfilment of each one's highest individual endeavor. This endeavor is not a universal end, but a special or selfish one; there are many forms of it, but these people are all alike, in the fact that each is pursuing his own special end. We cannot definitely say that the present wild ferment means just this particular thing, for instance, the Storm

and Stress period of German Literature, and nothing else; the forms are kept too general for any such special significance. We notice several little groups in this picture, which we shall look at separately.

First, we observe old Baubo, mounted on a mother swine, and riding at the head of the procession; manifestly a type of the material needs and greeds of life, of which the multitude is seeking the gratification. The lonely owl is stirred up by this tumult; the press is so great that no individual regards the other; one "is flayed," others are stuck by the fork, scratched by the broom of those riding; "the child is stifled, the mother bursts." Little humanity is shown in the intensity of selfish pursuit, no love, no help for the neighbor. On the thronged streets of the great city the wayfarer is like to meet just such a fate. Business is business; no charity here, but competition. Listen also to the mutual vituperation of the wizards and witches, their reproaches speak the truth of each other, in this mad struggle on the road "to the house of the Evil One." The individual in pursuit of individual ends pays no attention to his neighbor. Every fellow for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost—that is Brocken, whereon really the foremost is going to the Devil, and will soon be there.

Yet there are those who need help in getting up just this mountain; three such persons, or classes of persons, are now heard imploring aid, to whom the throng will shout refusal, in selfish,

savage witch-chorus. Those of the "Rocky Sea" would like to rise, and cannot; though busy always, there is no fruit of their work; "we wash and are clean as clean can be, but also eternally sterile." The formalists, we see in them, rubbing and scrubbing on the outside, while the main thing is never touched. Not the critics alone are such people; they are found in every class, in every profession, eternally washing, yet eternally sterile, clean in externals, faultless but fruitless. They do not reach even their individual end. Another such person sings out from the Rocky Cleft, which, like the Rocky Sea, seems to hold its dwellers in an insurmountable fortress of stone: "Take me along, I have been climbing three hundred years, and cannot reach the top." Who is that? Thou knowest him, O reader, it were foolish in me to speak his particular name. The answer of the witch-chorus is indeed harsh: "Everything is at hand to carry thee—broom, fork, stick, goat; who rises not to-day is a lost man." It would seem to be the best opportunity, but that person will probably never rise out of his Rocky Cleft, he will climb another three hundred years, and get nowhere; truly the image of many. Then there is the half-witch, tripping far behind the others, half in this business of selfish pursuit, half not, apparently in a state of schism with herself: "At home I have no peace, and here I attain nought." But that chorus of whole witches will tell her how to do it: for thy courage, annoint thyself with the witches' salve, be a whole witch, not half a one; seize any means for

thine end, a rag for thy sail, a trough for thy ship; "who flies not to-day, will never fly." Thus the three, we may suppose, are left behind in the race.

But what will the throng do when it reaches the top? The double chorus sings it: descend to the plain again, and cover it far and wide with the swarm of witchdom. Then the attainment of the individual end is not final, does not keep one above on the height; he has to come down, and do the same thing over again. The universal end alone can give peace, that includes all, is the end of ends. The witch-world swarms down afresh into the heath, to make some new ascent of Brocken, we must suppose; the labor of Sisyphus, with his rolling stone, is theirs. So we see the complete circle of Brocken, up and down, in the ceaseless tread of men.

II. The movement sideways now begins, in which the travelers are to behold "the little worlds" of Brocken. Mephisto will not go to the top with the crowd, "it is too mad even for me." He would, doubtless, get separated from Faust, and run the danger of losing him, in that last extreme, in which individualism reaches its culmination. See, already they are parted, and must be hallooed together. Perhaps, too, Mephisto would simply find himself in Herr Urian, sitting on the summit, who is here called the Evil One; so what is the use? Then, too, Faust, if he should go to the top and behold the last point of evil, might see its true, self-destroying Nature, might witness the negation

of the negation; "many a riddle," in fact his chief one "might find its solution there." But the Devil dissuades, entices by sensuous appeals, by the prospect of "witches young and naked." Little worlds are scattered all through this great world of Brocken; "hundreds of fires are burning," each by itself, "let us pass from fire to fire;" everywhere Mephisto will be recognized as master of the house, by that honorable sign, the cloven foot.

They, accordingly, turn aside to explore the counter-currents in this great stream on Brocken—counter-currents, yet still a part of the stream. We now behold the opposition to the selfish pursuit of the great multitude, but this opposition itself is selfish, and hence belongs to Brocken, being made up of people who are hostile to selfishness through selfishness. Three separate pictures we may glance at through the eyes of our travelers.

1. The snail, symbol of backwardness and conservatism, "with its face of feelers," introduces the present company, the little world, as Dame Baubo and her mother-swine led the advance of the previous company, the great world streaming up Brocken. Four old gentlemen, sitting around dying embers, have retired from the grand press of the multitude; why withdraw ye thus? Each gives his reason; it is a purely personal reason; they are grumblers, soreheads, reactionaries; but in their withdrawal they are pursuing their individual end, without regard to the universal interest; their grand complaint is that their selfishness is not now

successful; at bottom they are just the same as the great throng. Mephisto, in biting scorn, apes their looks and bemocks their character: "because my wine runs turbid, the world must be at its dregs." Four classes of unappreciated geniuses—we find them everywhere, not confined to old men. Yet there is a justice in their complaint, only they are themselves really what they are complaining of. Particularly, that author without readers, how familiar echo his words: "Who now reads a good book?" Not true of Wieland specially, as the critics say; but true of this author, and of this book.

These old men look back at the time when they were in the stream, "that was the golden age." They sigh for a past in which their selfishness was prosperous; now behold that past, "the golden age," revealed in the Brocken historian, who is none other than the huckster-witch. Not the Muse of History, but the Witch of History, she has gotten together a shopful of curiosities, "the like of it is not to be found on the earth." There is nothing on her shelves "which has not done some important harm to mankind," a grand collection of diabolic antiquities, "not a dagger which has not spilled blood, not a cup which has not given poison, not a jewel which has not betrayed a woman." The diligent German commentator has hunted down the very name of this huckster-witch, but the name means nothing to me; nor would it to thee, my reader; but look into that curiosity-shop of the elder Disraeli, or into his Quarrels of Authors, and

thou canst see the Witch of History at work in her infernal museum; nay, look into grave historical books, and thou wilt often detect her masking there. Connect, too, the witch with the preceding group of old men, for they really belong in her shop of antiquities.

But the curious fact now comes out that the Devil will have nothing to do with the Devil's past; Mephisto dismisses with a scoff the witch's laborious collection in his honor. True as of old, the Evil One does not appreciate his best friends, for does he not torture them, just in proportion to their devotion to him, and at last burn them up? He is seeking live people in the present, "only novelties attract us." In spite of these little eddies "the whole whirlpool strives to get above;" the little worlds are just as selfish as the great world, they are seeking "to get on top"—which means, on top of Brocken.

2. Therewith we turn to another female figure, not the one offering past curiosities of the Devil, but present pleasures of his. Adam's first wife, Lilith by name, the original woman who begets desire and founds the first Perverted Family, appears; she is very different from Eve his second wife, the mother of the human Family, who is the consort, not of the passion, but of the reason of mankind. This Lilith has "devils nestling in her hair," in which young men particularly get entangled; she is the outcast of society, hence is not found in the grand stream, but still has her little nook on Brocken. Lilith is a strange wraith of

far-off Hebrew tradition, which, before Goethe, had become interwoven into the mythus of Walpurgis Night. The Witches' Kitchen appears again for a moment in the old and the young witch, partners, respectively, of Mephisto and Faust. It, too, belongs to the social totality, and must be portrayed; with the one glance let it pass on in its sensual revel.

3. But who is this rushing in with a curse? The enemy of Brocken on Brocken, the bitterest foe of ghosts, yet just in that their slave—in him the counter-movement of these "little worlds" culminates. It is not impulse or passion which brings him hither, but the cold intellect, which denies the universal or spiritual end, and elevates the individual pursuit into a philosophy. The philosopher of Brocken, he seems to be coupled with Lilith, because he has prostituted not his body, but his mind; the man, as philosopher, who denies the spiritual world, yet this denial is a spirit which haunts him and leads him to Brocken.

The individual features of this portrait have been identified, beyond a doubt, as those of Nicolai, Goethe's great literary enemy. He is the supreme Philistine, who sees no universal or spiritual end, and tries to drive it out as superstition. He, therefore, belongs to Brocken, though hostile to the spirits there: his enmity in its very excess turns into allegiance. An event of his life furnished a striking image to the poet to show his character. He, the foe of spirits, was troubled with visions of spirits; he was cured by a fundamental application

of leeches. Why did he not keep silent about it? No, he must "blab every step;" so he commits the insipid folly of writing an essay, which gives in all their breadth the details of his malady and its cure, and of reading the same before the Berlin Academy of Sciences. Thus the poor man stood in undress before the whole laughing German world, and interwove himself, of his own accord, into the mythus of Brocken, where Goethe found him, and has given him a permanent habitation. It is the most personal portrait on Brocken, for this reason, less appropriate, and, in spite of the keen-edged satire, less satisfactory to us, who care little for personalities. We cannot but think that Goethe might have followed more closely his own maxim to advantage: "let the poet call the individual to its universal consecration."

III. Faust has quit the young witch of his own accord; he saw "a red mouse spring out of her mouth," certainly there is danger. Mephisto's scoffing laugh tries to put him down: "Do not be so finical, the mouse was not grey;" the literal grey mouse would be indeed the miracle under the circumstances. But this is not all that Faust sees here: "Behold yonder a pale fair child alone and distant—it is like Margaret." In the very extremity of these sensual depths the ideal rises, as it before rose in the "Witches' Kitchen;" aspiration again asserts itself in the last limit of the negative act; the new resolution springs from the satiety and disgust of indulgence. Over this scene of confusion, selfishness and sensuality, Margaret

hovers with her sacrifice; at her appearance Brocken begins to vanish into the image of love and its devotion; the witch-world cannot last with such a semblance floating around in it.

Mephisto, of course, tries to suppress this new tendency, so hostile to his domination; he calls the holy image an idol, a delusive, magic show, a Medusa, whose look turns men to stone. Still Faust is not deterred; indeed, a deeper phase of his nature, that of conscience or sense of guilt, now begins stirring within him, and calling up images; he beholds the fate of Margaret on Brocken: "A single scarlet band around her fair neck, no broader than a knife-blade." It would seem that this is a prophetic vision of the judgment impending over Margaret, which he will move passionately forth to thwart hereafter. From fragments remaining of the original plan, the poet appears to have intended to work out this judgment-scene in a bloody phantasmagoric picture on Brocken, but the second and better thought held back his hand.

Mephisto seeks to divert Faust's mind from the vision, and conjures up a theatrical counter-dream to take his attention. This will be the following Walpurgis Night's Dream: "A new piece, the last of seven;" all in pieces, a drama made according to the recipe of the theatrical manager in the Prelude: "If ye give a piece, give it in pieces." We are not, then, surprised at learning that "a dilettante wrote it, and dilettanti play it too." Goethe did not like the patch-work of dilettantism; it always destroys the Whole which true Art seeks

to present. He planned a book against dilettantism, of which the outlines remain, and can be seen in his collected Works. He puts the dilettanti on Brocken, "where they belong." Why in such a place? They, too, have merely some individual end in writing—as money, fame, honor, satisfaction of a caprice; they do not seize a spiritual Whole and portray it for its sake, and not for their own sake. The seventh piece it is called, as if six had gone before it; the poet, looking with eyes of a dilettante, whose part he now assumes, may easily divide his Brocken panorama into six pictures. Mephisto, therefore, as his final endeavor in his present business, shows to Faust the intellectual Brocken of Literature, since social Brocken, in all forms, has failed to satisfy him; but, on the contrary, has called up out of its own sensual depths, the pure image of self-sacrificing love, Margaret, from whom these epigrammatic fire-works seek to divert the struggler's aspiration.

WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM.

This scene, so generally condemned by the critics as an excrescence, was deemed by the poet himself to be an integral part of his work. At first it was not intended for its present place in "Faust," but for Schiller's periodical, the "Musenalmanach;" it was mainly written in the year 1797, hence several years before the preceding scene, the "Walpurgis Night." The poet implies that it grew upon him, till it assumed in his thoughts a phase of his poem, and specially of Brocken. That Goethe knew when and how to put the pruning knife to his own productions, is shown by his Paralipomena to "Faust;" this Brocken portion, in particular, has been pared a good deal, as we see by fragments still existing. We may conclude without any hesitation, that he regarded this scene as in its proper place; though he calls it an intermezzo, a name taken from the Italian drama, and implying something put in between. The little piece seems to hang loosely from the poem, but we feel that here, too, we must follow the judgment of the poet as the man best entitled to a respectful hearing in this matter; so we shall try to find the structural principle in it, as well as the connecting thought which joins it to what goes before and to what comes after, instead of con-

demning it from some criterion of our own. After all, the main object is to know how the poet looks at his own work, and organizes it into a Whole.

Since the gay scene in "Auerbach's Cellar," Mephisto has been conducting Faust through various phases of the Perverted World, whereof the last phase was social Brocken, or perverted society; to this is now added literary Brocken, being the intellectual, and hence the extreme perversion, in which men of letters, who ought both to be reasonably complete themselves, and to set forth Truth in its completeness, manifest some broken, partial, distorted image of it in their writings, and in their character. Brocken has, therefore, come to reflect itself, and it reflects itself perverted.

Goethe, in the mask of *Servibilis*, says, "it was written by a dilettante," a new piece, broken into pieces, into very small pieces, little short epigrams, each of which is a rounded pebble by itself, with its own name inscribed upon it. Thus it is atomic poetry; yet all these repellant atoms are bound into a Whole, and made to do duty together, under a common form and rubric; their very repulsion becomes a point of similarity and of union. Also the characters that "play the piece are dilettanti;" thus they, too, have a common bond and are to be classed together, while they are all playing themselves individually.

It will be manifest, that this epigrammatic manner, as a variation of the Brocken music, springs from the theme; the poet uses a dilettante form to destroy dilettantism. It thus belongs, em-

phatically, to Mephisto's realm; these epigrams are little devils who are plaguing little sinners with their own sins; the poet calls them "insects with little sharp nippers;" moreover, they belong to the one big Devil, for they are now on hand, they say, "to honor Papa Satan worthily." Thus he puts his own epigrams—Xenia or hospitable presents he calls them—upon literary Brocken, where they are to play the part of small avenging demons against literary sinners. In a letter to Schiller. (Correspondence, No. 297) he humorously hints their diabolic nature: "I hope the Copenhagenites, and the cultured dwellers on the Baltic, will draw from our Xenia a new argument for the actual and incontrovertible existence of the Devil." The subject-matter determines the form, dilettantism is to be burned up in its own infernal flame. These have not the form of the elegiac Xenia, which were composed in conjunction with Schiller, and which made such a stir in Germany, when published in the "Musenalmanach," but are what the poet calls "tame Xenia," of which this "Walgurgis Night's Dream" is a collection.

The poet has called this scene a dream, possibly because the confusion of Brocken has now become internal: the representation turns on subjective conditions, rather than on real phases of society, such as we saw in the previous scene. It is also called Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding, the hint of a separation in the Family followed by union. This is the setting of the scene, taken from Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which

Oberon and Titania, the fairy husband and wife, quarrel, separate, and come together again. But their separation causes a grand confusion in Nature:

And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Not physical, but intellectual evils are the result of the present separation of the fairy Family—the harmful progeny which are now to appear, one-sided perverted phases of spirit which spring from this split in Fairy-land, whereby each individual of a common bond goes off by himself; such is the dream of it, having a far-off dreamy parallel in the separation of Faust and Margaret. In the train of the sovereigns of the fairy world are two spirits, representatives of spirit, Puck and Ariel, possibly Fancy and Imagination, or Prose “dragging his foot in the dance,” and Poetry “starting the song,” shadowy shapes which hover over this dream-world, appearing both at the beginning and end.

But at present this separation of the fairy couple is not real, but only imagined; both Oberon and Titania, now celebrating their happy union in a Golden Wedding, merely are able to conceive of a sundering of their ties: “if the man and wife cannot get along together, send one to the South, the other to the North Pole.” So says Titania, and therewith the orchestra strikes up loudly the Brocken music, “the fly’s snout and the gnat’s nose,” insect music, just these epigrams, resulting from the discordant image of Fairy-land. Such is the outer framework in which the scene is set, vanishing at the end into the music of the orchestra.

Upon a detailed explanation of these little poems we shall not enter. What is true of this Brocken poetry in general, is true of them: they are not to be understood, much less enjoyed, unless one reads them creatively, fills out their forms with his own activity. They are not equal in point of merit; some are very good, and might be proverbs. A proverbial tinge belongs to all of them, a short crisp speech which must be filled with experience before its meaning be apparent.

This form of the Xenion, or epigram, we saw begin on Brocken, when the ascent of the witch procession was described; here it is continued and makes a little world of its own, still on Brocken. To most readers, at the first glance, the scene appears a confusion, from which small satisfaction can be gotten; but it really portrays a confusion, of which they must see the purpose, when some harmony may be extracted out of this bit of chaos. For its own sake, one may well doubt whether it be worth the trouble it gives; but for the sake of the total "Faust," in which it is placed, it has its claim.

In spite of the dilettante form, which "gives a piece in pieces," we can see a kind of loose structure floating in the misty, dreamy scenery; through the clouds we can discern groups which may be tolerably defined. Beside the prelude and the finale, we note throughout the scene the recurrence of the musicians, who intervene at certain stages with a sharp word, and seem to mark the beat at some transition or new phrase of this Brocken antiphony.

They indicate certain groupings which we may follow, always recollecting, however, that the principle of these verses is atomic, and each must be held apart first by itself. Pile the little round pellets into piles, not too large, else they will all roll asunder, while you are at work with them.

1. The Prelude is first, which gives the theatrical and the fairy setting of the scene, till the orchestra of Brocken breaks in, sounding its instruments, "fly's snout and gnat's nose, with frog and cricket and all their relations." Such is the Brocken music in its total orchestral harmonies, out of which the single voices are now to rise.

2. The second group, in general, satirizes the literary tendencies of the time, it shows the state of Belles Letters on Brocken. The petty fancies of Romanticism, which puts together delicate incongruities, as "a spider's foot and a toad's paunch," and makes out of them "not a little beast, but a little poem," are burlesqued in three epigrams. Then follow equally inept objections to these romantic creatures—to Oberon, for instance, as being a devil "without claws and tail," to the witches, of whom "only two are powdered." The end is a gross romantic caricature of classic nudity in the young witch, "sitting naked on her goat," round whom the swarm (of poets) is so great and so boisterous that the leader of the orchestra has to interfere, and bring his Brocken musicians back to time and order again. Next we are shown certain critical tendencies; the weather-cock (not the Stolbergs, as Loeper truly points out,) on one side

crowds nought but praise, on the other nought but censure; these Xenia, "with their nippers," and Hennings, their great enemy, equally belong here. Finally, a religious turn is given to the Brocken critics, to "the stiff man smelling for Jesuits," to the crane "fishing in the pure as well as the muddy waters" of religion, to the world-child, Goethe himself, with his sneer at the pious people, who "form conventicles 'on Brocken." Uncertain, shadowy groupings these, but they show the general outline of what we may call Literary Brocken.

3. The next group is the philosophic, and is the plainest of all; indeed, its distinctness is what suggests the principle of grouping the whole scene. It is heralded by three musical men, the dancer, the dancing-master and the fiddler (not Jolly Fellow, as Loeper well shows), who seem to criticise the dull uniformity, the lack of rhythmic expression, the deficiency of harmonious style in German philosophic writings. The philosophers never ask, in all their hopping and leaping, "how it looks;" then they hate one another, and only "the drone of the bag-pipe unites them." Here follows a set of epigrams hitting off the various one-sided systems of philosophy; these verses, on the whole, are the best of the lot, pointed, clear and universal in their meaning. But the skeptic is present too, and has the last word; he doubts, and under his doubt philosophy grows sadly discordant, even unto dissolution, whereat the leader of the orchestra again falls in with his fierce malediction, "accursed dilettanti," and another key-note is struck,

which puts an end to philosophic Brocken.

4. The epigrams of this group—the fourth—are supposed to be political by Duentzer and others; but they are just as well literary, and thus they accord with the whole context of this scene. They show the various outer appearances of literary endeavor; first are “the versatile ones,” always on top with the public, “going on their heads when they cannot go on their feet;” then come “the helpless ones” now down, “with shoes danced out;” there is the “Errlight,” erratic genius of the swamp, and the “Meteor,” blazing a moment in the horizon, then “lying in the grass;” finally, “the massive ones” appear, furnishing prodigious bulk and treading down everything—the gross material writ, “though a spirit too,” the newspaper, say. Wherewith this phase of literary Brocken is brought to an end.

5. The Finale is found in the last three epigrams, which again introduce the coloring, and in part, the character of the Prelude of this scene. Puck though a rough one himself, reproves these massive “elephant calves” of Literature; Ariel exhorts all of “you who have wings,” to “follow my airy trace up to the hill of roses,” to poetry. With this loving exhortation, the orchestra joins in a concordant pianissimo, the Brocken scenery of cloud and fog vanishes, the noisy musicians, “fly and gnat, frog and cricket,” give place to “air in the foliage and wind in the reeds,” and this little world dies away with the distant music.

The Perverted Society, which we have followed

through two sunless scenes, has now dissolved; Brocken, both social and literary, has passed out of the Walpurgis Night into day. The last phase of it shows the mind reflecting itself perverted, whereby it beholds its own image in its perversion. This image Faust, for whom the whole show is produced, now beholds, and thereby must be brought to a consciousness of this entire realm; he cannot help seeing the distorted picture which reveals to him Brocken as it is. Indeed he has beheld a true image of the whole Perverted World, which cannot entice and delude him longer, since he is now aware of its character. Hence in the next scene we shall meet him deeply disgusted and angered at Mephisto for these "insipid distractions;" whence follows a great new change in the movement of the drama.

The Poet evidently intended at one time to add a scene here, which would return to the summit of Brocken and portray the judgment of Margaret at the court of Satan. His better instinct, however, suppressed it; the mad mountain has already grown clear, and Faust has had experience of it to the full. But chiefly, Margaret is to be judged by a different court from that of Satan, she is to be shown, not condemned, but saved.

CHAPTER THIRD.

The third and last of the grand divisions, into which the First Part of "Faust" organizes itself, now begins; that is, a chief joint in the structure of the poem reveals itself at this point. Mephisto has led Faust through various phases of the Perverted World "to still the passionate desire;" but the Perverted World now comes to an end, and a new realm starts into being. Indulgence of every kind Faust has had and seen, but in it aspiration has not been quenched, indeed it has been intensified by the very insufficiency of this sensuous life. In one form or other the ideal has always arisen out of the carnival of lust and selfishness; the greater the descent, the stronger the re-action, until Faust now reacts out of Mephisto's world. Through his experience with Margaret his aspiration has transformed itself into her essence, love; her shape, too, it has seized upon, and love has given him an eternal image, which rises up from the darkest abysses, and floats over them in a vision of light.

The Tavern, the Witches' Kitchen, Brocken, have not satisfied him, have hardly amused him; the last phase, Walpurgis Night's Dream, has apparently given him the antidote, by revealing to him the self-reflecting Brocken, which satirizes it-

self into annihilation. The perversion of this whole realm now casts its shadow in the clear waters of intelligence, and the man becomes conscious, and therewith passes to a new sphere. The Past flashes upon him, especially in the wretched condition of Margaret; he turns upon Mephisto, who has led him hitherto in spite of violent protests and recalcitrations, and he will now make the Devil subject to himself, not his leader, but his servant.

This is a great change in Faust personally, as well as in the movement of the poem; Mephisto is made into an instrument, not for the destruction, but for the rescue of Margaret. It is the beginning of the grand return out of the Devil's domination; evil is now subjected to the better purpose; evil, a sharp tool in the Lord's workshop, with which people will cut themselves till they learn how to handle it. But that negative doer, so audacious hitherto, is compelled to turn against himself, and destroy or undo his negative deed; the Devil having brought ruin upon Margaret is forced by Faust to aid in saving her. Thus the First Part has, if not altogether a positive end, at least the begining thereof; the destroying principle is put down, starts destroying itself; and this conquest is to continue under many forms to its final completion in the Second Part.

But, on the other hand, Margaret cannot be rescued in this external way. She must recognize her punishment as just, and bravely take the consequences; her conscience has not been under-

mined by doubt, like that of Faust, and from it she dares not run away. She chooses the penalty of her deed, which is death; just this is her salvation. She finds forgiveness in her last act; but Faust remains behind, his salvation is to be wrought out in a wholly different way. The three scenes of this portion are now to be unfolded.

GLOOMY DAY.

The scene with this caption throws us at once into the midst of a violent struggle between Faust and Mephisto. Our first impulse is to consider it merely as another of the many struggles which we have witnessed between the same persons, through the whole course of the drama—only one more whiff of infernal smoke from the pit. But note! Mephisto seems on the defensive, is, in fact, quailing before the wrathful reproaches of Faust, who is clearly advancing upon the old Transgressor with clenched fist. "In misery! in despair! in prison!" Who? Margaret, whose wretched condition has been hidden from Faust, "while thou hast lulled me in insipid distractions," namely, in the pleasures of the Perverted World. Truly, a great change; love, devotion, seems about to suppress Mephisto, whose fiendship simply retorts: "She is not the first one."

This expression drives Faust to make his sympathy universal; not for Margaret alone, but for the whole race of those ruined thus by Mephisto he begins to show feeling; far above his denial compassion exalts him now. The Devil resists, of course, but Faust is not going to be deterred this time: "Grind not thy voracious jaws at me." No fear of diabolic grimaces, no yielding; for listen to

the command: "Save her, or woe be unto thee." Mephisto seeks to fetch him off by a new turn: "Danger there is! avenging spirits hover over the place of blood, in wait for the murderer who returns." Justice stands ready to seize Faust, still he will go, and he commands: "Take me hither and free her." Mephisto obeys, has to obey; he becomes the instrument of Faust, never again to obtain full supremacy. The Devil, however, cannot do everything; he can only work in the Devil's fashion: "I shall cloud the jailer's senses; take thou his keys and lead her forth," if she will come, for he cannot compel her. He can circumvent authority, is "on good terms with the police," but over Margaret's soul he has no power. Such is the grand turning-point, from which the whole poem takes a new sweep.

A wonderful web of conjecture and opinion has been spun around this scene, till it lies buried in a sevenfold swathing of erudition. It is written in prose, is the only prose scene in Faust; why thus? Stapfer, cited by Taylor, says the reason is that Goethe wished to put every kind of writing, prose and verse, into his work. A rather uncertain reason: why then so many kinds of verse, and but one kind of prose? No, we must think the artist Goethe to have adjusted his form to his theme wherever he could, and not to the demand for mere external variety. But does the theme demand this prose form? Not infrequently it is so asserted. "One of Goethe's grandest scenes," declares Oettingen, who feels here especially the mighty

dramatic hand of a Shakespeare, of him who also inserted prose into his dramas.

I confess, I incline to the opposite view. This is one of the least successful scenes in all "Faust" in execution, though it be one of the most important in conception. It has not the clear-cut outline of the poet's verse, it is forced, it loses itself in turgidity; this is not poetry, or beauty, or art, though it may have some outward resemblance to the speech of a raving man, which is here in place. Mr. Taylor well says that it suggests the style of the Werther period, and we know that the conception of it goes back to the earliest Faust studies of the poet, though it was dictated to Riemer in its present form not before 1806, as Duentzer says. Yet, from certain allusions, it must have been heard by Wieland before 1790, and by Einsiedel in 1775 or before. The great master kept it out of the fragment of 1790, though some form of it was in existence then; he waited for the mood to complete it, as he did in many other cases in the present work, but the mood never came. So it remains in prose, a mere outline or suggestion of a great scene; when the completed First Part was printed in 1808, it had to be put in just as it was, as a necessary link in the poem. But it ought to be in verse, and move musically with the rest of the work; thus it would not be a discord in form, an uncut part of the statue, and in Goethe's measure it would surely lose the streak of bombast which it has now. Incompleteness, sketchiness speaks out of it—the only scene in the First Part, which shows the author in

his workshop, struggling desperately with his hard material, and defeated in the struggle. Still it suggests the thought, though it does not give the form.

There are several indications of its sketchy character. Faust speaks of Mephisto in the dog-shape, as "often running before him, crouching at the feet of the wanderer;" yet we have heard of nothing of the kind in the doings of the poodle. Again, Faust addresses here the Earth-Spirit: "thou who didst deign to appear to me, why chain me to this infamous companion who delights in ruin?" But the Earth-Spirit in the present text of the poem has done no such thing, Mephisto is generated out of Faust's No.

Upon these and other small inaccuracies, conjecture has reared many an air-castle of conjecture about numerous appearances of the Earth-Spirit in the original plan of "Faust," which were set aside in the second plan, as it now exists. We may well grant that these little inconsistencies show the fluctuations in the mind of the young poet, in regard to his design at first; in fact it would have been strange if he had not laid out his scheme variously, at various times; but when they are made into a colossal wedge to split open the poem, cleaving it into two irreconcilable parts, nay, to split open the characters of both Faust and Mephisto, each into two irreconcilable parts also, and thus destroy the unity of the First Part, the analytic critic has certainly committed a most bloody, cruel hari-kari, not so

much upon the work as upon himself, at which the spectator can only shed tears of pity. These little counter-currents are in every mighty stream, let no man think, on looking at them, that the whole river is running backwards. The double plan of Faust has become the favorite fencing-ground of critics, but we shall drop the foils with one remark: these are but the inconsistencies of the sketch vanishing into the completed work, and leaving a dim trace behind.

THE RAVENSTONE.

Six lines compose this scene, in which Faust and Mephisto are shown on their magic steeds, "dark horses," which travel in the dark, and somehow pass through the net which surrounds the Ravenstone, or place of execution, and the jail where Margaret is lying. Powers appear "weaving around the gallows," they at first seem unknown to Mephisto, but soon, by their hovering up and down, and by their bows and obeisances, doing homage to him as their master, he recognizes them as a guild of witches. Still further, when they strew and consecrate his path with incense, in a magic ceremonial parodying church service, he knows they are his worshippers, and he cries, "on, on past them." Thus Mephisto gets through the guards, walls, doors of the prison, "storming in on black horses"—certainly not to the scenic outer eye, but to the mind's eye, which can see Mephisto even in the night and on night's steeds. It is of a piece with his former statements, "I am on good terms with the police," and more particularly, "I will cloud the jailer's senses," which cloud is evidently now descending. In such manner he easily passes the wizard-guard, which the State employs about the gallows, devils to keep off devils, yet letting the master pass "on dark horses."

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THE PRISON.

The first conception of this scene, which has very generally been considered as one of supreme greatness, goes back to the early "Faust" of 1769-75. But it was one of those scenes which overwhelmed the poet himself, and which he could not bring to a satisfactory completeness in his younger days; it does not, therefore, appear in the "Fragment" of 1790, though a sketch of it was known to have existed long before that date. It took the same ripeness of age and the same experience of life for its production that was required to produce the genesis of Mephisto; indeed, the two are in a certain degree counterparts, the one shows a soul unfolding into evil, the other shows a soul getting rid of evil—two phases of the one grand discipline, seen both in the man and in the woman. Not till 1808, nearly forty years from its first conception, did the poet permit this scene to leave his workshop stamped with his approval.

Still, it bears in it the wildness, the Titanio surges of Goethe's youth, yet at the same time marvellously conforms to the symmetry and law of his mature age. A great variety of poetic expression we find here, which has to adjust itself to all the fleeting transitions between sanity and madness, from quick, maniacal flashes, to deep, prolonged

heart moans. A mighty task it was to image this scene; not merely in speech, but in verse; we hear short and long lines rhymed successively and alternately, even unrhymed lines, often straying alone like lost children in the desert. Terrific outbursts followed by sudden calm, frantic joy darting like fleet lightning into the darkest gloom; up and down the whole scale of reason the verses run, mad as Margaret herself, with heart-rending cries, yet with a final melting away into celestial harmony.

This wild melody, or, at least, the key-note of it, Goethe has caught from Shakespeare. With the first strain of Margaret, we hear Ophelia, the crazed girl in "Hamlet," singing her snatches of old ballads, with perverted glimmers of her great sorrow shining through madness. Then, too, we have strong touches of Lady Macbeth here, not in her ambitious career, but in her somnambulist spell; a lurid flame from that candle of her's, as she walks and talks in sleep, showing the tangled skein of wicked thoughts and deeds which made up her past life, yet in it, too, conscience lashing her to death with a scourge of dreams. Such a spiritual history will Margaret recount of herself in her frenzy; she, too, will touch "a dear hand"—not her own but another's—with a "damned spot" on it, which she will try to cleanse. Similar indeed, yet prodigiously different, just in this passage; a universe asunder lie the love of Margaret and the selfishness of Lady Macbeth.

Here, as elsewhere, we shall note that Goethe

may be considered as both less and greater than Shakespeare. In originality, in immediate poetic power and glow, in dramatic life, the German poet, though very great in these qualities, would probably have placed himself behind the British poet, to whom he has expressed his deepest obligations. But what is a problem in Shakespeare finds a solution in Goethe; that which in the elder bard is in conflict with the world-order, and becomes tragic, is brought to harmony in the later bard, and finds redemption. Ophelia goes crazy through love, and perishes; is there no salvation for her the innocent soul? we ask in agony. Goethe answers with deep consolation, yes. But a far profounder note is touched, deep as Christianity itself: Lady Macbeth, overburdened with her crimes, is punished to death by her imagination; is there no redemption for her the guilty soul? Again Goethe answers distinctly in this scene, yes; more distinctly, I think, than Shakespeare has done, though Shakespeare, too, has pointed out the way of redemption in certain dramas. But Goethe makes all evil the process of the individual to the good; hence, in the Shakespearean sense, he has no tragic character, no tragedy indeed, not Faust, not Margaret, both of whom are saved in the very tragic end of life, through sin out of sin, and not simply swept out of the world by death, with all their crimes still upon their souls.

We are now to witness the transfiguration of Margaret, through guilt out of guilt. The form through which her spiritual regeneration passes is most mar-

velous, for it is madness. Yes, this whole scene is the passage of the guilty soul through insanity to redemption; insanity itself is made the instrument of rescuing the fallen soul. The crowning evil to rational man would seem to be the loss of reason; yet through it he may have to travel to come to the supreme reason of the world. The very fact that Margaret goes mad on account of guilt indicates the sound, indestructible kernel of her nature, and flashes through all the clouds of unreason, her restoration. Sad would it be, if she did not go crazy at what she has done. But the very intensity of her conscience, shown in this unbalancing of her mind, grounds her moral soundness, and necessitates her recovery. That mighty evil is the shadow of her mighty goodness, and we behold an insanity which is working out a deeper and truer sanity. If more people were capable of going mad for their misdeeds like Margaret, how much better would be the time! but alas! they are still rational in their guilt, and thus the world generally is far more crazy than she. Such is Goethe's method here, reaching beyond Shakespeare, I think, as this age reaches beyond him; Goethe does not do Shakespeare's work over again, could not if he tried, but he resumes him, carries his thought forward into its fullness, into a new life and epoch. Margaret is an Ophelia working herself free of madness and not dying therein; nay, is a Lady Macbeth working herself free of guilt, and passing through the terrors of Hell to a reconciliation with God. The sanest man of our earth seems this poet who can

turn insanity into the means of the eternal reason: he is the most desperate, defiant optimist who ever lived, storming the infernal pit, and turning it into the pathway to Heaven, even making the demons carry sinners up into the celestial world.

We shall now turn to the scene and try to follow its movement both of passion and of thought. Faust has come to rescue Margaret from prison, but he cannot; she will refuse the external deliverance, fully recognizing the justice of her punishment; therein, however, she will obtain an inner deliverance, that of the soul; she will pass from the poor, trembling victim of sin and guilt, to her transfiguration. We shall note, too, a great change in Faust; he will use Mephisto now as his means for a noble action, the rescue of the wretched girl from prison; the Devil is still his instrument, not for the gratification of appetites, however, but for a deed involving personal danger, we may call it a deed of self-sacrifice. Yet Faust is very different from Margaret; compared with her, he is far, very far from redemption, and has much to experience still; he seems quite to lack the first stage, a sense of guilt. Another road he must travel, when he too, at the end of the Second Part, will have his transfiguration.

It is worth our time to seek carefully the law of this noble scene, as we see it holding together these high and turbulent waves of emotion and making them obey its secret power in their wildest tumult. The main movement is the fluctuation of Margaret's mind between sanity and madness, its

risers and its relapses, of which we may distinguish three main stages, yet always with delicate shadings in contrary directions, so that we have the fore-warning of madness in the lucid interval, and we catch the glimpse of returning light through the clouded spell. Upon these paroxysms of her mind now losing, now recovering itself, we are to float, yielding ourselves sympathetically to the fluctuations, first rising to sanity and an outer freedom, then secondly falling to an inner thralldom through guilt, and therewith to insanity, and finally rising again to the inner deliverance through repentance, and to the transfiguration through love.

I. The scene introduces Faust, broken and overwhelmed with grief, not merely for his dear victim, whose crime was only "a good delusion," but filled with sorrow for "mankind's whole wretchedness," gathered to a point, as it were, before him in that prison. "An unwonted shudder" is this, he confesses; but suffering has keyed his emotions up to the pitch of a universal charity, in spite of his intellectual denial, wherein we may hear a slight reverberation of old Lear, turned out into the storm and exposed to the last extremity of suffering, through which he begins to think of "houseless poverty, poor naked wretches, that hide the pelting of this pitiless storm—Oh, I have taken too little care of this."

In such a mood he hears the song of Margaret in prison, singing of the heartless step-mother who slew the child entrusted to her; it is the disconnected wail of the soul unbalanced by guilt, still it

hints remotely the dreadful act. The song, an adaptation from a popular German ballad, tells of the destruction of the babe, though in a weird fantastic manner; we catch the deed gleaming through, yet taking on, in her crazed mind, a wild alien expression. Faust enters and speaks, tries to free her of the fetters; but she does not recognize him as a deliverer, thinks him the executioner, as in a sense he is. She always clings to the image of her babe, with unsettled fancies driving through her talk; she dreams for a moment that she is innocent, the victim of evil report among the people. But when Faust falls upon his knees to entreat her to flee, she kneels, too, but in prayer "to invoke the saints;" for just under the threshold she sees Hell and the Devil, as it were, stopping the way. Thus conscience breaks through her innocence with the direst picture given by her faith; we behold in her the workings of guilt, which has seized upon the imagination, and has made it the soul's torture even unto insanity. This motive, repeated several times in the scene, is taken from *Lady Macbeth*.

But when Faust speaks her name aloud, Margaret! Margaret! it is the word of awakening, the cue of her sanity; her fetters fall off "at the voice of the lover." She exclaims, "I am free!" and she recognizes the true Faust, as he stands on that infernal threshold, hearing "the sweet, loving tone through the howling of Hell and the mockery of Devils."

II. We are now to witness the second sweep of

Margaret's agitated soul, as it were, from the clear height downward into the dark valley, from the first glow of outer freedom to the settled sorrow of an inner captivity, from sanity back again to madness. This transition is brought about through the memory of her past life, whose history she now gives in its twofold aspect, the time of innocence and the time of guilt.

First she goes over in imagination the story of their love, "again I see the street where I saw thee first," she is transported back to "Martha's Garden," that fatal spot beyond the eye of mother and priest, and there she re-enacts the kissing scene. Yet she feels the danger, feels that something separates her and her lover; what is it? Apparently she will flee with him, at least she does not refuse; still she delays, till her thought deepens to the fearful question: "Why dost thou not shun me?" Her real condition breaks suddenly into consciousness: "Dost thou know whom thou art freeing?"

Herewith she begins to tell the history of her guilt, the outgrowth and continuation of the history of her love. Yet the guilt is his too, "there is blood on thy hand, methinks." Mother, brother, child have all perished, "now put up thy dagger, I beg." In vain Faust beseeches her to "let the past be past;" impossible! She tells how all are to be buried—truly the grave of the Family, in which she too is to be placed, for she belongs there, "a little to one side, yet not so very far." Such is her own doom, uttered by herself. Faust is still

urging her to freedom, but now she cannot go, and there is heard the supreme decision in one crushing sentence, "from here into my everlasting bed of rest, and no step further." Yet with deepest love still: "O Henry, if I could but go with thee." Another fetter is now holding her in its grip, the fetter of conscience which Faust has no key to unlock.

This conscience at once sets to work and hurls her again into a paroxysm of madness, in which she paints the scene of her drowning child, whom she wildly calls upon Faust to rescue. Alas! it is his deed, too. Then she cannot in her flight pass by the stone where "my mother sits shaking her head." Faust will at last use force: "seize me not so murderously," she cries; yes, to rescue her out of prison is now to murder her, to slay her conscience. "I have done all things else for love of thee," but this I shall not do, run away from my punishment. Here is the turn, the beginning of the end, the limit to her guilt, the limit to her devotion to Faust, which however brings about a higher devotion to him, indeed his salvation. Through madness, the new woman transfigured begins to appear. Well may she answer to her lover: "the day is breaking, my wedding-day," on which indeed is to occur her new marriage. "We shall meet again, but not at the dance," a prophetic gleam of the simple maid, which pierces through to the end of the Second Part, where she and Faust shall meet again, "but not at the dance."

One more scene, the final one, her high-wrought

imagination brings up before her, it is the picture of her condemnation and execution. The multitude assemble silently, the streets will not hold them, the bell sounds, the staff of justice is broken. "They seize me, bind me, bring me to the block." Then comes the end: "dumb lies the world like the grave." A judgment upon herself she passes, from which she will not escape, being held in the fetters of conscience, she herself assuming the place of prison, judge, jury and execution.

At this point she and Faust must separate, for he has no such conviction to bind him. He sees that he cannot rescue her, and seems to give up. "O had I ne'er been born!" If he had carried her off by violence, what would she be? Crazy, without hope of sanity or salvation. Indeed, Margaret is leaving him, has already left him. What is rising up yonder, must rise at this point? It is Mephisto, at the parting of the ways, and having a relation here both to Faust and Margaret. The one he urges to hasten away from "this holy spot"—the day is near, "my horses shudder." But the other turns away from him to the upper world, and cries: "Judgment of God, I have given myself over to thee." Such is the sunburst of sanity through that tempest of insanity, revealing an angelic transfiguration through guilt out of guilt.

Margaret appeals to the celestial tribunal from the earthly one; in the latter she can meet only with the reward of her outer act, and not of her inner repentance; for the earthly tribunal is based on justice, the external return of the deed upon the

doer; while the celestial tribunal rests upon forgiveness, upon the fact that the individual can take back his deed, make it undone in spirit, and thus can again place himself in harmony with the Good, and receive pardon from the world-judge. This court of God supplements the earthly court of justice, which cannot seek the restoration of the fallen man, but his punishment. No wonder that such a place is getting hot for the Devil, who shouts to Faust, in a great hurry: "Come, or I'll leave you behind with her." To which we can hear the answer of Margaret, in a heavenly absolution: "Thine am I, O Father."

III. A celestial glory we can already discern about the brow of Margaret, and with it that mystic transmutation of soul, in which the body seems to participate, and become clear, transparent, of a divine purity. She has passed the terrible ordeal, through guilt, self-condemnation, repentance, unto reconciliation with God. But one more change is necessary in order to completely transfigure her; that is now seen, when she turns to Faust once more: "Henry, I shudder for thee." She no longer thinks of herself, her trial is past; her thoughts are wholly directed to saving another, now she shows Love. From God she comes back to man with a transfigured Love, whereat we hear the growl of Mephisto: "She is judged." No, not Justice can touch her now in the requiting, Mephistophelean sense; "she is saved" by Mercy, as the voice declare from above.

But what about Faust? He is left behind,

nothing remains for him but to follow Mephisto, who triumphantly says: "Come to me;" and disappears with Faust. Much has he yet to endure before he can be rescued; that denial is yet to be ground out of his soul in the mill of the Gods. Margaret's last word pronounces his name, Henry! Henry! lovingly calling him back from his diabolic associate; strangely, his attempt to save her is transformed into her attempt to save him, which will in the end succeed. Not only for herself has she repented, but for him too; her last breath is that call of Love, which will never again pass wholly out of his ears. With this final deed of her's the transfiguration of Margaret is completed; out of a terrestrial life she has become, as it were, a divine symbol; once more we shall meet her; at the end of the Second Part, and there witness the culmination of her celestial career.

Here, too, we must find the supreme turning-point in the life of Faust. He has tried to rescue Margaret; the truth and reality of the Family which his skepticism denied, he has sought to preserve; it has become for him a most valid thing for which he has flung himself into the path of danger, indeed, of death. He has met a spiritual power, actual and in energy, which rules him against himself, for it takes hold of him more strongly than his intellectual negation; he has seen in Margaret the validity of truth and faith, and has gone forth to their rescue, though in his thought he denies them still. In spite of himself he has sacrificed selfishness and sensuous ease and

gratification for love; something has pushed him to deny his denial in his deed, though he still denies in his intelligence. On this side, that of activity, he is to march forward to his emancipation, his will is to purify his intellect.

Faust has, therefore, taken his first step in the new direction, which is the grand Return out of negation, for which it is clear a Second Part must now be written. This Return is to be made through the world of reality, which, he now feels, must be based on Truth, whether he see that Truth or not; if he does not see it, so much the worse for him. Experience is to cleanse his soul, the deed is to correct the thought, life will refute his logic. He has seen the Truth in Margaret, though she had it in the form of emotion merely; still she died for it and would not flee from her own conscience. Moreover, he has transformed the Evil one, Mephisto, into an aid for the rescue of her and of all that she signifies; this foreshadows the great change in his future career, and points to that living germ in his character, his aspiration, which we have always found sprouting up afresh directly under the ashes of denial.

Still, his intellect is negative, and from this side we must cast a glance at him. Faust does not perish, in spite of his guilt, for, according to his light, he has committed no guilt. To be sure he has violated institutions, Family and State; but in his skeptical view these have no validity, can put no obligation upon him. Doubtless, the State would make short work with him, if it could catch

him; but his punishment would be simply external, it would find no response within his own conscience, no self-condemnation affirming the decision of the judge. Not so Margaret; she has violated her deepest principle, and fully recognizes the violation; she will not, cannot escape, the prison bars of her own soul will not let her out, though the jail door be open; her judgment and her execution are really her own. It is true that institutions must take this wrong-doer, Faust, and punish him, whether he assent to the punishment or not; but this poem cannot punish him, for just here is its problem; it started with Faust denying the whole institutional world in his conviction; the State, therefore, does not exist for him, and if it should seize and destroy him now, his death would be no solution, but an external cutting of the knot.

Now we may see how this poem differs from all other tragedies. The old Greek Fate finds no place here; that was some external power with which man conflicted by his action, and went down in the conflict. Nor does Faust move in the realm of Shakespeare's tragic characters, who all rest upon an institutional foundation, which Faust has totally undermined for himself by his denial. Shakespeare, in the main, brings back the deed to the wrong-doer, just in accord with the violation of Family and State; even his Edmund, in "Lear," whom institutions deny, dares not deny institutions, without the recoil of his act upon himself. But Goethe's problem is: Given a man who has denied your whole institutional world, how are you

going to get that responsive judgment from within, such as we saw in the case of Margaret; in other words, how are you going to punish him and not murder him? Clearly it is to be attained, not by his dying, but by his living.

Faust, therefore, is to survive, for two reasons: that he may receive the true penalty of his deed, on the one hand, and that he may be redeemed on the other. If he were to perish now, death would be no punishment for him with that conviction in his soul, it would rather be a release from punishment. Then, too, he must not be lost, he must be saved upon this earth, in this life. Justice, and humanity too, demand that Faust be held over, which is the present outcome of the First Part. It is not the true view to say that Faust runs off like a coward and leaves Margaret behind to suffer in prison. The fact is, Margaret leaves Faust rather; when she appeals to the Judgment of God, and is saved, Faust cannot follow her to her celestial reconciliation; he is simply left on earth with Mephisto, with that denial still in him, which excludes him from Margaret's spiritual transfiguration. She turns from Mephisto to the divine tribunal, and obtains pardon; then she turns back to earth to save her lover, in the purest self-sacrifice; whereat the voice comes down from above: "She is saved." Repentance and Love she shows; both are integral parts of the divine process of purification, the two angel wings on which she makes her heavenly ascension. The woman is punished and saved, now the man is to be punished and saved.

Much complaint has been heard because Goethe hands the innocent woman over to judicial death, while the guilty man is allowed to escape. But we must see that Faust's execution at this stage would be no solution of the Faust problem, and the poem would have no right to have ever been written. The man of universal denial denies the validity both of the Family which he has wronged, and of the State which has to punish him. His death would be for him a mere accident, as if something had dropped on him from the outside and killed him. Such a solution in this poem were a "*Deus ex machina*."

Faust is, therefore, to live; this we may call his true punishment. Not death, but life is for him the battle, nay, the place of torture. A Second Part is to show him meeting, one by one, the negative phases of his own nature, and putting them down, whereby he is perpetually redeeming himself with a purchase price of evil. He has begun already, he will subject himself completely, as he has already commenced the subjection of Mephisto. Margaret we may call the happy one who can die now, restored; her faith has saved her, but Faust has no faith and hence must go another and far more bitter way; still he too must be saved.

We must not be too ready to open our batteries of moral censure upon poor Faust; they are not in place here. It is true that many of his actions are morally reprehensible; but we must see that for him the moral world does not exist. He is the negation of it, not through following desire against

conscience, but through the deepest, most earnest conviction, through the longest, most patient study. He is not the man who knows the better and does the worse, not the wrong-doer who violates through base passion his inner sense of duty. It is rather the ideal aspiration of his soul which has made him the sinner, his very fidelity and intensity in the search for light.

Nor must we think of a seared conscience, of long-suppressed monitions within till they cease. He has arrived at his present state just in the pursuit of the true and the good; his life has been one heroic struggle to grasp these excellences; but his very effort has landed him into the opposite, into the denial of the true and good. Has he not sacrificed all—honor, fortune, ease, time—in order that he might know the truth? Listen again to the soul-wail of the First Soliloquy. His aspiration from the beginning has been for the highest heaven, but the very attempt to scale the highest heaven, has sunk him into the deepest hell. A strange case certainly, yet not without parallel in the practical life of men, in which we often see the best motives leading to the most lamentable results: honest persecutors, good murderers, most virtuous crucifiers of Christ.

Blame not Faust; perhaps if thou wert as honest as he, thou wouldst have to pass through a hell-fire like him, in company with the Devil; yet, if thou art dishonest, thou wilt have to do it anyhow. Look upon Faust as a grand development, without censure or praise, without prejudice. He may not

fit into any of thy foregone theological, ethical, or literary formulas; the better for thee! Behold germ of denial laid in a human soul; see it sprouting, unfolding, maturing, till it seems to overshadow the world. Thou must be a spectator in this soul-drama, not surrendering thy moral conviction, not saying that this thing is right when it is wrong, but observing the process as thou wouldst observe nature herself. To be a just judge is here thy true moral attitude, not a fiery denouncer or inquisitor, preaching damnation.

This First Part is on the whole an inner action, a drama of ideas, in which the ordinary drama intended for the stage is only a constituent. Much of it is not well adapted for scenic use; many of these shapes get perverted, when seen with the eye, and not with the imagination. But there is a dramatic portion, the story of Margaret, fitting into the internal movement, yet being in itself a complete play, and falling into the regular dramatic field of domestic tragedy, which is, however, but one phase of the entire Faust drama. For its double action there must be two sets of spectators, the eye and the mind, following an outer theatrical representation and an inner spiritual vision. The old theatre is thus taken up into the new.

But while this Faust drama sweeps forwards out of Shakespeare, it sweeps back of him also, to his antecedents. It may be called a mystery play, going back and employing anew the medieval religious drama, in which the dying repentant soul is saved by the intercession of Heaven, in contra-

distinction to the way of terrestrial justice. Both Margaret and Faust are withdrawn from the scope of secular institutions, though in just opposite ways—Margaret through her faith, Faust through his denial. Though the mystery play would save Margaret, it could not save Faust, him it must and did hand over to the Devil, which was his fate in Faust-books and puppet-plays. Thus Goethe returns to the pre-Shakespearean religious stage, which still can furnish one grand mediation; but to rescue Faust, the denier, he has to reach forward and probe the bottom of the heart of his own time, and reveal the vast outline of a new secular life. Still both ways, the old and the new, are reconciled and made identical in spirit, at the end of the Second Part, when Faust and Margaret are again brought together transfigured. Such is Goethe's poetic arch of time, in which he overspans and embraces the previous Literary Bible, that of Shakespeare, before whom and after whom the two feet of the arch are planted.

But, however deep our absorption into these two leading characters, Faust and Margaret, we must not forget the third one, Mephisto, the world's clown, imaged in a most powerful way, playing the part of old Satan. The wit, the satire, the infernal humor and malice, in general, the comic relief we find in him, yet a figure serious as evil to mortal men; still, to the all-seeing eye, evil is but a self-annulling comedy, and vanishes into its own negation. One of the supreme tests of the Great Book, of the Literary Bible is: Can it reveal in his true

lineaments the Devil, the Devil of the time? Not Deity alone is to be revealed unto men, and his way of salvation; by a strong necessity the divine is unfolded with, nay, in certain conditions, out of the diabolic. Here he is, the fiend in fresh garniture; the old cloven-footed, crumple-horned, sulphur-reeking demon has been driven out of educated circles, and has retreated to the backwoods; but in his place a new Devil, the Devil of Culture, worse than the old one, has appeared; a writer of books, even of poetry, also an editor of the newspaper, the finest gentleman in the most fashionable drawing-room, with a turn, too, for politics; still a Devil, a very Devil, though "licked and slicked" over and over with refinement, and even philosophy. Goethe has drawn his picture; here he is; we all must believe in his existence, for have we not seen him face to face, as Luther did, and have we not heard him from the hustings, from the professorial chair, nay, from the pulpit, with neck highly bandaged in white tie, yet pouring forth a dark, choking, Stygian smoke? A most accomplished, versatile gentleman has the Devil become in our day; even the ladies are no longer afraid of him, but are glad to meet him, will make a lion of him, and when he slips into the pedagogical cloak again, as he once did into that of Faust, they will take lessons of him. Goethe has limned him faithfully; it is worth while for each of us to look at the picture; perhaps we may see this picture, under our honest searching glances, slowly transmuting itself into a looking-glass.

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